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Pittsburgh

HISTORY

Winter 1989



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PERIODICALS

Pittsburgh

HISTORY

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Winter 1989

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of Photography at George Eastman House,
Rochester, NY.

Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania

The Society is a membership organization that collects, preserves and interprets the history, artifacts and cultural heritage of Pittsburgh and its region.

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FOR weeks I worked to compose some paragraphs about the myriad opinions on what constitutes “history,” and why some people define history and valid writing about it differently from people whose interest is more casual. I read various views, created a note file, thought beside my office window in dwindling daylight, marshaled my arguments.

In the end, I realized my purpose was just to mention the magazine’s goals. Too often the presentation of history doesn’t leave, to paraphrase novelist Walker Percy, many percentage points for the seeker. The obstacles are many to learning more, especially about the history that naturally attracts us — the history of where we live. People with great knowledge who make a living researching and writing history usually intend their work to be understood by a few other professionals who know nearly as much about the subject. But in this age of the specialist, finding ways to communicate valuable ideas to nonspecialists is I think, a major challenge for our society. Doing so is one goal of *Pittsburgh History*.

Another is simply to reflect the range of what people find interesting about the past and of how they wish to learn. That’s why one will find in this and upcoming issues articles with lots of footnotes next to stories with none, short articles following long ones, popular subjects sharing space with the unfamiliar. Diversity is the unifying theme.

The last goal concerns boundaries, geographical ones. The magazine is a forum for the history of Pittsburgh and its region: suburban and rural Western Pennsylvania and bordering parts of Ohio and West Virginia. Also important are events or changes over time in other places that significantly affected, or were mirrored in, our region.

I hope a correspondence section will be possible, for printing comments about the articles, for advancing the debate. This means I will need the interest and help of readers, both specialist and non. Please send me your ideas.

Paul Roberts
Paul Roberts, Editor

Engineering an Industrial Diaspora: Homestead, 1941

By Curtis Miner and Paul Roberts

Here is the story of a modern Acadia. It is the story of 9,000 men, women and children banished from their homes and from their towns, to wander about in search of a place to lay their heads....

— *Gilbert Love, Pittsburgh Press*

SINCE the beginning of steel production in Homestead, mill workers made their homes in the area between the railroad tracks and the river. For approximately 50 years this lower part of Homestead, dubbed “the Ward” by locals, had bustled with life. The earliest residents of German and English extraction gave way to an influx of East Europeans and blacks. These people slowly built a dynamic community rich in ethnic culture; their stores, bars, churches and homes embodied their values and past, as well as their poverty, and became the only life they knew outside the mill.

This changed in 1941. In June the U.S. government designated the Homestead Works for the nation’s single largest war time expansion of a steel-making facility. The \$86.3 million contract between the government’s Defense Plant Corporation and Carnegie-Illinois Steel, U.S. Steel’s subsidiary, provided some \$75 million in plant additions and construction contracts, delivering Homestead from the ravages of the Depression. But the mill expansion carried costs as well. The homes, churches and businesses in the Ward fell victim to the expansion. Nearly one-half of Homestead’s population was



Everyday life of women in a Ward courtyard, c. 1920.

dispersed in what government and local interest groups billed as an act of patriotism, a sacrifice for national defense. But a term such as patriotic sacrifice obscures the compulsory nature of this mass migration and the variety of reactions it caused. To many of the 1,566 families it uprooted, the expansion meant fear and confusion; many of them lamented to public assistance officials, “Where shall we go?”¹ To others the mill expansion meant new business opportunities and assured mill employment.

This paper addresses only part of the untold story. It focuses on the role of a set of national and local actors, both public and private, who engineered the diaspora by stressing the glories of patriotism and modernization while obscuring and limiting the reaction of displaced families. To a lesser extent this paper addresses some of the reactions and clashes inherent in an orchestrated migration.

Curtis Miner is Research Associate at the Historical Society. Paul Roberts is Editor of *Pittsburgh History*. This article grew out of a year-long study for an exhibit — “Homestead: The Story of a Steel Town” — which opens February 25, 1989, at the Historical Society. The authors wish to thank the referees for their timely contributions.



Michael Masley, seated in front, became the first Slovak-American to penetrate Homestead's political power structure when elected to borough council in 1921. Relying on close personal and kinship ties, Masley was prominent in Ward politics for more than a decade.



16 October 1941. With the largely residential Ward beside the mills, Homestead was the prototypical steel town during America's industrializing era.

At the national level, military leaders worked with industrial manufacturers to devise a financing scheme for producing more weapons for the war effort. But because this required new capacity at specific sites, powerful local interest groups had to become engaged. Affluent Homestead "civic leaders," and businessmen and local associations such as the Chamber of Commerce supported the plant expansion because it brought new investment into a local economy that they dominated. Both shared the same interest and concern for industrial strength and expansion. The demolition and relocation involved the Federal Works Administration as the key agency charged with providing housing for war time workers and also other federal and local housing agencies. Although the goals of these government, industry and business elites were generally complementary, New Deal government officials believed that only the federal government had the power to bridge the conflicts inherent in a capitalist system of competing interests.

Together, these groups comprised a force of

people and institutions that political scientist Robert Salisbury in 1964 called the "new convergence," a coalition of local government officials and "locally oriented economic interests" that he said have come to decide the general economic structure of modern urban areas. Salisbury says this coalition began to take shape during World War II, after New Deal urban aid programs opened opportunities for a new breed of "political entrepreneur." Expanding on this concept, political scientist John Moltenkopf identifies roughly the same members in his "progrowth coalitions," which he argues dominate America politically and socially. Historian Sam Hays has written extensively along the same lines about these government administrators and other professionals with a "wider" vision of society's needs. He calls them "cosmopolitans," and traces their origins to the Progressive reform movement of the early century.²

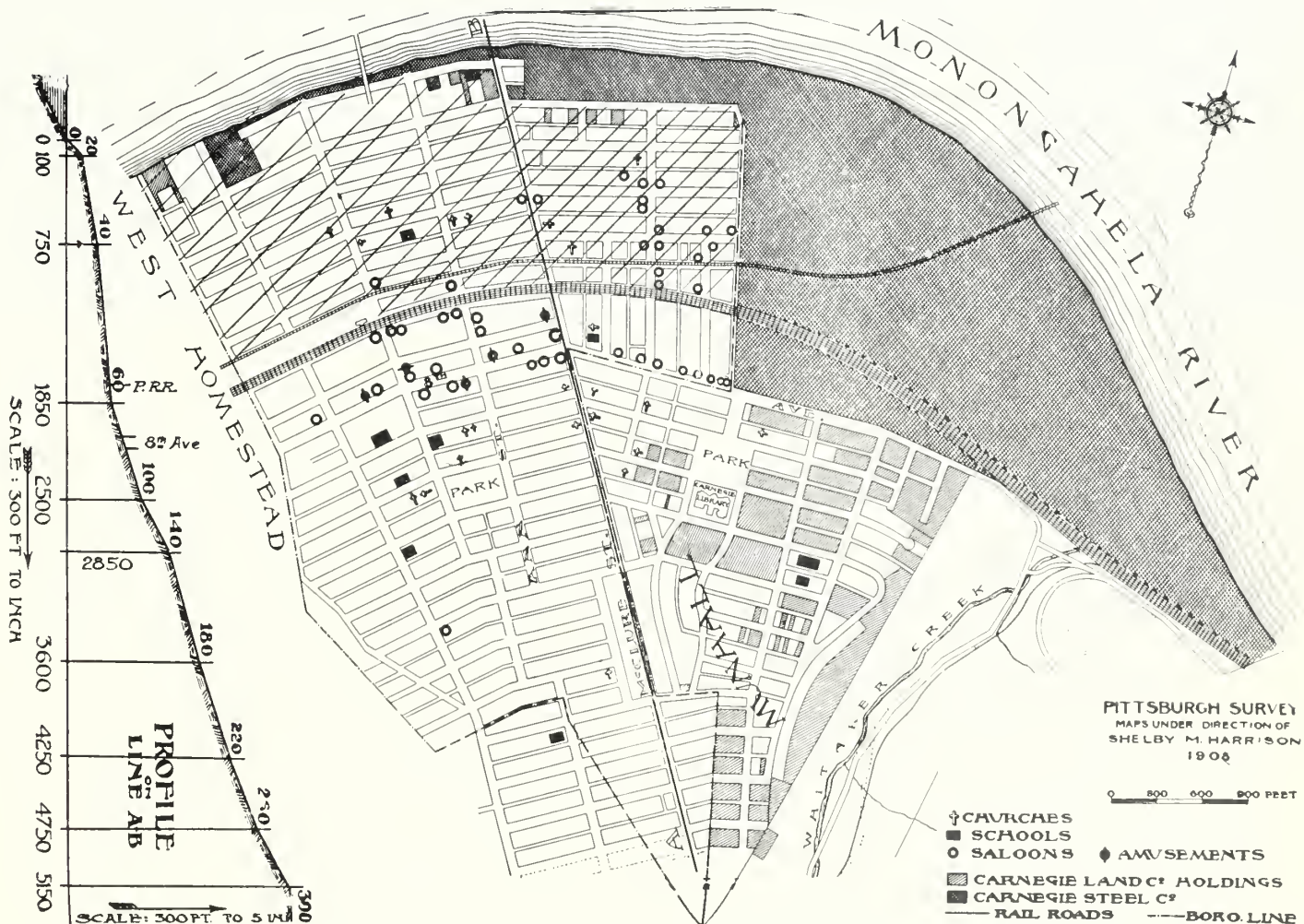
With government at the helm of the Homestead demolition and relocation, these forces relied on the age-old combination of themes: modernization and patriotism. Their ideology is exemplified by FWA Director John Carmody, who oversaw the national program for building war-time housing units. Local housing agencies took orders from Carmody's office, and hundreds of the Ward's displaced residents ended up in FWA units in Allegheny County. Carmody himself entered homes by radio in mid-1941 in a broadcast entitled "The United States Government is Building Thousands of Homes For Our National Defense Workers from Coast to Coast." The broadcast begins over sounds of hammering and sawing. A narrator exclaims: "Homes, homes, homes. Workers bring their families and some small factory towns are doubling or tripling their population." Then the FWA's chief continues: "We have been late in beginning to defend our freedom (against) Hitler and his allies.... In some places the need for private investment may seem too temporary or uncertain for private investment. Sometimes

private enterprise is not prepared to operate on the scale required, and in general, the housing is required for comparatively low-income groups. And here the federal government steps in.”³

Uprooted Homestead residents were relocated to government housing units, while others found new homes on their own. The final body count to clear the 121-acre site included more than 8,000 displaced people, some 1,363 buildings, 12 churches, five schools, two convents, an estimated 28 saloons, and countless groceries, confectionaries and small businesses.⁴ During the next three years, lower Homestead would be transformed into one of the most powerful industrial workshops on the

homefront. The Ward, which in its 50 year life served as a first home to thousands whose families now populate greater Pittsburgh, was literally wiped from the map. One newspaper following the unfolding human drama called the evacuation a modern “Acadia”; another more embittered witness likened the manner of human removal to Nazi deportations.⁵

The area cleared for the new mills represented the prototypical world “below the tracks.” Nearly every mill town dotting the Monongahela Valley featured similar concentrated areas of settlement.



Map adapted from Margaret Byington, *Homestead: The Households of a Mill Town*, 1910. The striped area represents the Ward and roughly the area torn down to make way for the mill expansion in 1941. Although the number of churches, schools, saloons, etc., changed in the intervening 31 years, the Ward's general boundaries did not.



Homestead, 15 June 1942

The working class neighborhoods in Braddock, Duquesne, McKeesport, and Clairton all developed at roughly the same pace and because of the same historical forces.

Until the 1890s, most of Homestead's population gravitated toward lower Homestead. For early steel workers, the flat land next to the mill made the most sensible site for homes. With transportation limited, the level terrain of the Ward and its proximity to Carnegie Steel were preferable to the more distant, steep terrain of the hilltops above Eighth Avenue. There was little desire, either, for residential segregation. Homestead was small and decentralized, its nascent steel and glass industries attracting a largely homogeneous skilled workforce of native born Americans and "older" immigrants from northern and western Europe. By the turn of the century, though, the reorganization and growth of Carnegie's steel empire and the flood tide of new immigrants from eastern and southern Europe altered the Ward's character. Conditions that interested earlier immigrants attracted new ones, most too poor to afford the newly mecha-

nized transportation — first streetcars and later automobiles — to emerging suburban areas, or the suburban land prices. Meanwhile, those who could afford to left the Ward, pulled by the space, cleanliness and homogeneity of the hilltops and pushed by hordes of new faces speaking foreign tongues, with strange customs, in the older, dirtier, noisier and increasingly more congested streets under the smoke-belching mills.⁶ By the 1920s, more immigrants had stirred the ethnic mix. Hundreds of blacks, part of the great migration from the rural south to northern industrial cities, joined other black families in the Ward who had been hired by management earlier to break strikes at the Homestead Works.

These economic and demographic changes left Homestead a bifurcated town in almost every way — economically, socially, politically and culturally. Boarding houses and immigrant courts characterized the Ward; single family dwellings were more common in the hilltops. Skilled machinists, prosperous Eighth Avenue businessmen, and middle class professionals claimed real estate above the



main street; unskilled and semi-skilled employees of Carnegie Steel dominated below the tracks. Residence and occupation, though, were only two indicators of Homestead's split social personality. By 1910, the town's population stood at about 18,700, with an industrial proletariat in the Ward that was emphatically Eastern European and Catholic.⁷ As older immigrants and Protestant skilled workers left, they took their cultural baggage along. The Ward's last white Protestant church is believed to have headed for the hills in 1914.⁸ A Russian Orthodox church reclaimed the building.

The immigrant working class nature of the Ward was reaffirmed, with characteristic progressive zeal, by outside observers. To social workers compiling the Pittsburgh Survey in 1907, the Ward embodied the social evils endemic to rapid industrialization and urbanization. They felt overcrowding and poor sanitation could be remedied with thoughtful, scientific reform. But they also saw a moral decay that seemed irreversible: the preponderance of transient male immigrants was fertile

ground for a culture bouyed by filthy living quarters, saloons, squalid gambling dens and scores of cheap brothels. Vice in lower Homestead had become as legendary as the town's steel. An equally corrupt political machine ensured that the immigrant vote would be cast in its proper place.⁹

Well after reformers were around to notice, though, the face of lower Homestead began to change. By the 1920s, prostitution and gambling still colored nightlife, especially on Sixth Avenue, but other sections had evolved into well defined urban villages and immigrant sectors. Slovaks, Hungarians, Poles, Lithuanians, Russians and blacks all found space below the tracks.¹⁰ So, too, did their houses of worship and fraternity. A dozen churches, in all shapes and sizes, almost all Roman Catholic, Greek Orthodox or black Baptist found niches. Fifth Avenue reflected the relative prosperity of an ethnic middle class.¹¹ Moving west from Dickson Street, social and athletic clubs represented most nationality groups: the Lithuanian Club, Turner Hall (German), Sokol Hall (Slovak), Rusin People's Home (Carpatho Ruthenian). A plethora



around the library was saved for a well manicured park; and the superintendent got an elaborately designed mansion.

Carnegie Steel did expend some effort to control the shape of the Ward, too. In 1913, for example, it built and financed a local playground on Second Avenue. The library also sent missionaries into foreign quarters and established temporary cultural outposts in the Ward for the distribution of books and good middle class morality.¹² But the dynamic culture of the Ward outstripped the corporation's ability to impose its own notion of order. While company and middle class professionals secured the upper ground, newer arrivals shaped the community in the flats according to their own priorities and tastes.

When one enters town via the Homestead High Level Bridge today, nearly all of the area where mill buildings are now visible on the left side of the bridge, between the river and the railroad tracks at Sixth Avenue, was once residential. This area, lower Homestead, was rubble by the spring of 1942. Carnegie

Steel began an industrial makeover that would end with 80 new buildings and 30 new miles of rail. Construction began 12 March 1942. The new furnaces fired in June 1943 did not reach full production until November. The armor forging mill came on line in August, while other new mills did not start until early 1944.¹³ Ironically, full production came only when the war was three-fourths over. The now empty Rusin People's Home, converted to a general office building by the steel company, remains as the only physical evidence of the "other Homestead."

The Defense Plant Corporation, established in August 1940 to finance production of industrial material for military uses, managed the mill expansion project. This federal bureaucracy, a wing of the

Deputy Federal Loan Administrator Joseph H. Rice, representing the Defense Plant Corporation, closed the first home purchase 30 July 1941. He congratulates Walter V. Barauskas, who holds a check for \$5,500. The Barauskas family (the *Messenger* identified the wife only as "Mrs. Barauskas") lived at 342 Fourth Avenue. Three children grew up in the six-room frame house bought in 1914. The *Messenger* said Walter had worked at the Homestead Works since 1904.

The man at the far left wasn't identified.

of small shops, mostly owned by Slavic entrepreneurs, dotted the mixed lower and middle class neighborhood.

These conditions set up a striking contrast with upper Homestead and neighboring Munhall. While the Ward's growth and change were decentralized and haphazard, the hilltops in Homestead and much of Munhall reflected more careful urban development. Homestead was hardly a "company town" in the nineteenth century sense: no company store, limited company sponsored housing, etc. Meanwhile, Carnegie Steel bestowed on Munhall the rewards of its industrial wealth. The company built an endowed library there; its land company zoned a portion of Nineteenth Avenue for solid, middle management company built housing; land

Reconstruction Finance Corporation, had grown out of a union between New Dealers and big business in the midst of a national defense frenzy.¹⁴ While the government preferred to see private capital invested during the defense mobilization period, steel was one of a handful of industries in need of coaxing. As a “mature” industry, it had already experienced the pangs of overcapacity and was therefore reluctant to build new facilities, especially for specialized products of use only in wartime.¹⁵ So, the government agreed to finance new steel capacity, especially for integrated and finishing steel. The DPC experienced, according to one observer, “little difficulty” in negotiating with U.S. Steel for additions to existing plants. By the war’s end, U.S. Steel ranked third among all corporations receiving DPC assistance, worth about \$372 million.¹⁶

The government termed the Homestead Works a “scrambled facility” — an existing steel operation slated for additions. The War Production Board, which guided the defense buildup, consulted with Navy Secretary Frank Knox and other leaders of government and industry and designated Homestead as the primary facility to supply the Navy’s “Speed Up Program.” In the New Deal’s bureaucratic maze, the Board then “sponsored” the plant expansion before the DPC’s board of directors in Washington. On 17 July 1941, the DPC board approved the contract. The same contract approved expansions at the company’s Duquesne Works, and called for the two plants to produce a total of 1.8 million tons of steel for armor plate, ship plate, heavy forgings and other products.¹⁷ By the time the DPC was disbanded 1 July 1945, it had financed some \$7.3 billion worth of new industrial capacity at 2,300 sites. Although the money loaned to industry was to be repaid through rental or “lease-back” agreements with the DPC, the agency never recovered some \$5.1 billion. The government essentially forgave the debts because most of the money was tied up in capacity that became idle after the war. In fact, by the war’s end, the government owned 20 to 25 percent of the nation’s manufacturing capacity.¹⁸

Rumors of a possible expansion at Homestead had circulated for months before the announcement. The injection of federal dollars into the area’s economy was bound to attract much attention, and one letter from FWA Director Carmody attests to the nascent coalition New Deal Democrats were building through their new federal programs. Sent to Pittsburgh’s David Lawrence, the letter is addressed to him and the Democratic National Committee. “By how much rumour precedes fact, only time will tell,” Carmody wrote to “my dear Mr. Lawrence” on 10 April 1941. “If houses are

built there will be some architectural work. I hope... they will be good architects and good draftsmen, experienced in low cost housing....”¹⁹ Lawrence was an early FDR supporter who would rise to national prominence in the party as Pittsburgh’s mayor.

By late July, armed with money disbursed by the Cleveland Federal Reserve Bank, Carnegie Illinois began approaching property owners in hopes of quick sales. The DPC and Carnegie Illinois predicted that lower Homestead would be razed in two or three weeks, but demolition deadlines had to be continually reset.²⁰ In the end, dismantling a way of life that had taken a half century to build took six months.

Several factors caused the delay. A major one involved confusion over land titles and who — steel company men and/or DPC engineers — could legally represent the DPC in negotiations to buy plots of land. An amended resolution on 16 October 1941 to the DPC’s original authorization consisted of 14 stipulations about the project (and a similar number for the Duquesne project), all dealing with issues of proper title to land parcels in the Ward. The revised contract required that DPC Chief Counsel Hans von Klagsbrunn’s staff review and verify in writing all property deeds transferred at the Homestead site. It also required a written guarantee from “Union Title Guaranty Company, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania... to insure the portion of the Homestead Site covered by said deed or deeds” for the purchase price.²¹ This abetted government efforts in dealing with the intransigence of the few landowners who had held out. The final page of the amended contract allowed DPC officials in Allegheny County “to sign notices of eviction” and other legal papers for “the prompt acquisition by this Corporation of title and/or possession” of parcels in Homestead.²² Other official correspondence and a telegram that Klagsbrunn sent some three months later suggest common problems at DPC projects nationally. “Please forward by wire list as of today of all Defense Plant Corporation projects in your agency for which disbursement resolutions have been received authorizing acquisition of plant sites but title to site has not yet (sic) vested in DPC.” The telegram was sent to all project chiefs nationally.²³ Serious confusion at the federal level resulted from the shortage of personnel, changes in site engineering procedures, and a quantum leap in war-time work. The DPC never did compile an itemized record of all the properties bought.²⁴

Finding temporary or permanent housing for nearly 1,600 families also delayed the demolition.²⁵ While the land buy-outs were occurring, federal officials were working across the country to develop



John Masley, right, with a friend at the Slavish American Literary Club at 325 Fifth Avenue, c. 1925. Masley served as a club officer. Fraternal clubs were an important part of community life wiped out by the mill expansion.

a government housing program for weapons plant workers and their families. Bitter wrangling in Congress over the appropriate extent of governmental competition with private builders caused another set of delays in federal action after passage in 1940 of the Lanahn Act, which set up the war housing program.²⁶

Meanwhile, in Allegheny County, a severe housing shortage in the nation's key steel region hampered production and created a defense emergency. In an *American Cities* magazine article in 1941, Brent Hovde, director of the Pittsburgh Housing Authority, pegged the county's housing vacancies at 1 percent. A nationwide shortage of building materials aggravated the problem. Government authorities blamed the housing shortage for the sluggish progress of the mill project because relocated Homesteaders competed with the thousands of new migrants flooding the area to fill positions in the weapons industry. At the time of the planned demolition, four housing projects were being built to accommodate war workers: River-view Homes in West Mifflin, 450; Terrace Village

in Pittsburgh allotted 450 units; Munhall Homesteads in Munhall, 397; and Glen Hazel Heights in Glen Hazel, 600.²⁷ As of late 1941, some 5,000 units were being built for arms industry workers in Allegheny County, more than anywhere else in America.²⁸

Confusion among inhabitants of the Ward and some resistance also figured in the delay. Although they mounted no massive protests, some residents held out even under the threat of eviction. As late as mid-December, 85 properties had not been sold to the steel company.²⁹ One explanation for the lack of organized protest rests on what the newspaper reported as "fair prices" being paid to landowners. Threat of eviction and lack of choice, however, remained the reality to these residents. The extra effort by the demolition leaders to move these people points to a degree of emotional resistance, although most residents acquiesced when faced with the futility of the situation.

With the DPC leading, federal and local agen-

cies provided the “wider view” and “larger scale” organization that New Deal administrators saw as necessary for the project to succeed. Since new mills were built, the steel company assumed a major role in engineering the project. But since demolition was closely linked to availability of housing, agencies under control of Carmody’s FWA (until mid-1942, when responsibility went to another bureaucracy) were drawn into the alliance. Local officials of the federal Homes Registration Office, the Pittsburgh City Housing Authority and especially the Allegheny County Housing Authority began in July 1941 to play important roles.

So great was the county housing authority’s influence and responsibility that it grew into a large bureaucracy during the war. Organized in 1938 with three employees, its payroll stood at 244 six years later. It provided low-rent dwellings for some 5,500 families and 22,000 individuals working for at least 90 area firms.³⁰ Directing the authority’s board in 1944 were a Pittsburgh city councilman and well-known trade union leader (Edward Leonard); a mayor and CIO unionist (Clairton’s John Mullen); a prominent female civic leader (Adeline Barnes); a department store vice president and Pittsburgh Chamber of Commerce director (A.H. Burchfield Jr.); and a druggist (Donald C. Jefferson). Other war-time board members included a Pittsburgh architect, a prominent Homestead realtor, a Braddock banker and the McKeesport postmaster.³¹

These are people with exactly the class orientation and occupations that political scientist Salisbury has observed led the “new convergence”: “professional workers in city-related programs and locally oriented economic interests”³² such as “major banks, utilities, railroads, department stores, large real estate firms [and] local newspapers.” Places such as Homestead were fertile ground for this business-government coalition because, as Salisbury notes, such forces had a “growing concern with that congeries of problems labeled ‘core city decay.’”³³ This part of the article will address the campaign that cosmopolitan elites designed to assure widespread compliance, blending appeals to patriotism with calls for modernizing Homestead; they saw “slum clearance” as a chief means of modernization. “Slum clearance” also gave reform-minded government officials the chance to introduce the working class to healthier “suburban” living conditions that middle class reformers had come to prefer for themselves.

Our research on Homestead spans eight decades, but the study of the town’s war years suggests that cosmopolitans had no genuine contempt for the urban village; they often were just insensitive or ignorant about life there. In addition, while con-

gressional commitment and funding for low-income housing programs advocated by New Deal reformers was spotty in the late 1930s, the Lanham Act provided a glimmer of hope. This reform contingent, led by Nathan Straus, head of the United States Housing Authority, realized that proceeding with a program for weapons plant workers was perhaps the only way to sustain a commitment to housing the urban poor. In reality, of course, industrial workers and the urban poor were often the same group.³⁴

Obviously there was no monolith of opinion. Far from it. As the war wore on, a battle raged nationally among people in federal and local housing agencies and their associations — people whom historian John Bauman has called “housers” — about how social reformers, urban planners and business and real estate interests would reach their varied goals through federal low income and war housing programs.³⁵ In Homestead, the tenement housing that many people considered a representative blight came to stand for many other features of urban culture than dwellings. Cosmopolitans sought to alter values tied to obstinately old world



The typical Ward home was a two- or three-story frame structure.

community life that, according to their perceptions, contributed to moral decay. But being unaware of the real fabric of this culture — unable to see its certain strengths and subtle complexities — advocates of cosmopolitanism slighted the neighborhood for obvious features, such as saloons, brothels and crowded immigrant courts. While the way in which the Ward's demolition and the resulting housing program were handled invites comparisons with earlier progressive reform movements,³⁶ the events are also a harbinger of the progrowth coalitions' styles that have marked America's post-war development. At Homestead in 1941, the "public interest" was waging war, but the public interest would be redefined four years later, four miles downstream, for the start of the Pittsburgh Renaissance.³⁷

Government agencies sold the razing of property and the relocation of Homestead residents as a sacrifice akin to food and gas rationing. The first message was that industrial strength equalled military strength. A prefatory passage to one government publication circulated in the Homestead area was titled "Works for the Freedom of the World" and it poetically reaffirmed the connection between industrial and military might. Thanks largely to "natural resources" and "skilled intellect," Western Pennsylvania was "destined to become the keystone to the arsenal of democracy." The same passage compared the courage of "its 130,000 soldiers of freedom" to the work of the region's "400,000 soldiers of production."³⁸ Another government broadside showed steelworkers transforming steel bars into missiles on the battlefield.

With Homestead's armor plate production, linking

industrial output to a buttressed war machine was not implausible. Couching human relocation to government projects as a patriotic act, though, was more tenuous. Nonetheless, the propaganda mills worked overtime. Indeed, a government sponsored summary bulletin, "Victory on the Homes Front," suggested nothing short of the idea that the demolition of homes meant the destruction of the Nazi war machine:

Allegheny County is rich in mills...but poor in housing.... Our housing program has smashed the barriers to that goal. Here are forged the mighty weapons for victory on the battlefield. Here too are built the dwellings for Victory on the Homes Front.³⁹

FWA Director Carmody, at the forefront of the media blitz, had a similar idea in his 1941 radio message. Building new quarters for war workers, he said, "will help our national morale.... We must use our whole national strength in the struggle to maintain democracy. When we think of defense homes, we will think of ships and tanks and airplanes...." And with those thoughts, he said, will come reassurance about the "United States of America holding its historic place in the world." Eleanor Roosevelt's 4 September 1941 dedication of Riverview Homes, the first local project, symbolized this relationship between the patriotic defense of democracy and freedom and the slum clearance program.

Occasionally public pronouncements about slum clearance were linked to the corporate mechanisms responsible, historically, for industrial workers' poverty, of which inadequate housing was only one symptom. In "Victory on the Homes Front," the county

housing authority noted that more than 500,000 people in Allegheny County "live in slums not by choice but by necessity." Furthermore, it admitted that the same dynamics that made Pittsburgh "the workshop of the world" prevented good housing. Developing industries created "depressing company housing"; smoky mills made the low lying areas inhospitable for "residential use." Finally "very low incomes" forced a bifurcation between the density of population in the flats and the relative sparsity of growing suburban hilltops. Only public housing, the agency concluded, could "rescue" the thou-



OF

SPIRITUAL PROGRESS



1940

REV. J. D. MORTON
SECOND BAPTIST CHURCH
HOMESTEAD, PA

After six moves between 1905 and 1914, the Second Baptist Church found a home on Sixth Avenue, in Homestead's red light district. In 1924, the black congregation bought the United Presbyterian Church building at Fourth and Amity Streets and remained there until the mill expansion in 1941. They sold their church to the government for \$35,000. Rev. Morton headed the congregation from 1914 to 1951. The church is now on Twelfth Avenue in Homestead.

sands "condemned to live and die" in core city slums.⁴⁰ Nonetheless, workers not easily convinced faced the ultimate brand. Shortly after Pearl Harbor's bombing, A.H. Mercer, head of the local Homes Registration Office, took advantage of the national mood to inveigh against the 80-plus property owners still in the Ward. Stubborn families were "absolutely unpatriotic" in Mercer's estimation. "By such an attitude, they delay and hinder the war effort of the nation."⁴¹

Here is where "slum clearance" fit into the equation. Certainly anyone familiar with

the Pittsburgh region could be persuaded that the valley contained a lot of substandard housing. On the basis of scattered property surveys conducted through New Deal programs, the housing authority estimated about 40 percent of the county's housing was below the national average in condition. In a report to Allegheny County commissioners, ACHA Director Leonard emphasized that the underlying "objective" of slum clearance was "being reached." Defense housing, he argued, supplied a "blueprint" for "happier living for every family in need of a better

home."⁴² Carmody, in his 1941 radio appeal, said: "No organization has ever attempted to build 50,000 homes simultaneously in 200 cities at an average of less than \$3,000 each." What's more, he said, "the houses we are constructing are fit to live in, too. They are provided with civilized, modern conveniences."

But timing a renewed attack on slums with the push for war worker housing is puzzling, given that Margaret Byington first addressed substandard housing in Homestead for the 1907 Pittsburgh Survey. Her findings attracted considerable attention but no government or

private money until 1938, when the county housing authority was charged, through the United States Housing Authority, with replacing slums with low income housing. But as mentioned, congressional attacks on the budget made a sustained effort impossible. By 1941, the county housing agency had cleared few slums and had built eight projects, but its list of projects grew to 22 by the war's end, 16 under the rubric of "defense housing." The fact is that war time priorities, not urban squalor, prompted the strongest actions.⁴³

Organized labor was an early supporter of federal housing programs, not only because urban union families were among those most in need of decent housing,⁴⁴ but with their strong trade union membership and links to the Democratic Party, their members had an inside track on contracts in any government financed building boom. Leonard was perhaps the most visible personality in ACHA negotiations for slum clearance. A New Deal Democrat, Leonard was a one-time political crony of David Lawrence and a self-styled populist popular in working class wards in his own area of East Liberty. Before election to council, he was active in the local plasterers' union, and even after appointment to the ACHA, retained his position as the secretary of the Building Trades Council, a group of construction craft unions. (A similar relationship between union builders and housing agencies in Detroit led to a political scandal in the early 1940s.)

Carnegie-Illinois' motives were especially fascinating. Company spokesmen were careful not to suggest private gain from the federal investment and increased industrial output. As managers of the "arsenal of democracy," the company's inertia and participation was driven by national interest, but applying the power of eminent domain⁴⁵ for slum clearance, to mobilize the defense industry, was a godsend for Carnegie-Illinois. Since the turn of the century, the company had operated along the river in Munhall, but as operations expanded early in the century, real estate near river and roadway access points became valuable. During World War I, the company secured riverfront property in West Homestead almost a mile away, but the two mill sites remained unconnected. In between sat the Ward, which lined nearly eight blocks of riverfront property. Stubborn property owners refused to move, and demanded, according to the company, exorbitant prices. In one surprisingly candid moment, a county housing authority report summarized Carnegie-Illinois' dilemma, and the resolution for the homes below Sixth Avenue:

Efforts to buy adjoining properties failed. The company had given up hope of joining its two mill



By the 1920s, Homestead was a two-industry town. One was steel, the other vice, which was tacitly sanctioned by Homestead's political establishment. Evelyn Marshall Robinson, a leading entrepreneur in the Ward's red light district, married Councilman Michael Masley.

sections because owners demanded prohibitive land prices. The war made a difference. The war needed steel. Steel companies had large orders, but limited facilities. These homes were in the way of expanded mill facilities and the homes had to go.⁴⁶

In the end, theories about the ideology ascribed to cosmopolitans flow from the obvious: these people had the power and influence to pursue their own ends, and while their interests weren't always the same, slum clearance was the corner at which the actors all met.

Behind the narrow definitions of suitable housing lies the fact that in the countless surveys marshalled to identify "slums," not a single report was filed that examined the quality of life in the Ward, something equivalent to a modern environmental impact survey. (Neither the federal nor local housing agencies employed sociologists.) Yet some

outside observers seemed cognizant of the complex social issues involved in relocating residents from the condemned areas. A six part series in Fall 1941 by Gilbert Love, a young reporter with the *Pittsburgh Press*, explored the impact of the relocation with surprising candor. One academic observer formulated a more sophisticated analysis. A study by Joseph H. Louchheim, a sociologist at the University of Pittsburgh, identified the most glaring problems. Early delays in getting the demolition done, he noted, were not the result of financial strain on the residents; Carnegie-Illinois had used federal funds “generously.” Rather, he faulted local and federal agencies not just because of a shortage of government housing but also because the housing that was open was incompatible with the social profile of the population being shifted.⁴⁷

(This sort of analysis is common in modern environmental impact surveys.) Louchheim focused on particularly acute obstacles for blacks, an issue addressed later in this article.

As the relocation proceeded, advocates of modernization within Homestead began to exert a strong influence. They saw a rosy picture of economic recovery. The advocates — mill managers, various professionals and affluent businessmen — generally were clustered above Eighth Avenue. These hilltop residents also looked beyond the impact on the Ward because, in short, they could afford to. They believed the mill expansion, regardless of the immediate costs, would favor the borough as a whole: it guaranteed a larger tax base, much-needed investment and long term prosperity. They, of course, were literally beyond reach of the most pressing side effects of demolition.

The reaction of the local Chamber of Commerce was characteristic. A *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette* story on the new president of the “young but hustling” Homestead Chamber revealed the organization was already

estimating more than \$2 million in new payroll income. Businessmen, the article concluded, were “watching Recovery rolling down the street with a capital R.” (Some *Homestead Daily Messenger* articles suggest the Chamber gave qualified support to the expansion because it feared losing as customers Ward residents who shopped on Eighth Avenue.) But the tone of articles about the new money in town generally conveyed local merchants’ faith in consumer behavior. Good times had already resulted in “brides, new homes, new cars,” one article noted. Heralding 1950s-style fixations with “modern” and “time-saving” consumer goods, the article said the new mill would maintain Eighth Avenue’s reputation as a bustling district which the chamber represented. In editorials, the *Messenger* admonished local and national critics of the demoli-



Office of Negro Welfare Work at the Homestead Works, May 1918. This office oversaw employment, housing and personnel issues for the company’s black workers.

tion and attacked property owners who quibbled with Carnegie-Illinois about purchase prices. One article used the razing of several saloons to make light of the Ward's "culture." Noting the first demolition that took three Slovak owned saloons, the *Messenger* quipped that the DPC had "a Carrie Nation complex."

Adding on to the Homestead and Duquesne works provided hundreds of new construction industry jobs for the lower Mon Valley. In Homestead, accommodating the new facilities brought about \$1 million in improvements to the borough's electricity distribution grid, \$2.1 million in new streets and transportation additions, and some \$1.6 for the water supply system.⁴⁸

But just as cosmopolitans when calling certain areas "slums" failed to distinguish cultural components from the term's structural meaning, the Chamber and other groups tended to view economic recovery in a petty bourgeois vacuum. Payroll money might indeed revive existing businesses that catered to middle class tastes. But in the Ward, the destruction wiped out the structure of life upon which confectionaries and saloons, the two major small businesses below the tracks, were based. Even if those mom and pop stores found new homes, they would have been hard pressed to recover the social and cultural configurations of the neighborhoods that made their businesses possible. This failure was entirely consistent with the historical relationship between people of the two Homesteads. While empirical indicators did not always support sharp distinctions, perceptions did. Residents recall being identified according to residence; being from "below the tracks" carried with it a social and class stigma up until the mill expansion itself. The hilltops, in short, looked down on lower Homestead in more ways than one.⁴⁹ While the division was not total — there were scattered Catholic churches and saloons in the hilltops — upper Homestead looked to its well-tended homes as an indication of its middle class "American" status. By 1940, many of its residents were conditioned to dismiss the working class ethnic Ward, increasingly foreign to them, as a "slum."

A 1937 realtors' survey, done at the direction of the Federal Home Loan Bank System, provides fascinating insight because it is based not on empirical data, but rather the dominant realtors' opinions of various factors affecting land prices. J.C. Kuhn, a Homestead real estate agent active in Eighth Avenue business affairs, headed up the team that surveyed Homestead and Munhall. The survey is divided into four parts. Starting from the Ward and going up the hill, reports get progressively "better." In the Ward area "many houses have two and three families living in two or three rooms.

Rents were not collectible when mills were shut down... Good possibility of ground between river and RR being purchased by industry..." Banks would not loan money for home purchases there. The average home was "50 to 60" years old and in "poor repair," with a \$3,500 "predominating" market price, down from \$7,500 in 1929; "good" rental demand. Estimated average annual family incomes ranged from \$800 to \$1,800. "Inhabitants: Common and skilled labor type." Noted were "35 percent infiltrating blacks," (in Squirrel Hill, surveyors called the situation "threatening Jewish") and a "50 percent mixture of foreign-born nationalities. Relief families heavy." Detrimental influences were listed: "Smoke from steel mills. Houses are overcrowded; mixture of population." Perhaps most interesting of all is "Favorable influences: Near employment — convenient to shopping district on 8th Ave." (Emphasis added; the convenience that mattered to these realtors was that which benefitted Eighth Avenue merchants, not retailers in the Ward.)

Property prices were slightly higher in the area starting up the hill from Eighth Avenue, with a lower rate of "infiltration by foreign-negro," an extra \$200 in family incomes, "somewhat limited" mortgage funds and a "static trend of desirability" as opposed to the "downward" grade given to the Ward. Farther still up the hill, the relief family load was "moderate," home prices averaged about \$7,500, incomes hit \$3,500 ("many mill superintendents and better paid office employees live here"), and most homes were for single families. "Favorable influences: Near employment, near Park and Library. Good class of populace." As for Munhall, one can almost feel the sunny attitude: "Suburban atmosphere. Convenient location near employment and shopping district. Good elevation." The inhabitants were "white collar — skilled" with family incomes up to \$4,000, no blacks, new brick homes costing \$8,500 and a slowly increasing population. In Munhall, there was also infiltration — by "desirables."⁵⁰

It should come as no surprise, given the number of "undersirables" among the "soldiers of production," that Munhall Borough Council originally fought a proposed government housing project there. Mifflin Township followed suit. More affluent communities were, like upper Homestead, anxious to see the slums bulldozed but less enthusiastic about taking responsibility for the casualties. The projects, the *Messenger* observed 16 October 1941, "...would result in a lower tax base. They are putting up these barracks in a residential district made up of a pretty good class of property."

Eventually the federal government had to force both towns to accept the projects.

Day Dreaming

No love affair has torn my heart
Yet I grow sad whenever I start
To think back on by childhood years
My home, my chums, the smiles and tears,
The alley where we'd meet each day,
The rough and ready games we'd play!

I see myself at the age of four
The day I met the girl next door
We learned how much a friendship means
And palled together through our teens
Beneath the glowing corner lamp
We'd meet each night and start our tramp
To high school games, perhaps a show
(Wherever my pal went - I'd go)

But that is past, the curtains close
On all my childhood years and those
Dear days I spent below "The Track"
Are memories that come crowding back.

In college now I make new friends
And hope before my school life ends
Old Father Time will somehow ease
The pain of lonely memories.

—Reflecting upon her childhood in the Ward,
Deloris Sedlak Jackson wrote this poem while
in college in the early 1940s.

Although many of the Ward's residents felt they received a "fair price" for their home, most expressed regret at leaving. By 1941, the average resident had lived there 25 years and felt deeply rooted in the community.⁵¹

To what degree the diaspora engineers' packaged message influenced the residents' decisions is nearly impossible to measure. At the least, feelings about patriotism, employment opportunities and slum clearance undoubtedly helped to mute protest—by providing residents with a variety of immediate considerations. Residents encouraged to think of the Ward clearance as an important gesture to the "boys overseas" often expressed sentiments similar to those of Elizabeth Keiger. With seven sons, Keiger felt it would be unfair to "make a fuss" while some of her boys fought the good war, a popular expression of patriotism observed by other researchers of the war.⁵² Since most of the Ward's residents were connected to the defense plant, they also saw the expanded mill as

ensured employment, particularly for returning sons and husbands. Other Homesteaders felt attracted to the cleaner, more attractive homes and welcomed the opportunity to shake off their working class stigma.

The responses seem to vary along generational and occupational lines. The younger residents who desired to assimilate — not unusual for second generation ethnic people — looked more favorably on modernizing aspects of the project, while older residents tended to suffer over the uprooting, although such responses have not been systematically tabulated.⁵³ The politicians, clergy and small businessmen of the Ward, having much at stake, felt more threatened by the demolition than did many of the mill workers. Although they may have disagreed on some issues, the clergy and small shop owners understood that their success rested on the ability to service a constituency, and this service rested upon highly personal contacts. Consequently, these ethnic middlemen took the lead in dealing with the problems of the demolition.

The political leaders of the Ward, for example, attempted to ameliorate the immediate impact of the demolition by focusing on the location of the dispersed residents and the timetable. The diaspora meant the loss of two entire wards and parts of two others — six out of ten borough council seats. It also meant the dismantling of a well defined voting bloc catered to by Ward bosses. Some voters would be absorbed above Eighth Avenue, but the balance would leave Homestead. With bulldozers at the ready, reversing the federal government's decision appeared unlikely. Shortly after the mill expansion was announced, borough council sent Burgess John McLean to Washington to lobby on behalf of local residents. The subject of the trip was to reiterate pressing needs of future homeless and to receive federal funds for local government projects. The otherwise altruistic proposal, though, carried more obvious political overtones. The project, according to McLean, should be built within the borough's boundaries so "residents could continue to play their part in the patriotic effort."⁵⁴ His effort brought a new injection of federal housing aid, but no projects were built in Homestead.

Perhaps more than any other identifiable group, black leaders were motivated by concerns beyond the simple loss of constituency. Their problems were more fundamental because the most conveniently located government housing tended to exclude blacks on racial or occupational criteria. Munhall Homesteads, for example, was a white only project set aside for weapons industry workers. Of the approximately 1,400 blacks in lower Homestead, less than half fell in such occupational categories, well below the rate of whites.⁵⁵ Blacks

seeking space in government projects, therefore, would have to go to the few integrated projects outside the district, and then only if they worked in the mill. As housing problems for blacks in the demolition zone grew more acute, the ACHA caved in to public pressure and classified all "demolition victims," regardless of occupational status, as weapons industry workers.

Most blacks occupied substandard housing closest to the mill, although some attained a degree of affluence through the Ward's underground economy.⁵⁶ Churches such as Second Baptist also added a cultural and social cohesiveness to the black community (the Ward's only remaining Protestant denominations were black Baptist and AME churches, most established by Southern migrants), and there was a community center, the McClure House.

In mid-October 1941, a group called the Homestead Civic League, apparently a loose coalition of black community leaders, sent a committee to Washington to lobby on behalf of Homestead's blacks. Their major concern was the prohibitive public housing process.

They pointed out that the process discriminated against non-defense workers, single mothers, and welfare relief families — those most in need of assistance and least likely to receive it. The same group sought to ensure that black culture would find a place after demolition.⁵⁷ In late October, the McClure House was ordered closed. The Civic League protested the closing and received a guarantee that it would be reopened in another location not far from the original sight.

Many Ward residents were not comfortable with dismissing the neighborhood of their forebearers — and their churches and fraternal halls — as a slum district. People writing in Pittsburgh papers predicted the demolition would "breakup...lifelong associations," and force oldtimers to "take up residence in some strange new community." Churches and fraternal associations drew their life blood from the culture of the Ward, but churches played an even larger role in community life because they often included schools. In both structure and congregation, St. Anne's Roman Catholic Church at Third and Dickson was the largest house of worship below the tracks. Founded in 1908, its history reflected the climb to respectability and middle class status of its Slovak parishoners. St. Anne's began as a traveling congregation; its members split from St. Michael's parish in Munhall. During its first decade, St. Michael's had been content to carry out its mission in the Ward. Then, in 1908, it aquired more attractive property in Munhall on land adjacent to the Carnegie library and park. The more bucolic setting

proved irresistible to middle class members anxious to escape the soot, smog and overcrowding below the tracks. Half of the congregation, though, insisted the church remain in the Ward near its other constituents.

In 1915, that half aquired a former Methodist Church on Fourth Avenue. (The building had been abandoned in a classic case of Protestant flight.) Parishoners of the new church, St. Anne's, worshipped there until a fire in 1920. The next year they began a new building at Third and Dickson, and over the next 20 years St. Anne's rose to a majestic church. Some Homesteaders still recall its elaborate rosetta window, marble altars from Italy and expensive frescoes, many donated by Slovak businessmen in the prosperity of the 1920s. The grounds also included a new parish house, convent and parochial elementary school.

With the scheduled demolition of the Ward, Rev. Clement R. Hrtanek, St. Anne's longtime Slovak speaking priest, sensed the threat of a dispersed flock. Rev. Hrtanek predicted publicly that St. Anne's would lose at least two-thirds of its congregation to other parishes. Even if the church could find land nearby and enough materials to rebuild, it was unlikely the location would be convenient for former parishoners. St. Anne's took an active role in assisting its parishoners. During earlier crises, such as the 1919 steel strike, Rev. Hrtanek was outspoken about his parishoners' rights. During the relocation crisis, he used his influence as a mediator between parishoners and agents of the federal government. (The local Homes Registration Office set up office in St. Anne's.) Hrtanek did his best to allay fears of the upheaval. Shortly after government agents descended on the Ward, he warned owners from the pulpit to wait for a "fair price" and not to be intimidated. St. Anne's eventually rebuilt on West Eleventh Avenue.⁵⁸

The halls of fraternal organizations added local color and entertainment, hosting everything from wedding receptions to athletic events and political meetings. Their uses had been readapted over the years as the nature of the population changed; the Rusin People's Home, for example, opened its membership to groups other than Carpatho Ruthenians. But their existence continued to depend on a local, established clientele of ethnics who sought out social functions for both camaraderie and a taste of old world culture and traditions. Demolition would seal the fate of most clubs. There was a shortage of building materials, and even if they could rebuild elsewhere, most fraternal could not reconstruct the cultural backdrop necessary to sustain them or halt the Americanization process threatening to render them obsolete.



Funeral of the Homestead Gypsy king, early twentieth century. Possessing distinctive ideas about rites of death, Gypsy music syncopated the industrial din in Mon Valley mill towns. About turn of the century Braddock, Thomas Bell writes in *Out of This Furnace*, that "there were times when the music of the gypsies' beribboned fiddles was drowned out by the riveters' iron clamor."

In one newspaper article, an officer of the Homestead Turner, a German-American club, succinctly captured the bleak future fraternalists faced. "What's the use?" he said.

Notwithstanding the various issues in the minds of the Ward residents, their representatives focused on problems of relocation and the priorities for obtaining new housing.⁵⁹ The selection process became a media event in itself; the *Messenger* followed the drama with daily updates. The ACHA, when it announced the lucky winners, faced the considerable task of persuading the losers to move to other projects in Allegheny County. Although many of the displaced did eventually agree to temporary shelter in other projects, they moved with much less enthusiasm. As late as December 1941, county housing director Leonard reported 376 of the original 1,443 applicants had no home even though other projects still had room.⁶⁰

Clearly the human side of the story needs further attention. This article has merely attempted to point to the actors and issues in this compulsory migration. A mass human displacement of this magnitude necessarily involves engineers of change. Their success in demolishing the Ward so quickly and in muting large scale resistance suggests the effectiveness of their tactics during a war economy. It does not obscure the fact, however, that a way of life had ended for these people, or that they felt deeply about the destruction of their homes.

As Homestead's fighting men returned from the war, they entered another chapter in the history of their steel town. Family homes and familiar neighborhoods were gone. And while many steelworkers resumed the identical job they had left to serve the nation, organized labor's role in the intervening years had brought major changes to the workplace. Having won its battle for collective bargaining through New Deal legislation, the United Steelworkers of America looked to a second decade of promising a better life for people dependent on metals manufacturing.

Meanwhile the pace of industrial workers abandoning towns such as Homestead, Duquesne, Braddock and McKeesport for Baldwin, Irwin, West Mifflin and other infant suburbs accelerated through the 1950s. Using educational benefits from their military service and rising wages, workers cooperated fully in buying the mass culture package — fast food, new cars, televisions, and other gadgets of luxury — that have characterized the post war era. Within a few years of the mill expansion, many of the valley's people were rushing headlong toward a world they had approached with much trepidation in 1941. ■

¹ Joseph H. Louchheim, "Evicted By National Defense," *Social Work Today* (Dec. 1941), 12.

² Salisbury, like Hays, considers the Progressive Era the watershed and noted that social work, police and fire protection, bookkeeping, urban planning, the field of "rehabilitation enthusiasts," just to name a few, have gradually become the exclusive domain of professionals trained since 1915. See Robert Salisbury, "Urban Politics: The New Convergence of Power," *Journal of Politics* 26 (Nov. 1964), 775-797. Salisbury pays special homage to Robert Dahl and his classic study *Who Governs* (New Haven: 1961).

Mollenkopf elaborates his argument in *The Contested City* (Princeton: 1983), saying that these progrowth coalitions have flourished in "postindustrial" America. Speaking of the dozens of government programs developed mostly for cities by New Deal administrators, Mollenkopf (page 15) says: "From the New Deal onward, national and local political entrepreneurs, for the most part Democrats, constructed new political alignments and new coalitions around the framework of federal urban development programs. These programs provided a means by which diverse local constituencies, all of which had some stake in stepping up the rate of urban development, could be brought together in the new 'progrowth' coalitions." Incidentally, he believes these programs provided largely temporary cures, encouraged the rampant growth of suburbs, and in so doing caused demographic changes that in the end undermined Democratic party hegemony, especially at the national level.

Hays credits Robert Merton, another political scientist, with the first formulation of the local-cosmopolitan approach to political and social history, but Hays has been the leading historian advocating this concept for social analysis. According to this thesis, much social change can be understood as the conflict between those groups espousing a broader view of society and those who retain a more narrow, provincial attachment to community. The latter, Hays says, looked to national or international markets over local economic systems; preferred more impersonal media for communicating to daily and personal contacts; and promoted national and centralized decision-making over local and decentralized control. In their march toward "progress" and "modernization," cosmopolitan forces generally have overwhelmed those advocating a more expansive definition of community. Hays' local-cosmopolitan continuum is a helpful framework for making sense of motivation and attitudes involved in the mill expansion program — attitudes that are more difficult to account for solely on the basis of class, ethnicity or some other analytical concept. In arguing for longterm economic benefits of the mill expansion, and its potential for resolving slums, those who engineered the Homestead relocation clearly deserve the cosmopolitan label. Among other of Hays' articles, see his "Political Parties and the Community-Society Continuum," in *American Political History as Social Analysis: Essays by Samuel P. Hays*, (Knoxville: 1980); and "Toward a Systematic Social History," unpublished manuscript, 26.

³ Recording 162.1, Audio-Visual Records Branch, National Archives (hereafter NA), Washington, D.C. The broadcast is 12 minutes long.

⁴ Estimates on the number of homes, businesses and churches removed from the demolition area were often quoted in local newspapers. Reports disagree, however, on the number of people affected. Estimates range from about

6,500 in some government accounts to more than 8,000 in the *Homestead Daily Messenger* (hereafter *Messenger*), 27 July 1941; Lori E. Cole, "Down Below: An Investigation into Lower Homestead Using the 1940 U.S. Census," (seminar paper, History Department, Carnegie Mellon University, 1988), 1. Acquiring and preparing the land for construction cost about \$10.2 million. Record Group 234 (hereafter RG 234), Supplement to Appendix "A," Reports and Appendices, Plancor 186-H, 30 June 1946, in Defense Plant Corp. Engineers' Reports (hereafter DPC Engineers'), Defense Plant Corporation records, National Archives Records Center (hereafter NARC), Suitland, Md. Land purchases totaled \$8,589,674; \$1,599,712 was spent to prepare the site.

⁵ The unnamed official was quoted by Louchheim, op. cit., 32.

⁶ "The Second Ward," Margaret Byington observed in 1907, "has largely been abandoned to the newer immigrants." This social and cultural polarization in Homestead was repeated in countless Monongahela Valley mill towns. Thomas Bell's 1941 *Out of This Furnace* (Pittsburgh: 1976, reprint), a novel about three generations of Slovak steelworkers in Braddock, is the best literary account of this immigrant life. Scholarly accounts can be found in David Brody, *The Steelworkers in America: the Nonunion Era* (New York: 1960); Frank H. Serene, "Immigrant Steelworkers in the Monongahela Valley: Their Communities and the Development of a Labor Class Consciousness," (Ph.D. dissertation, University of Pittsburgh, 1979); and Byington's 1911 *Homestead: The Households of a Mill Town* (Pittsburgh: 1974, reprint), 167.

⁷ The most descriptive picture of the Ward is in Byington's study of living conditions for the Pittsburgh Survey. Byington, typical of Progressive reformers, saw overcrowding and poverty but also was keenly aware of the Eastern European enclave below Eighth Avenue. She devotes nearly four chapters to the "Slavic" imprint on lower Homestead, 131-171.

⁸ *Messenger*, 31 Jan. 1914. The newspaper reported the church would "build on location above the railroad tracks as most of the other Protestant churches have done."

⁹ By nearly all accounts, corruption in Homestead was notorious. The borough's only daily newspaper, the *Messenger*, gave the subject plenty of attention, as did a special grand jury in the early 1950s. City journalists also saw the news potential: the *Pittsburgh Bulletin Index* on 7 March 1940 noted that Homestead had "two industries: steel and vice." The reporter described the most recent activities on Sixth Avenue, the boisterous red light district. Observers liked to focus on the ties among numbers racketeers, vice captains and local politicians. One newspaper reported that several members of borough council had police records. Interview with Nick Sayko, 7 May 1988; Interview with Evelyn Sedlak, 12 June 1988.

¹⁰ Since census records did not classify Eastern Europeans according to nationality, estimating ethnic compositions are difficult. Likewise, since census tracts records are not available before 1940, separate empirical breakdowns for lower and upper Homestead are not possible. General census reports from 1910 reveal that Hungarian immigrants accounted for 18 percent of the population. (The total foreign born population was placed at 41 percent.) Serene, 68-9, refers to a 1910 report that identified 26 dialects in

Homestead's "immigrant sections." Other notable indicators, from city directories, are the location of churches and confectionaries (or mom and pop groceries stores) with ethnic names. Byington, 133, arrived at her ethnic headcount through employment data from Carnegie Steel and by the nationalities identified with Catholic parishes.

¹¹ *Homestead City Directory*, 1925.

¹² The library's efforts to meet the immigrant and the "working man" on their own ground was championed by W.F. Stevens, head librarian from 1901 to 1942. Undated Manuscripts, Library Files, Carnegie Library of Homestead, Munhall.

¹³ RG 234, Final Engineer's Report, Plancor 186-H, 10 Apr. 1946, 2, NARC.

¹⁴ The major book on the DPC is Gerald T. White, *Billions For Defense: Government Financing by the Defense Plant Corporation during World War II* (University, Alabama: 1980); and W.A. Houck, *Steel Expansion for War* (Cleveland: 1945).

¹⁵ White, 5. A major tax amortization plan, which did help spur private war-time investment in many industries, was not successful in steel.

¹⁶ Edward J. Stettinius, Jr., U.S. Steel's chairman, was one of eight commissioners appointed to the advisory committee on the Council of National Defense, which helped devise the new financing scheme. Conversely, Bethlehem and Republic Steel eventually balked. White, 46, with dollar figure from 49.

¹⁷ Six new plants, including an open hearth and armor forging plant, were included in the plan. On June 25, William Knudsen, president of General Motors and the head of still another consulting agency, Office of Production Management, approved the plan that set the bureaucracy's wheels in motion. For details of the contract with C-1, see RG 234, Minutes of the Defense Plant Corporation, (hereafter Minutes) vol. XI (Part 1), 16 Oct. 1941, 429-437, NA.

¹⁸ RG 234, General Statement of Reconstruction Finance Corporation, 30 Sept. 1946, Non-Assets File No. 3, Office of Defense Plants General Files, (hereafter ODP General Files), NARC.

¹⁹ Correspondence of John Carmody, RG 162, NA. The FWA director sent a half-dozen other letters to people involved in federal housing programs locally from 1939 to 1941, none of it especially notable.

²⁰ By mid October, for example, the DPC set a Nov. 5 deadline for demolition, but no demolition work had begun. It was not until late October that the DPC awarded the contract for the project to the Monarch Wrecking and Lumber Company of Detroit.

²¹ RG 234, Minutes, vol. XI, (Part 1) 16 Oct. 1941, 430, NA.

²² *Ibid.*, 437.

²³ ODP General Files, 30 Jan. 1942, NA.

²⁴ White, 53. No substantial information about the land purchases was found in a check of all relevant DPC and RFC files in the National Archives. Checks with archives branches and federal records centers in Chicago and Philadelphia also proved fruitless. A serious impediment to a full review of the events at Homestead is the state of records available to historians. The vast majority of data in federal files is either highly general about specific projects or very specific about the federal agencies' general operations. Officials at the

Allegheny County Housing Authority have no knowledge of any relevant records. In the interview 12 June 1988, Evelyn Sedlak, who once worked at Homestead, said she saw the records disposed of several years ago. USX might have records, but it has refused access to its immense archival holdings.

²⁵ Louchheim, op. cit., 12.

²⁶ The latest relevant work is Kristin Szylvian Bailey, "The Federal Government and the Cooperative Housing Movement, 1917-1955" (Ph.D. diss., Carnegie Mellon University, 1988). Summarizing the debate, the details of which are beyond the scope of this article, Bailey writes (40-41): "Some congressmen, however, were...concerned about what would happen to the housing once the defense emergency was over. They did not want to finance the construction of housing that would degenerate into slums or encourage federal competition with the private housing industry."

²⁷ "Victory on the Homes Front: A Report and a Blueprint, 1938-1944," (hereafter Victory on the Homes Front), Allegheny County Housing Authority, Pennsylvania Room, Carnegie Library, Pittsburgh.

²⁸ Carmody, in radio broadcast.

²⁹ *Messenger*, 17 Dec. 1941.

³⁰ Between October 1941 and February 1942, 93 companies in Allegheny and Beaver counties were designated as "defense establishments" under the Lanham Act. RG 162, Box 68, Defense Industries I (Designation of) Pennsylvania, Federal Works Agency General Files, NA.

³¹ "Victory on the Homes Front."

³² Salisbury, "Urban Politics: The New Convergence of Power," 783.

³³ Ibid., 785. Salisbury (781) holds that the mercantile coalition that formerly had dominated "had been deeply committed to the city in an economic and emotional way that was missing from the industrial manager." With the onset of the New Deal, the "Democratic partisan hegemony provided a kind of cover by which middle class values could reappear in the public decisions of a working class city." (783) The rise of the New Deal coalition in working class Pittsburgh is well documented by Michael P. Weber, *Don't Call Me Boss: David L. Lawrence, Pittsburgh's Renaissance Mayor* (University of Pittsburgh Press: 1988). Homestead's political environment in the 1930s was strikingly similar, with Burgess John McLean inviting comparisons to Lawrence by promising reform and winning middle class support. See Annemarie Draham, "Unlikely Allies Fight for Unionization: Homestead, Pa., 1933-1946" (M.A. thesis, Indiana University of Pennsylvania, 1984).

³⁴ This is a major theme in Bailey, 39-55.

³⁵ For an excellent discussion of the debate, see John F. Bauman, *Public Housing, Race and Renewal: Urban Planning in Philadelphia, 1920-1974* (Philadelphia: 1987), 56-75. Like Salisbury and Mollenkopf, as well as Bailey, Bauman believes war-time action on the housing front set the stage for relationships that solidified after the war: "Housers, planners, and business leaders joined civic leaders and agency heads to forge the basis for a postwar alliance wherein housing would emerge as a tool for urban redevelopment." (60)

³⁶ Progressive style reforms left a mixed legacy in Western Pennsylvania. Social reformers such as those commissioned for the Pittsburgh Survey were instrumental in calling attention to the ugly side effects of industrialization and

urbanization. Investigators such as Byington were credited with raising the social awareness of the American middle class to the industrial proletariat. At the same time, though, Progressives tended to confuse cause and symptom and were often insensitive to behavior that did not conform to their own Protestant, middle class standards. In a now classic study of municipal reform in Pittsburgh, Sam Hays detected a decidedly upper middle class flavor to advocates of "good government," both in social composition and values. Many have concluded, on the basis of Hays' analysis, that "reform" campaigns were often just a repackaged effort to reapply ruling-class control. See Hays, "The Politics of Reform in Municipal Government in the Progressive Era," *Pacific Northwest Quarterly* 55 (1964) 157-169.

³⁷ Roy Lubove, *Twentieth Century Pittsburgh: Government, Business and Environmental Change* (New York: 1969), 130-32. His analysis of the clearance of Pittsburgh's Lower Hill in 1956, in the name of urban renewal and the Renaissance, suggests interesting parallels to Homestead's makeover: "For the Negro community, (the civic arena project) has been a highly visible symbol of old-style renewal, indifferent to the housing needs and preferences of low-income families." (131)

³⁸ "Victory on the Homes Front." Pages are not numbered.

³⁹ Ibid.

⁴⁰ Ibid.

⁴¹ *Messenger*, 14 Dec. 1941.

⁴² "Victory on the Homes Front."

⁴³ Ibid. Bailey also writes (46): "[T]he Pittsburgh Housing Authority and the Allegheny County Housing Authority assumed expanded roles in the local war housing program while the low income housing program languished."

⁴⁴ Bailey, 42.

⁴⁵ The legal precedent through which property may be transferred to the sovereign through "eminent domain" has a long history. At the time of the Homestead project, the key court rulings were: *Fort Leavenworth Railroad Company v. Lowe*, 114 U.S. 525, 531 (1885); *Cherokee Nation v. Southern Kansas Railroad Company*, 135 U.S. 641, 656 (1890); *Luxton v. Northern River Bridge Company*, 153 U.S. 525, 529, 530 (1894); *United States v. Gettysburg Electric Railroad Company*, 160 U.S. 668, 681 (1896). Appendix "A" to the Memorandum of July 26, 1943, re: Whether individuals engaged in employment under contracts with the Defense Plant Corporation are covered by Public Law 784 of the 77th Congress, ODP General Files, RG 234, Series 145, NA. This document was a general legal ruling by agency counsel S.M. Hammond, who summarized, in rather circular fashion, the above opinions: "...[I]t logically follows that since the United States may take property only for a public use, that a taking for any constitutional activity is for a public use." The counsel's office, according to notations in the file, also generated an opinion regarding the use of eminent domain at Homestead, but the opinion itself was not in the records. The exigencies of national defense appeared to have dampened any challenge to the DPC's authority. Simply the threat of condemnation was enough to break the backs of stubborn property owners. The political climate of war, in short, muted what may have been a more protracted struggle, as has been proven in more recent legal battles over eminent domain's use. For a recent discussion of eminent domain in the battle to restart (rather than expand) steel plants, see Staughton Lynd, "The

Genesis of the Idea of a Community Right to Industrial Property in Youngstown and Pittsburgh, 1977-1987," *Journal of American History* (Jan. 1988), 926-958.

⁴⁶ "Victory on the Homes Front."

⁴⁷ Louchheim, op. cit., 12-15.

⁴⁸ RG 234, DPC Engineers', 30 June 1946, NA.

⁴⁹ In the best of times, attitudes of hilltop residents to their poorer cousins below the tracks took the form of benighted paternalism. During the 1910s and 1920s, temperance advocates sent missionaries below the tracks to seize stills and preach on the evils of alcohol. The hilltop alliance, reflected in the incessant clamoring of the *Messenger*, also inveighed against gambling and prostitution, both of which thrived in the urban villages in the Ward. The Carnegie library sent "missionaries" into lower Homestead to disseminate wholesome reading material and to conduct "Americanization" classes in the immigrant courts. And once numbers rackets usurped the one time company controlled political machine, "good government" proponents targeted electoral reform and vowed to replace the despotic ward heel politicians with "clean" candidates.

⁵⁰ RG 195, City Survey, Box 0094, NA. Pages unnumbered. Seventeen Pittsburgh area realtors assisted the Division of Research and Statistics of the Homeowners Loan Corporation, part of the Federal Home Loan Bank System. These reports are even more shocking when one considers that, according to a brief history of the HOLC in the files at the National Archives, the agency existed to "grant long-term mortgage loans at low interest rates to distressed home owners who were unable to procure financing through normal channels."

⁵¹ Hovde, *American Cities* article.

⁵² Interview with Rita Flynn Keegan, 4 April 1988. See, for example, Studs Terkel, *The Good War: An Oral History of World War II* (New York: 1984).

⁵³ These were predominant viewpoints expressed in more than 25 interviews conducted during our Homestead research.

⁵⁴ *Messenger*, 12 July 1941.

⁵⁵ Louchheim, op. cit. He cited statistics from a WPA survey that found 48 percent of the black families tied to defense industry work, compared to 70 percent for whites.

⁵⁶ Our research on the black community in Homestead is not exhaustive but suggests that the underground economy — numbers writing, moonshining, etc. — offered more opportunities for blacks than did the steel industry. A survey in 1919 showed that blacks were the second largest "ethnic" group employed in the Homestead Works. Many of the more skilled and managerial positions, though, were racially proscribed. Mobility and power for blacks was probably more likely via the vice economy once it opened up the 1920s. Rufus "Sonnyman" Jackson along with Joe Franks,

a Russian immigrant, reportedly controlled numbers writing in Homestead. Jackson, according to one newspaper article, "followed the rails" to Homestead in the early 1920s. After Prohibition was lifted in 1933, Jackson opened the Skyrocket Lounge on Sixth Avenue, a nightclub that became the center of the jazz scene for much of black Pittsburgh. *Report on the 1919 Steel Strike*, Interchurch World Movement Report, (New York: 1920), 133. For a more extended discussion of the relationship between illegal gambling and the black middle class, see Rob Ruck, *Sandlot Seasons: Sport in Black Pittsburgh* (Urbana: 1987), 140-152.

⁵⁷ Louchheim, op. cit., 14.

⁵⁸ St. Anne's seemed to adapt better than Hrtanek predicted. Parishoners pitched in to dismantle much of the interior, the rosetta window that adorned the front of the building, and other original ornaments for reuse when the church rebuilt on West Eleventh Avenue in 1950. Interview with parishoner Donald Rettger, 2 May 1988. Although church anniversary booklets are not the most objective sources, they do at least suggest the parishoners' perceptions of change. The account of the mill expansion's impact on St. Anthony's, the Polish Catholic church in the ward, seems typical. "The parish suffered a great loss not only in members but also was compelled to discontinue the parish school and the services of the Holy Ghost nuns who were connected with the parish for many years." "St. Anthony's Golden Jubilee," 13, Pittsburgh Roman Catholic Diocese archives, Pittsburgh.

⁵⁹ In deciding who got government housing, weapons industry workers were first, ahead of citizens on low income or with previous abject living quarters. The only exceptions were the projects around Homestead and Duquesne, where families and individuals displaced by plant expansions were given preference. Under a May 1941 FWA order, rents were set nationally on a sliding income scale. Families with annual earnings of \$700-\$800 paid \$13 monthly; at \$1,501 to \$1,800, rent was \$25; at \$3,001, rent topped \$50. Rents were the same regardless of the unit's size and there was a \$5 monthly surcharge for all boarders. This meant war-industry workers generally paid about 20 percent of their income for government housing. In September 1941 the rates were changed to flat rates for units with one bedroom (\$27.50), two (\$30) or three (\$32.50). Variations were allowed "where there are marked differences in amenities in dwellings in the same project and in different projects" and "in localities where the established rental pattern of other public and private housing varies materially from the above schedule." RG 162, "Tenant Selection and Renting in Defense Housing Developments for Industrial Workers," FWA circulars 4477 and 7046, NA.

⁶⁰ *Messenger*, 12 Dec. 1941.

Self-Preservation

By Garry Wills

IN his novel, *The Unbearable Lightness of Being*, Milan Kundera includes an episode, based on recent history, that is a parable for us. The novel's heroine, trying to recapture some of the spirit that filled her with hope during the 1968 "Prague Spring" of resistance to Russian domination, goes back, six years later, to a spa town where she shared her political dreams with her lover. She finds everything changed, uprooted, renamed. And the ironic thing is that the Czechs had done this to themselves, in their heady moment of liberation. To confuse Russian invaders, the Czechs stripped their country of its identifying signs, and found themselves subtly undermining their own identity.

People in every city and town had pulled down the street signs; sign posts had disappeared. Overnight, the country had become nameless. For seven days, Russian troops wandered the countryside, not knowing where they were. The officers searched for newspaper offices, for television and radio stations to occupy; but could not find them. Whenever they asked, they would get either a shrug of the shoulders or false names and directions.

Garry Wills, adjunct professor in American culture and public policy at Northwestern University, is the author of numerous books on American history, including *Inventing America*, *Explaining America*, *Nixon Agonistes*, *The Kennedy Imprisonment*, and *Reagan's America*. He is a recipient of the National Book Critics Circle Award and the Merle Curti Award of the Organization of American Historians.

There was a momentary advantage in thus cutting the country off from its past. Like a cuttlefish confusing its attacker in a cloud of protective darkness, the Czechs had inconvenienced their occupier. But the defensive move proved a costly one.

Hindsight now made that anonymity seem quite dangerous to the country. The streets and buildings could no longer return to their original names. As a result, a Czech spa had suddenly metamorphosed into a miniature imaginary Russia, and the past that Tereza had gone there to find had turned out to be confiscated.

Only those who have deliberately surrendered their own national past can know how difficult it is to regain. But a quieter loss of our bearings, of the markings of our former passage, of the places where we determined the kind of people we would be, is going on all the time, by time's erosion, memory's decay, and necessary adaptations to new circumstances. Where the surrender has not been dramatic, the rescue cannot be either — we do not have to recapture the very names of places from those who create a new city overnight. The work is slower, less glamorous, but just as important — saving the evidence of our joint achievements, or of our shame.

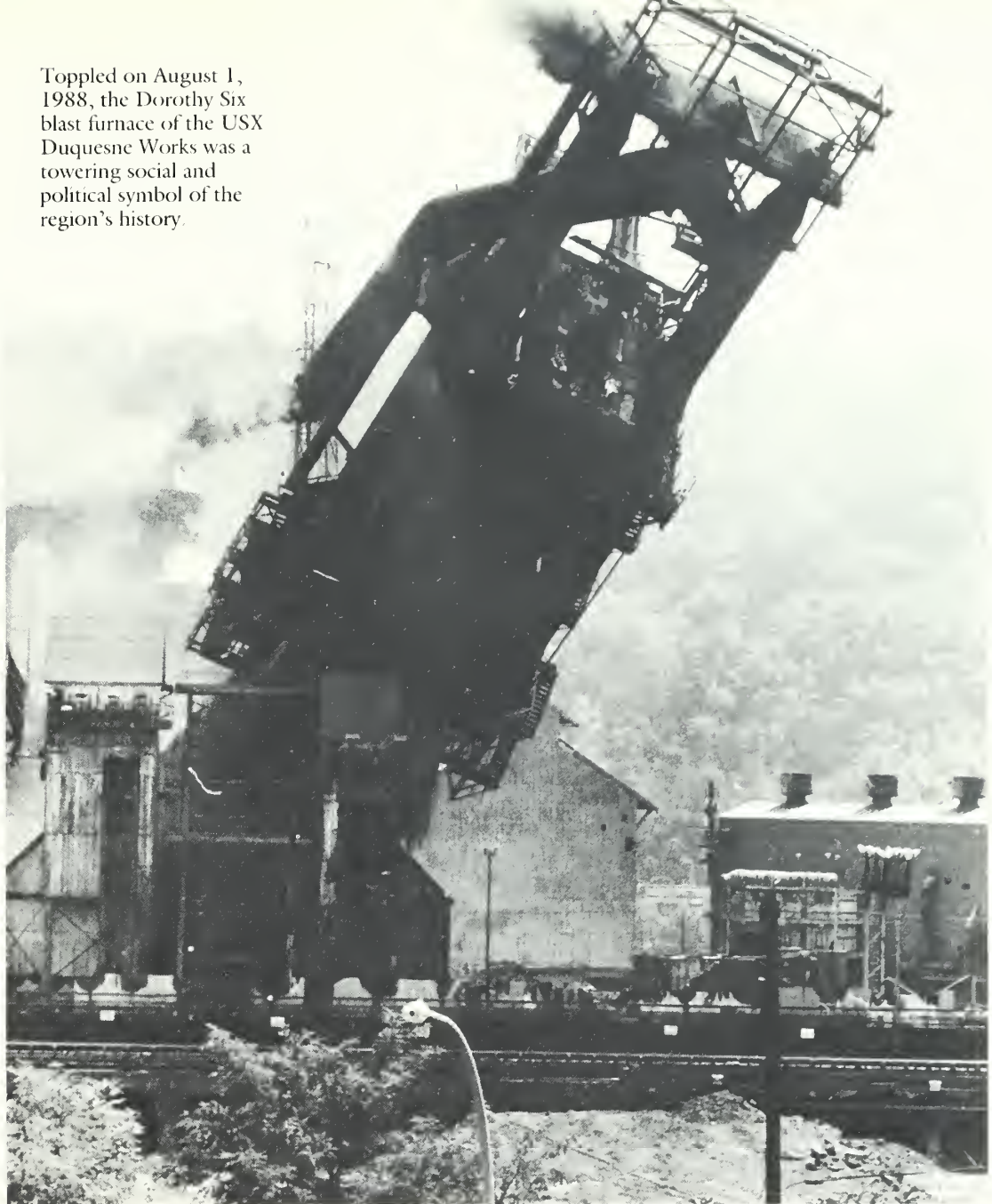
The first instinct of people who have committed or witnessed some great crime is to efface the accusing memory. Thus people in Dallas wanted to tear down the Texas School Book Depository where Lee Harvey Oswald lay in wait to kill

a President, or change the configuration of Dealey Plaza to keep it from reviving the image of what happened there. A similar misguided instinct led people for some time to downplay if not remove all references to slaves and their quarters and their work at Mount Vernon and Monticello.

Even more important are the remains of death camps from the Nazi regime, to remind us what we human beings are capable of. The Holocaust is such an affront to the imagination that people would deny it if they could, suppress the evil memory, forgive themselves by forgetting. These are the large and obvious parts of the past that we have duty to preserve. Other places, shrines, sites where great things have happened — Independence Hall, Faneuil Hall — are kept to show us what we have aspired to or been capable of in our better moments. Some places, like Mount Vernon, are particularly rich in lessons because they mingle so clearly the traces of good and evil, of great vision and of the slave heritage.

But historical memory is not constituted by the few markers of great things done, for good or evil, but by the humbler traces of ordinary life; and the distinct past is not the only thing that needs remembering. If we lose the signpost of yesterday, as Kundera warns, we are at the mercy of the newly arrived, the renamers who have no tradition of the place, the rootless people who uproot the lives of others. Sometimes the preservation of ordinary artifacts of life and the memory of a great evil can be accomplished simultaneously.

Toppled on August 1, 1988, the Dorothy Six blast furnace of the USX Duquesne Works was a towering social and political symbol of the region's history.



This came home to me when I saw, in Hiroshima, a *bento*, a school lunch box made of curved wood, just the right size for holding two rice balls, a child's lunch. The thing is an exquisite example of the fine workmanship that went into everyday products of the time, and deserves preservation as such. (We have an example from the period on a shelf in our front room.) But the one I saw in Hiroshima, though unscorched on the outside, holds rice balls entirely turned black and

carbonated by the rays of the bomb. In a kind of reverse transfiguration, the food of life had become the bearer of death — only there was no child left to bear it to.

Historical preservation is, in the deepest sense, self-preservation. We know what kind of people we are by the kinds of things we have made, the way we made them, the value we put on them. We define ourselves by our work, our artifacts, our "occupations" (by which we occupy our own land, not leaving

it empty for others to fill). The future cannot be directly known: the present is a blur; we steer only by extrapolation from the arc of our past efforts, stressing the ones that have proved fruitful, leaning away from the ones that have misled us. The museums that preserve our past are not mere attics in a house. Like the library or the research laboratory, they are rudders to the community's ship. They are what we steer by. Without them, we are adrift, "anonymous," like Kundera's spa. ■

Self-Reflection

By John A. Herbst
Executive Director

THIS new version of the Society's magazine reflects our effort to reach out to a broader audience, both in our publications and in our many other activities. As Editor Paul Roberts points out, we will continue to publish well-researched history, but we will also offer our readers articles on events and people closer to our own time (as exemplified by the interview with Jack Tankersley in this issue). And in each issue readers will find a few comments in this section about some aspect of our mission and ongoing activities.

From time to time, we will devote extra attention in the magazine to our work. An example is this issue's lead article, which deals with an important aspect of Homestead's twentieth century history, the result of research associated with our exhibit "Homestead: The Story of a Steel Town," which opens this month. This article also highlights another of our efforts. Some of the most interesting illustrations for the article come from a family album of photographs from the 1920s and 1930s donated to the Society by Evelyn Sedlak, who grew up in lower Homestead. Many photographs from her album also will be seen in the upcoming exhibit.

Of similar interest is another recent acquisition, an album of photographs of 237 employees of Lyon Shorb & Co., an iron foundry that operated on Pittsburgh's Southside near the Smithfield Street Bridge during the middle of the last century. Since learning of this acquisition, people from across

the Pittsburgh region have come to view the album in hope of seeing the face of a family member known to have worked for the company.

Important both to scholars and the community at large was the establishment of the Jewish Archives at the Society in November 1988. This grew out of a survey of Jewish archival resources funded by the Allen H. and Selma Berkman Endowment Fund administered by the United Jewish Federation of Pittsburgh. The survey revealed an abundance of materials about this long-established community scattered throughout the city and led to the decision to collect these materials and deposit them at the Society.

Collections are at the heart of any historical society's activities. The mission of historical societies and museums is to collect and conserve the materials of a community's history and to make them available to the public through their exhibits, publications, and interpretive educational programs, as well as through their libraries and archives.

The Society's collections made possible our exhibit "Homewood-Brushton: A Century of Community-Making," which brought hundreds of visitors to our Oakland headquarters during the past two years. It also made possible "A Way to Be Seen: Women's Fashions in Pittsburgh, 1870-1920," which was on view throughout the fall of 1988. The value of costume collections in helping bring social history to life has been increasingly understood in the museum

world. This exhibit demonstrated how much costumes can provide insight into the daily lives and activities of their original owners. The interpretive labels and accompanying brochure placed the costumes in context, reflecting the changing role of women in a changing society.



John A. Herbst

The Society's public programs have a similar far-ranging character. In April the Society hosted a conference on religion and the ethnic experience in Western Pennsylvania, in concert with the Pennsylvania Historical and Museum Commission, the Pennsylvania Ethnic Heritage Studies Center, and the Pennsylvania Heritage Affairs Committee. Live performances by four ethnic choral groups accompanied the program.

In the following month, the Society organized a four-hour

cruise on the Monongahela River, during which Homestead business leader George DeBolt, Carnegie Mellon University Professor David Demarest, and architect David Lewis (organizer of the Remaking Cities International Conference of Architects) discussed the impact of the steel industry on the valley and the ways in which this heritage could be used in advancing the development of the region.

Other highlights include the Society's republication in November of the 1876 *Atlas of the County of Allegheny*, the original of which has been receiving more use in our library than any comparable volume. In addition to 50 detailed maps, the reprinted edition includes a contemporary map identifying changes, an index of land plot owners, and an introductory essay by Professor Edward K. Muller of the University of Pittsburgh's Department of History.

An important contribution by the Society in 1987-88 to the field of social studies education was the publication of two units for use by middle and high schools. The first, *Frontier Democracy*, marking the Bicentennial of the United States Constitution, concerned itself with Western Pennsylvania's reaction to the ratification. This was funded, in part, by the Allegheny County Bicentennial Commission. The second, *Steel Town: Teaching about Growth and Change in Western Pennsylvania Steel Towns, 1860-1945*, a case study of Homestead, was funded by the Pennsylvania Historical and Museum Commission, the Pennsylvania Humanities Council, the Claude Worthington Benedum Foundation, and the Robert S. Waters Charitable Trust.

The units comprise materials for use by teachers and students,

including text, illustrations, and bibliographical materials. The Society hopes to continue publishing such materials.

Perhaps the most encouraging event of recent months was the award of a \$195,000 grant to the Society by the Richard K. Mellon Foundation, to enable us to carry forward our work developing the

Pittsburgh History Center. With its projected major museum, library and archives, and educational division, the Center should ensure that the people of this region will never lose their history. As Garry Wills points out in his thoughtful article in this issue, "Historical preservation is, in the deepest sense, self preservation." ■



Seasons of the Heart

By Agnes Dodds Kinard

SARA Henderson Hay, author of six volumes of award-winning poetry, is often called a Pittsburgh poet, but her work speaks to the concerns of people everywhere. She herself often insisted that she was a poet who just happened to live in Pittsburgh.

Hailed in 1966 by long-time Pittsburgh history writer Robert Alberts as “one of the nation’s foremost poets,” she was the great-granddaughter of Alexander Hay, mayor of the city from 1842 to 1844. She was born November 13, 1906, in Pittsburgh to Major Ralph Watson Hay and Daisy Baker Hay of Anniston, Alabama. Sara Henderson spent her early childhood years in smoky, industrial Pittsburgh, and made numerous visits with her mother to relatives in Anniston. The visits became more and more frequent, and finally Sara Henderson, her sister Willa, and their mother remained in Anniston and lived with Daisy Baker Hay’s mother. The father corresponded faithfully, sending regular checks, and there was no divorce. Spending her formative adolescence in the South, with its leisurely pace, was a permanent influence on the poet. Throughout her life, even in business letters, she was gracious and charming in the southern manner. In keeping with southern custom, she was called “Sara Henderson,” instead of “Sara.”

A collection of her business papers, a diary and scrapbooks with press clippings covering the highlights of her career was willed to Hunt Library at Carnegie Mellon University, and the excerpts for this article were drawn from that material. Three years before her death in 1987 at age 80, Sara Henderson Hay wrote a letter that was read at ceremonies marking the 85th anniversary of the Wilkinsburg Library in suburban Pittsburgh:

Agnes Dodds Kinard, a native Pittsburgher and author of *Celebration of Carnegie in Pittsburgh*, expects to publish a book of Sara Henderson Hay’s poems dealing with biblical subjects. Material for this article was drawn from the book manuscript. The author wishes to thank Mary Kay Johnsen, Special Collections Librarian, and her assistant, Angeline Levis, at Carnegie Mellon University’s Hunt Library, and Thomas J. Michalak, Director of University Libraries.

Since my early childhood, the written word, in books, has always had for me an utter magic. Long before I could read, my mother read to me, mostly poetry, the sonorous rhythms of *Evangeline*, the lovely and now out of fashion lines of Tennyson and Swinburne, even Shakespeare.... Poetry was my first love....

And when I could read myself... the Carnegie Library (in Anniston) was where I spent a charmed time, heading to it when school was out, and on Saturday mornings standing bemused, trying to choose which of all that wealth of high adventure, fantasy, romance and exotic far away places and lives I could take home with me.... I don’t know whether children today find a book the marvelous thing it was before radio, television and movies were available. I hope they do.

By age 10, Sara Henderson was a “published poet,” receiving \$20 for a poem about golf published in *Judge* magazine. In June 1921 she earned a grade school diploma from the Thomas Wightman School in Pittsburgh. She attended high school in Anniston, and her mother continued to send her poems to the *Anniston Star*, which had come to consider her its protegee. At Brenau College in Georgia, Sara Henderson edited the college magazine as a freshman. Transferring to Columbia University, her writing was honed under the tutelage of professors John Erskine, Joseph Auslander and Hoxie Fairchild. Her poems appeared in the college magazine and the publication of the Parnassus Club, for young women where she lived and waited tables for her room and board of \$16 per week. She received her degree in 1929.

In 1931 alone four anthologies included her poetry: *Selected Magazine Verse for 1931*, *Younger Poets*, *Anthology of Garden Verse* and *Columbia University Poets*. Through Harold Vinal, editor of *Voices: A Journal of Poetry*, which also published her work, she was introduced to New York literary circles and joined The Poetry Society of America.

Her first selection of 66 poems was chosen in a contest from among 207 entries and was published as a book in 1933 by Kaleidograph Press. *The Field of Honor* was dedicated to “One Who Never Laughed at me, and To One Who Did” — her mother and Hoxie Fairchild, respectively. The title

for the critically acclaimed collection was chosen from the title of a tripartite poem about love foresworn for honor. One poem, reflecting her life-long love of animals, most requested for republication is:

For a Dead Kitten

Put the rubber mouse away,
Pick the spools up from the floor,
What was velvet-shod, and gay,
Will not want them, any more —

What was warm, is strangely cold.
Whence dissolved the little breath?
How could this small body hold
So immense a thing as Death?

After graduation from Columbia, Sara Henderson Hay worked at Charles Scribner's & Sons, first as a secretary in the editorial offices, then in the bookstore and later in the Rare Book Department, while doing free-lance proofreading and editing. She carefully aimed her poems so rejections were few: biblical poems appeared in the *Churchman* and similar publications, while the *New Yorker* published her witty, wordly verses.

One editorial job she enjoyed most was editing and proofreading a gigantic volume, Burton E. Stevenson's *Home Book of Shakespeare Quotations*. Being "a pushover for a quotation," the poet recognized them "as among the richest lodes in all the mines of literature" and collected her own treasury of "things supremely well said, witty, wise, kindly or malicious, that can be lifted out of context and admired for themselves or applied wherever suitable."

Much of her poetry shows this fascination with Shakespeare and other classicists, super-imposed on a firm foundation of stories, parables and verses from the King James Bible, which her mother read as lullabys to her as a child. In notes for one of her readings, the poet wrote that "the marvelous imagery of the King James Old and New Testaments... made a deep impression on me.... Of course the Holy Family, from the angle of their human-ness, offer endless material for thought...."

In her volumes the poet expressed her love of nature, her concern for the underdog, her love of love and her distrust of it. Her verses display a vibrant warmth, and we are fortunate that her ideas about creating poetry have been preserved in her collection at Hunt Library. As early as the mid-1950s, she observed that "what is apt to come under fire today is not the technical pattern of a poem, but any tendency of its author to be warmly and directly and candidly emotional.

"Ingenuous and uncomplicated sentiment is, in

these days, very likely to be mis-called sentimental ity." The two, insisted the poet, are "something very different indeed."



Sara Henderson Hay, 1917

Several newspapers besides the *Anniston Star* followed Sara Henderson Hay's early career, including the *Atlanta Journal* and the *Birmingham News Age Herald*. Both papers commented on her beauty and charm, as well as her poetry, as she traveled the South receiving accolades and promoting her books.

A syndicated columnist for the Birmingham paper, Gladys Baker (no relation), who was a Barbara Walters of the day, gave the 28-year-old poet the opportunity to experience the high adventure and exotic travel that she had fantasized about during her childhood reading sessions at the library. Gladys Baker was a renowned interviewer of George Bernard Shaw, Albert Einstein, Eleanor Roosevelt, Babe Ruth and other luminaries of the 1930s, and she engaged the poet as her secretary and companion. On assignment for the *New York Times*, the pair began a trip in April 1935 that would take them across much of Europe.

Arriving in Turkey on May 18, they registered at the Park Hotel, Istanbul's newest. "Having late dinner. President Mustafa Kemal (Ataturk) came in!" Sara Henderson Hay noted in her diary. "With all his entourage, generals, Deputies, etc.... Invited us over to his table (luckily we had evening clothes on), seated us one at his right, one on his left...." Ataturk, she wrote, "knew who Gladys was, and she made the most terrific impression! He talked with her, through his secretary, until seven in the morning. In the meantime, we'd danced, and breakfast was served as the sunlight came over the Bosphorus. Remarkable man, drank raki all night long and we'd never have known it. (Bed at 9:30 a.m.)"

The interview appeared under the *Times* headline: "War Peril Great, Ataturk Declares;" Ataturk was quoted as saying that "in event of war in the area the United States could not remain aloof or neutral."

The Turkish dictator's influence extended to Rumania, where the women also were received as official guests. Interviewed there were the former international playboy King Carol, Queen Marie and others in the royal family. In Austria, Chancellor Kurt von Schuschnigg declared in an interview that the Nazi movement in his country was kept alive by outside propagandists and financial support from across the German border.

Scheduled interviews with top Nazi leaders — Hitler, Goering and Goebbels — fell through because the three were out of Berlin. The young assistant wrote in her diary that she wished she knew the city's undercurrents. "On the surface all is quiet and very peaceful. It's hard to realize that this Germany is the country that everyone in the world is watching with distrust and fear. We don't even see many soldiers on the street.

"When we came into Germany we were awfully nervous about our notes — remembering all the newspaper stories of people thrown into jail for criticizing the Nazis. The night before we got into Berlin we went through (our) papers, put the negative ones in an envelope in the bottom of the office" — probably a suitcase separate from their trunks and other bags — "and I wore the others inside my vest!.... We got the papers in without any trouble."

In Rome, interviews with Pope Pius XI and Mussolini were granted. Asked on June 23, 1935, about the potential for Italy waging war in Abyssinia, Mussolini bridled and replied: "I said Italy will never perpetrate war, but her colonies must be defended." Soon afterwards Italian planes were strafing Ethiopian warriors in their African tribal battle finery.

Mixed with the talk of war in the diary are

mentions of social events, such as the opera *Aida* in Vienna and a Beethoven concert in London: "All this music is good for me, and what's more, I like it." Before boarding the S.S. Normandie for the United States, the correspondents visited London's Cheshire Cheese, a pub dating to 1669 and haunt of Johnson, Goldsmith and later literary notables.

Sara Henderson Hay returned to Scribner's, writing poetry and reviewing poetry and fiction for the *Saturday Review of Literature* and other magazines. Her second book, *This My Letter*, was published by Alfred A. Knopf, in 1939, with the title from a line by John Donne. The book was dedicated to Raymond Holden. As a *Saturday Review* editor, he had turned down what she considered some of her most profound poems, preferring to print those about her "small son." She went to a lecture at which Raymond Holden was the speaker. In an interview with the *Anniston Star*, the poet recalled that he had asked, "How is your small son, Mrs. Hay?" "It isn't Mrs. Hay. I'm not married, you see." Then, laughing at the editor's raised eyebrows, she added, "and I haven't any son. Mr. Holden, you, a poet, should know that having brain children now and then is our license."

The exact date of the first meeting with Holden, a 1915 Princeton graduate, poet, and author of an Abraham Lincoln biography, was not recorded. But on May 9, 1937, they were married by a justice of the peace in Greenwich, Connecticut. It was his third marriage.

Other readers also believed in the son's existence, so moving were her verses. Toys, cookies and other gifts were sent to the poet "mother." Fifteen poems in *This My Letter* involved the imaginery child, such as "Following the Small Son to Church" and:

To My Small Son, Growing Up

'But when I become a man, I put away childish things...'

I Corinthians 13: 11

God grant he may not lose them yet,
All of the little childish things.
I cannot bear that he forget
His young and brave imaginings.

That, growing up, he loses them quite:
The splendid marching days that pass,
The Pirate in the wind at night,
The curious, friendly-fingered grass.

Is it such wisdom, that he can
At so great price become a man?

The book received laudatory reviews. In the *New York Herald Tribune* Books of October 9,

1939, Ruth Lechlitner commented that “as in her first book... Miss Hay’s best poems are those based on religious subjects or biblical references. The lyrics in the concluding pages of *This My Letter* have a beautiful simplicity, candor, homely tenderness, with an ironic insight that turns their edges sharply from the sentimental.”

In letters and lectures, the poet explained her interest in biblical subjects: “I found myself troubled by the predicaments that many of the characters found themselves in ... and I couldn’t help but be somewhat taken aback by the quite implacable punishment occasionally dealt out by Jehovah.” She wondered about Abraham’s near-sacrifice of his son Isaac: “What was the effect of the experience on the little boy...?”

She was curious about overlooked biblical characters, as well: “the innocent bystanders, so to speak, who witnessed the miracles, who saw Jesus pass by and who went on their way. I’ve often wondered what became of them, whether they remembered anything about the experience, or Him....” She wished “to speak a word in the defence of some of those whom I felt had been rather put upon, the under dogs, the misunderstood or unfairly treated, those made an example of....”

Although critics singled out the volume’s biblical poems for praise, it contained poems that helped to establish other themes that Sara Henderson Hay would return to throughout her career:

*The Song
(for R.H.)*

Loving you is like hearing a sound breaking
In a great wave of music on the ears:
The exquisite movement of music that brings tears
To the eyes, too beautiful to be borne, waking
Such rapture in the breast as wrings the heart.
Oh sweet, oh most beloved, this loving you
Is music, but more than music — having no part
With ceasing, with dying away as melodies do,
Having some quality more pure and strong,
More passionate and durable and true
To sound across my days my whole life long
Its breathing cadence, its enduring song.

But the song did not endure. The marriage ended in divorce in 1949, the year this poem was written:

Residence: Washoe County, Nevada...

Weep no more, my lady, this gaudy city
Blossoms for you beneath those out-size stars;
Here no one cares, and there’s no room for pity
Around the gambling tables and at the bars.

The lightening fingered men with the open
collars
Can deal more quickly than your eyes can move
And here they give your change in silver
dollars,
Heavy as hearts are, and more lasting than love.

The lawyer finishes, even while you speak,
Making his notes. He’s heard it all before.
All that to you was terrible and unique
Is an old story, lady: weep no more,
In six weeks you can lay your burden down,
Down by the Riverside Hotel, in town.

In notes from one of her readings, she said many poems add “to the lineaments of the Self Portrait which all books of poetry really are. Not all poems are autobiographical or even from the poet’s personal experience,” she said, but the importance of such poems could be seen “to the discerning eye which reads between the lines.”

With the world’s attention riveted on the global struggle of the early 1940s, Sara Henderson Hay’s poetry voiced many Americans’ preoccupation with the war. “Black Out,” minus the first verse, appeared in the *New Yorker*. “Blood Donor” and “To the Nazi Leaders” were printed in the *New York Herald Tribune*. They all evoke the feelings and fears of the era.

To the Nazi Leaders
“The evil that men do...”

The evil these men did in their dark time
Lives after them in their infected state
They were the leaders, but the people’s crime
Is that they followed and they called them great.

These are the men whose monstrous alchemy
Gave what is worst in all a shape and name —
What ailed the people, but the people’s crime
Corruption’s color and the face of shame?

These were the leaders — they were fortunate
Because they shall not live more lives than one
To look upon the work their hands have done.
These are the people who must expiate
The guilt they shared when they did not disdain
The bloody hand and fellowship of Cain.

One poem, “The Neighbors,” published in *Good Housekeeping* in 1943, was attacked by some religious organizations for surmising what might have been the reaction of neighbors of Mary and Joseph to their Son’s degrading crucifixion between thieves. In the controversial passage an imaginary



In 1954

Field of Honor

I

In truth, we might have seen it, from the start.
This path would have its turning; there would be
No real alternative for you and me
Fashioned of honest earth, except to part.
Whether the blow were mine to deal, or whether
Yours the swift blade by which this bond were
sundered,
The hearts must bleed, because the feet have
blundered
Into a way we may not walk together.

Rebuke me not, beloved, in that I
Perforce do quickly that which needs must be;
I am as one who fights because she fears
A darker wound, a deadlier agony
Than fronts her now— and if I say good-by,
Believe me that I say it through my tears.

neighbor says of Jesus, “He’d a’ been a better son if he’d stayed home and raised a family like his brothers done.” *The Acolyte*, the official organ of the National Organization for Decent Literature sponsored by Bishop John F. Noll, called the use of “brothers” blasphemous.

Evidently the *The Acolyte*’s editors took their objection up with *Good Housekeeping* editors, who apologized to Bishop Noll. The inside story on the brouhaha was detailed by Drew Pearson, in his syndicated column “Merry Go Round” of March 25, 1943. But according to George Seldes’ magazine, *In Fact*, newspapers in many parts of the country suppressed the column. Clippings in Sara Henderson Hay’s scrapbook related the episode.

These years were full of crises and conflicts for the poet. Her third book, published in 1951 by Scribner’s, contained only 42 poems. Dedicated to her mother, *The Delicate Balance* received the Edna St. Vincent Millay Memorial Award from The Poetry Society of America. The title was contained in the last verse of the poem, “Bottle Should Be Plainly Labeled Poison”:

There is a delicate balance set
Between Hope’s virtue and its vice
The man who takes it to forget
Must know how little will suffice.

The strengths of *The Delicate Balance* were evident. *New York Times* critic Robert Hayden wrote: “One is impressed by the poet’s moral earnestness, insight and by her feeling of irony and paradox.... One of Miss Hay’s assets is her skillfulness in fusing the serious and the humorous in the

same poem.” Another eminent critic, Louis Untermeyer, said about the book: “It not only lives up to but completely illustrates its title. Delicacy is the keynote of these poems, but it is a delicacy balanced between frail whimsicality and fine-spun strength....”

The poet, in her business papers, outlined the strict standards and disciplined thought that underlay the delicacy of her verse: “A poem should be able to recreate in the mind of its reader as nearly as possible what the poet felt when he wrote it.” She sought “a line or two or three lines embodying the central idea of the point of the poem.” The point, she added, “need not be stated directly; it may be presented subtly or obliquely or by suggestion or by allusion or metaphor, but what it says should never, in essence, be confused or incompletely realized by the its author, or be undisciplined and full of loose inconsistencies which sound impressive but cannot bear analysis.”

Receiving a fellowship to pursue her writing, Sara Henderson Hay spent the summer of 1950 at the MacDowell Colony in Peterborough, New Hampshire, where she met widower Nikolai Lopatnikoff, also a resident there. The Russian-American composer of classical music, twice a Guggenheim fellow, was a professor of composition in the Department of Music at the Carnegie Institute of Technology in Pittsburgh.

Born in Estonia in 1903, Lopatnikoff had lived in Finland, Germany and France before arriving in the United States in 1939, becoming an American citizen on D-Day, 1944. Educated as a civil engineer like his father, Lopatnikoff composed his first symphony while studying in Germany. A

II

I do beseech that you believe me true,
 And cry your solace in my desperate need.
 My dearest love, I had been false indeed
 If I did not this bitter thing I do.
 Better a thousand times the anguish due,
 The heart insolvent, but the spirit freed,
 Than turn thus traitor to a certain creed,
 And faithless to myself, as well as you.

For it were surely treachery most base
 To risk the sully of so proud a shield;
 To chance a single stain upon the face
 Of what we bear in honor from the field,
 Worthy to keep untarnished through the years,
 Though polished daily with what meed of tears.

III

Strange paradox, my friend, that you and I
 Who deemed our trusted strength so sure and sweet,
 Must find ourselves stricken to earth thereby,
 Our swords turned sharply to our own defeat.
 "Wisdom" writ large across the frozen breast
 Is doubtful comfort when the heart is breaking;
 What final irony is manifest
 That we are scourged with throngs of our own
 making.

So I shall nevermore behold your face,
 Nor look for heaven at your fingertips;
 And all my ordered goings shall attest
 How I have set mine honor in its place!
 Albeit by the blood upon my lips,
 Albeit by the ashes in my breast.

— lead poem in the book by the same title, 1933.

sonata for violin and strings, written in 1948, was published in 1951 with a dedication to Sara Henderson Hay. The couple married in New York in January of that year, and then returned to the bride's city of birth to make their home at 5448 Bartlett Street on the edge of Schenley Park. Their garden attracted rabbits and squirrels, while in the house there was always at least one resident cat.

Although her husband did not write music to accompany her poems, a number of others did. One of the first was Kenneth Walton, who in 1939 wrote music for "Mary — Sacred Song." Among her other biblical poems set to music were "The Ten Lepers," "Bethlehem," "While Joseph Slept," "The Silent Ones," "The Gifts," and "The Child."

The Carnegie Mellon association resulted in 34 of her poems being teamed with a varied group of musical scores by CMU Professor Roland Leich. Sometimes serious, sometimes playful, some were orchestral and some were for male chorus or Pittsburgh's Mendelssohn Choir. One of the most amusing was the 1956 transposition of the poem "For a Dead Kitten" into a funeral march! The collaboration also resulted in a work for voice and strings, with support in 1979 from the Pennsylvania Council on the Arts. A composer the couple encountered at the MacDowell Colony was Paul Amadeus Pisk, a former student of Arnold Schoenberg in Austria. Around 1958 Pisk composed music for nine poems by Sara Henderson Hay.

There were interesting collaborations throughout her career. At the invitation of Samuel Hazo, director of the International Poetry Forum, she contributed verses for a musical composition, "The Pickle Suite." It was premiered by Robert Bou-

dreau's American Wind Symphony Orchestra in 1969 as a kind of inside joke saluting the orchestra's major benefactor, H.J. Heinz II, chairman of Pittsburgh's H.J. Heinz Co.

In her long marriage to a composer, she wrote more than 40 witty limericks about the colorful lives and foibles of composers. They appeared in *Musical Journal*, published by Hampton International Communications, Inc. The master copy, bound in yellow flowered cotton cloth, is among her papers at Hunt Library.

Lives of the Composers

Said Liszt to the Countess, "We two
 Make a wonderful couple it's true,
 But I hardly need mention
 I had no intention
 Of breathing that binding "I do!"

To which she responded, "I knew
 From the start you might bid me adieu.
 But as proof of our trysts
 I have three little Liszts,
 Which will help to remind me of you."

Nikolai and Sally Lopatnikoff (the poet continued publishing under "Sara Henderson Hay") returned to the MacDowell Colony two summers in the 1950s, but it was in 1959 at the Huntington Hartford Foundation in Pacific Palisades, California, (a west coast equivalent to the MacDowell Colony) that she wrote 18 poems for her next volume. That year the University of Pittsburgh Press published *The Stone and The Shell*, the press' first book of poetry. It received the Pegasus Award

in 1960 and included two poems which won individual recognition: "Elegy," winner of the John David Leitch Memorial Prize in 1955 and "Witness for the Defence," winner of the Lyric Memorial Prize in 1959.

The book was dedicated to the poet's husband, and in publicity, as well as on the book's cover, she requested that it be noted that she was "the wife of Nikolai Lopatnikoff, the noted Russian American composer and professor of music at Carnegie Mellon Institute of Technology."

In mid-1959 a three column review of the book appeared in the *Pittsburgh Press*. Yvonne Wallace described the ambience of the Lopatnikoffs' home and noted the placement of a ridged rock by the poet that resembled the touchstone at Steepletop, the home of Edna St. Vincent Millay. "Like Emily Dickinson who 'could see heaven in a grain of sand,' Sally finds metaphysical meaning in stones, shells, animals, people," Wallace wrote. "Her province is the world of nature and man's relation to that world, to his gods and to his fellow creatures."

In her own papers, the poet elaborated: "Rhythm is a part of man's very life; he has always carried on his life in accord with the obvious and regular alternations of day and night, and the fixed sequences of the seasons. Rhythm is in his heart beat and his breath and his pulse. We tend to speak rhythmically; and to see things in patterns and order." She described her preference for a poetic landscape with "figures — human or bird or beast or... stones and shells," and she was "inclined to look for some tie-up with human nature... because I recognize in myself that age-old instinct of man to identify, to attach himself to the world about him, to stake his claim in Time."

One poem in the fourth book was:

The Enemy

It was not grief I died of, no, nor love,
Not even when he set his heel upon my heart;
Nor any crowding fury that could move
Within my breast to tear my breast apart.
Not thirst, nor starving want, nor bitter need
Accomplished my demise, nor wounds unended,
So long as these could wring me, then indeed
I was alive; by no such means was ended.

None of these things contrived to bring me low.
Time, whom I trusted, was my deadly foe,
And he it was whose daily anodyne
Numbed the live nerve itself against the living pain
And stilled the rage, and quenched, and fed, and
healed me

Of all my hurts and, with the healing, killed me.

The poet also wrote prose. The work of another

Pittsburgh-born poet, Robinson Jeffers, contained strong nature and metaphysics themes, and Sara Henderson Hay examined his work in an article in *Famous Men and Women of Pittsburgh*, published in 1981. Early in her career she had a short mystery story published in *Ellery Queen Magazine* but decided the short story was not her province.

In a *Carnegie Tech Quarterly* article in 1961 she recounted Pittsburgh's role in "what is probably the wittiest and best sustained literary hoax of our times...." The hoax began in 1916 with the appearance of *Spectra: New Poems by Emanuel Morgan and Anne Knish* — far out verse praised by many leading critics. Sketchy biographies in the book claimed the authors were Pittsburghers, but no Pittsburghers had heard of them. The article revealed that the real authors were the brilliant young poets Witter Byner and Arthur Davison Ficke, who, "outraged by the charlatanism of some of the new 'schools'.... produced a deliberate parody to render such schools and critics patently ridiculous. (... in some ten days of hilarious industry, helped by ten quarts of excellent scotch.)"

To handle the flood of correspondence caused by the book's success, the conspirators enlisted the aid of the wife of Edmond Esquerre, then professor of chemistry at Carnegie Tech. Posing as Morgan, she replied for nearly two years to letters, questions about the "Spectrists" and requests for more poems, which Bynner supplied.

Edgar Lee Masters called the Spectric theory "an idea capable of great creative development..." and Harvard professor Amy Lowell, distrustful at the beginning, eventually recommended the volume to students. The episode, Sara Henderson Hay concluded, "cleared the air of a great deal of poetic pretension and attitudinizing...."

She was among those who criticized "obscurist" poetry. "As you may have gathered from my various reviews, and if you have read any of my own work," she wrote to a budding Idaho poet in 1942, "I am not a follower of the obscurist school of poetry. The poetry which means most to me says something to me directly and clearly; it doesn't leave me groping in a fog of high-sounding abstractions and esoteric allusions." She admitted she was not a good judge of highly impressionistic verse that had come to dominate modern poetry. Instead, she sought "to strike an answering chord" in readers by building her poems around the "universals of human experience: love, grief, the tragedy of war, the mysteries of life and death."

Story Hour was Sara Henderson Hay's fifth volume, published by Doubleday in 1963. It was dedicated to her sister and differed from her earlier

works in that only one poem had a biblical reference and that the volume had a dominant theme: a critical look at the psychological and moral values inherent in familiar fairy tales such as "Jack and the Beanstalk," "The Three Little Pigs," "Blue Beard," etc. The book's title was that of a poem which appeared in *McCalls* in 1959:

Story Hour

He swung the axe, the toppling beanstalk fell.
Hurrah, Hurrah for Jack, the self-reliant.
The townsfolk gathered to wish him well.
Was no one sorry for the murdered giant?
Did no one, as the news spread far and wide,
Protest the means Jack took to gold and glory:
Guile, trespass, robbery and homicide?
It is not mentioned in the popular story.

Dear Child, leave off such queries and suggestions,
And let that gullible innocence prevail
Which, in the Brother Grimms' and our own time,
Applauds the climber, and ignores crime.
How requisite to every fairy tale
A round-eyed listener, with no foolish questions.

Syndicated Column

Dear Worried: Your husband's actions aren't
unique,
His jealousy's a typical defense.
He feels inadequate, in consequence,
He broods. (My column, by the way, last week
Covered the subject fully.) I suggest
You reassure him; work a little harder
To build his ego, stimulate his ardor.
Lose a few pounds, and try to look your best.
As for his growing a beard, and dyeing it blue,
Merely a bid for attention; nothing wrong with him.
Stop pestering him about that closet, too.
If he wants to keep it locked, why go along with
him.
Just be the girl he married; don't nag, don't pout.
Cheer up. And let me know how things work out.

Many of the poems in *Story Hour* were sought for republication in anthologies, textbooks and other educational materials for use in high schools and other classes. "The Builders," a take-off on "The Three Little Pigs," was one of the most often reprinted. The psychological themes were taken up by doctors and psychiatrists and used as texts for papers presented at medical conventions by for instance, Dr. Richard Day, head of Pediatrics at the University of Pittsburgh Medical Center.

In a letter to the poet, Ogden Nash wrote, "Your verses were the first that have stimulated me into emitting a quote in many years...."

Seven of the book's poems were choreographed into a ballet which opened in Washington, D.C.,

The Nightmare

"and Abraham... bound Isaac his son, and laid him on the altar... and took the knife to slay his son."

Genesis 22: 9-10

He wakens, strangling in his tears,
Again, poor child, I hear him scream
And cannot go to calm his fears.
I am the reason for the dream.

Mine is the nightmare step, the voice,
And mine the nightmare hands that swim
Out of the blackness toward his face —
I am the one who corners him.

He brought me flowers in his fists
To deck the altar I had made.
Even when I bound his childish wrists
He thought it was a game we played!

Oh never in his little life
Had he met fear in any guise —
He looked upon a naked knife;
He read my purpose in my eyes.

Weeping, he wakes. His mother goes
To comfort him. I make no sign.
He trembles if I come too close,
He will not trust his hand to mine.

— from *A Footing on This Earth*, 1966.



With husband Nikolai Lopatnikoff in 1951

and played through 1970. *Washington Post* reviewer Jean Battey applauded the Ethel Butler Company for its premiere of the “marvelous dance work,” calling it “one of the most interesting works I have seen produced on the Washington scene... set to some bitter and biting parodies of nursery rhymes and stories....”

Story Hour poems also provided inspiration for the popular NBC television program “That Was the Week That Was,” featuring Burr Tilstrom with his hand puppets. “The Only Son,” about Tom Thumb, with its anti-mom message, was the topic of one program. A live interview with Barbara Walters on “The Today Show” also helped to promote the book.

The poet said she mined nursery rhymes and fairy tales because they provided “familiar dramatic personae.” Her poems were not “for children, and though they are ostensibly light verse, they are really in deadly earnest, because I wanted to point out in these extraordinary situations and curious ethics and moralities a parallel in contemporary human nature....”

As *Story Hour* spread her name, Governor William Scranton in 1963 honored her as a “Distinguished Daughter of Pennsylvania.” Three years later came her last book, *A Footing on This Earth*, published by Doubleday. That year *Pittsburgh Quote* called her one of the nation’s foremost poets, and the *Anniston Star* — in her other “hometown” — editorialized: “Miss Hay’s delightful sense of humour must have been tickled to find herself listed, along with steel mills, rivers, great buildings, fields and mountains, as a municipal asset, but... Pittsburgh is to be commended on its wisdom in surveying its ‘natural assets.’ We are proud to claim our share of one.”

The book was dedicated to her mother and the memory of her father, who had died in 1938. In a letter to her publisher, the poet noted that “*Footing* came out before Mother was taken ill — She was very happy about it.” The *Quote* article probably was sent to the *Anniston Star* by Daisy Baker Hay, the last of 60 years of news items she supplied the paper about her daughter.

The official bulletin of The Poetry Society of America in February 1967 said of *Footing*:

These poems (almost 200 of them) range over a period of 34 years, a good record in survival for a poet. Miss Hay’s competence has been evident throughout these years.... She is a mistress of the quick quatrain, the small pithy image, the traditional lyric posture. She has wit, deftness, and is always ladylike and charming.

Reviewer Edith Lovejoy Pierce said in *Christian World* that the book was:

only one step below the first rung of Jacob’s ladder.... Her light verse is deceptively knotty.... Her religious poetry asks pointed questions. Always sensitive to human sorrows and problems, she takes the part of Man (or perhaps more accurately Woman) against God, or God as he is often inadequately conceived in a rather simplistic reading of the Bible. But whether or not one quarrels with her theology on occasion, one cannot fault her on the expression of it, which is sometimes startling and often moving. How far is poetic license allowed in biblical interpretation? Very far, this poet must admit! This book speaks mainly to exiles from Eden of whom there are more abroad than most authors and publishers seem willing to acknowledge.

Into the 1960s and 1970s Sara Henderson Hay accepted invitations to speak and read her poems to a wide variety of audiences, including poetry societies, libraries, alumnae groups, church groups, and university associations nationwide. (Audio recordings of some of her readings are at Farleigh Dickinson College and the Library of Congress.) She also wrote book reviews for magazines and was generous with advice to aspiring poets.

It is a pity, I think, that this fear of being old-fashioned or sentimental can persuade a poet to abandon a natural simplicity for a contrived complexity.... The contemporary saying, ‘Do your own thing’ is good advice, if you are sure it is your own thing.... I’ve always felt it unfair for a poem to appear, as they sometimes do today, to be merely the rough materials of a poem, the jotted down notes, the unorganized stuff which the poet hasn’t taken the time or trouble to sort out, but depended on the reader to draw his own conclusions as to the meaning. This kind of improvisation is present in a great deal of contemporary art — music, painting, sculpture, as well as in poetry.

For artists to be able to communicate well, she added, required “a quality of receptive attention, of alert interest, of active participation.”

The Lopatnikoffs were prominent in the cultural life of Pittsburgh; the “society pages” of the newspapers reported what Sally Lopatnikoff wore at the opening symphony concert of the season and so on. She chaired “The Silhouettes,” a musical lecture series about forthcoming programs of the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra. Nikolai Lopatnikoff was a featured speaker at an event related to his compositions to be performed by the Symphony under the direction of Dr. William Steinberg.

In 1969 his retirement from teaching freed the couple to travel more frequently in Europe, which they enjoyed until his death in 1976 after 25 years of marriage.

The poet continued accepting invitations to

The Neighbors

"And he ... came into his own country ... and when the sabbath day was come, he began to teach ... and many hearing him were astonished, saying, From whence hath this man these things? ... Is not this the carpenter, the son of Mary, the brother of James, and Joses, and of Juda, and Simon? and are not his sisters here with us? And they were offended at him.

But Jesus said unto them, A prophet is not without honour, but in his own country, and among his own kin, and in his own house."

Mark 6: 1-4

News of the trouble in Jerusalem,
His trial, and the manner of his death,
Came to his own village, and to his neighbors,
The people of Nazareth.

They talked. "His mother'll take it pretty hard.
She set great store by him — though I must say
He treated her, at least to my way of thinking,
In a mighty high-handed way."

"Why, you remember the time, he was just a boy,
He give them such a scare?
Lost himself three days in Jerusalem
And never turned a hair

When they found him, but answered back, as cool as your please,
He was doing his father's business, or some such truck,
As if most of us hadn't known his father, Joseph,
Since he was knee high to a duck.

And his business was carpentry, not talking back to priests!"
"But Mary, she always remembered it. Some claim
She was a little bit touched — had visions and all —
Before he came."

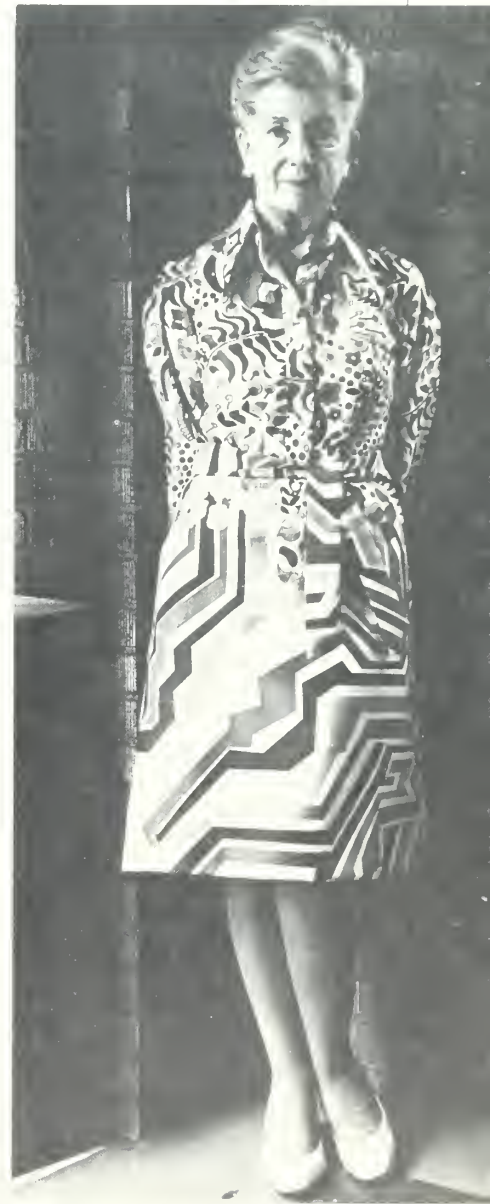
"She was always partial to him, but if you ask me
He'd a been a better son
If he'd stayed home and raised a family
Like his brothers done."

"The trouble with him, he didn't use his judgment.
He was forever speaking out,
Though many's the time I've told him: there's some wrong things
Folks just don't talk about."

"They say, though, in some parts of the country
He drew quite a crowd. Five thousand or more. I don't know —
Here in Nazareth nobody'd walk two blocks to hear him,
And it probably ain't so."

"It's hard on his family, the disgrace and all.
And I'm sorry about him. I was his friend.
I liked him, you understand. But I always said
He'd come to a bad end."

— *Good Housekeeping*, 1943.



In 1973

speak until 1978, when she wrote disappointed administrators at Bellarmine College in Louisville, Kentucky, that “believing with Emily Dickinson that ‘capacity to terminate is a specific grace....’ I choose to bow out while both I myself and my audience enjoy the performance.”

Recognition continued. In 1980 *The Kentucky Poetry Review* published a special “sara henderson hay” issue, with an introduction citing her many honors, and in 1982 the University of Arkansas Press published a new edition of *Story Hour* which included several hitherto unpublished poems. A tribute written by her to Pittsburgh’s Three Rivers Arts Festival was reprinted in the 1982 *Celebration of Carnegie*.

When her brother-in-law, Kenneth Godfrey, died in 1984, the poet sent her sister these verses, read at his memorial service. (One wonders if the lines were formed at the time of Nikolai’s death.)

*“to love and cherish, till Death us do part...”
Marriage Ceremony*

Why do we date this love
“Till Death us do part”?
There is no sundering
Heart and pledged heart.

Once a heart utter known,
Utterly given,
Think, could it walk alone
On earth, in heaven?

Even if flesh and bone
Fall to their sleep
Surely what Love has known
Memory can keep.

Safe, till the dark be past,
Till, on some shore,
Those we have briefly lost
Meet us once more.

Why must we date this bond
“Till Death us do part”?
They are not loosed beyond
Heart and pledged heart.

Finding the responsibility of maintaining her house and garden increasingly difficult, with her 80th birthday approaching, she put the property on the market and quickly sold it. She was spared the exhausting and sad experience of having to vacate her home of 36 years by her quiet death in her sleep July 7, 1987. In accordance with her wishes the burial service was simple and brief, with just two of her poems read. But one mourner at the cemetery noticed the beauty of the butterfly hovering among the flowers and remarked that

“Sally would have liked that,” which so fit the lines of “Little Prayer” read by the minister of the Church of the Redeemer. Sally wrote this poem years earlier in memory of her mother.

Little Prayer

Because she loved the colored skies,
The gold, the bronze, the scarlet leaf,
And all bright flowers and vivid wings,
Lord, when she wakes in Paradise,
As wake she will, past age and grief,
Give her again those gay-clad things
That pleased her here; and let her choose
For raiment there no robe of white,
But one made of all rainbow hues —
Such as You lent for her delight
Before the coming of the night.

Her obituary in the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette* recalled her illustrious career and referred to a 1959 interview: “Describing her method of writing, she said she would mull over an idea, ‘usually getting the last line first.’ She would craft the poem and put it aside for a few days. ‘Then I come back and pounce on it to see it freshly before revisions and final typing.’”

Letters to the editor from friends and admirers such as Helen Moore, creator of the program “Voices From Afar” on WQED, Pittsburgh’s public television station, noted her charming wit, quoting the limerick about Lizst and The Countess. John D. Paulus, former book editor of the *Pittsburgh Press*, concluded: “Sara Henderson Hay’s poems will be among those that will live, to give future generations a glimpse of life in America in the 20th century.”

The poet wrote her own farewell more than 50 years before death silenced her voice. It appeared as the first poem in her first book and again in her last book, providing the title *A Footing on This Earth*.

Dedication For a Book

I shall not lose a footing on this earth
So long as any song of mine remain:
Essential substance of my heart and brain
The valuation of my honest worth!
More of my Self will move in word and line
Than ever walked abroad in flesh and bone —
Herein am I most intimately known,
Whoever reads may be a friend of mine!

He shall perceive that I was gay, and candid,
And not too-trustful in my heart’s behalf;
That I was obstinate, and open-handed,
And held no grudges, and was quick to laugh;
That, clinging stubbornly to hope and breath,
I had no enmity at all for Death! ■

CNG's Jack Tankersley

By Paul Roberts
Editor

PITTSBURGH was the first major American city to receive natural gas service, supplied from the now famous Haymaker well near Murrysville. The year was 1883.

Grime and soot from burning coal and wood, both at home and in factory, fouled the air. With glass, iron and steel being made as nowhere else, industrialists wanted a fuel cleaner, cheaper and easier to transport than coal. By the late nineteenth century, a wave of European immigrants would come, providing first the muscle for industrialization and later the consumer demand for a new kind of mass production

economy. By the turn of the century Pittsburgh's population had trebled, placing still further demands on the city's energy requirements.

While the region's history is bound up inextricably with the natural gas industry's, the full impact of gas was not felt in Pittsburgh until the late 1940s, when its large-scale introduction replaced coal as a home furnace fuel. This was a major factor in clearing the Smoky City's skies. Cleaner air was among the first, and clearly the most visible, product of the city's broad range of reforms called the First Renaissance.

The importance of the industry to the area's history suggested the logic of an interview with someone who knew the industry well. Jack Tankersley retired in 1987 from his job as chief executive officer at Consolidated Natural Gas Co. The first key executive to be recruited from outside the organization, he joined the company in 1966, moved to the Pittsburgh corporate headquarters in 1974 and became president in 1979. He is still president of CNG's executive committee. Active in civic affairs, Tankersley has publicly suggested a wide view of the importance of cultural institutions. He believes major supporters get much more than favorable publicity; a vibrant cultural life makes Pittsburgh a dynamic place to live and work, a reputation that modern cities simply must have for corporations to attract top employees and to remain competitive.

A CNG subsidiary, Peoples Natural Gas, is a major retail distributor in Pittsburgh. Peoples and a chief competitor, Equitable Gas Co., trace their lineage to the early days of the industry in the Murrysville fields. By 1900 discoveries of gas in Western Pennsylvania were dwindling, and exploration in other states yielded major new fields. The industry's production center permanently shifted from its birthplace, but not without leaving Pittsburgh a vital financial, research, and information city for the industry.

CNG sells gas in more than 1,000 communities in Ohio, Pennsylvania, and West Virginia and its wholesale operation also provides more than half the gas piped to upstate New York. It is one of the world's largest "integrated" gas companies — so called because it drills, ships, and retails natural gas.

Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey) created the company in 1943 after Congress passed a law preventing com-



CNG Tower, downtown Pittsburgh.
By Clyde Hare.

panies engaged in other businesses from owning utilities in more than one state. Standard Oil's response was a technicality: CNG, a holding company, was set up to operate five of the giant firm's gas companies — Peoples, East Ohio Gas Co., Hope Natural Gas Co., West Ohio Gas Co. and The River Gas Co.

The interview with Tankersley was conducted at his office in the new CNG Tower in downtown Pittsburgh.

Q: Please describe the pattern of discovery of major natural gas sources in North America and the way changes in the industry have tended to mirror those developments.

Tankersley: In general, people were not looking for gas when it was discovered. They were oil companies looking for oil, and discovered natural gas and they would sell it wherever they could, for whatever price they could. After World War II, however, natural gas became so popular that the "local fields," like Appalachia, couldn't produce enough gas, and that led to the development of the interstate pipeline system, moving gas from more prolific areas — Louisiana, Texas, Oklahoma — towards the East. Actually, the East is a Johnny-come-lately as far as natural gas consumption goes. Most of the consumption has come since World War II.

The gas industry used to be a very simple type of industry, in all honesty. I entered in 1949 and it was divided into three parts: the producer normally was an oil company; he sold to the pipeline company that moved the gas, and the pipeline company sold to a distribution company, which sold to the ultimate consumer. I used to irritate some of my associates by saying an orangutang with a slide rule could run a gas company back in those days.

Due to new regulations (as a result of federally mandated deregulation, beginning in 1978), which changed that relationship of producer, pipeline, and distributor, the distributor can go directly to the field and buy his gas and then tell the pipeline, "Now you deliver that gas straight to me." And so that makes it much more competitive, and an orangutang cannot run a company under those conditions. Today running a natural gas company can be one of the most complex businesses, rather than one of the simplest.

Q: So the history of the industry is that the first discoveries of gas were in the East and then there's generally been a movement west and south, while the reverse is basically true of consumption!

Tankersley: That's right. The Rocky Mountains (and west) are even a later development.

Q: In the early and mid 1970s gas executives, includ-

ing those at CNG, warned of severe gas shortages coming. Today, companies, again including CNG, are in a major push to increase natural gas consumption. What has happened in the last 10 years to so dramatically change the supply situation?

Tankersley: In 1954, the Supreme Court told federal regulators they had to regulate the price of gas at the wellhead. It had never been regulated. Like all regulations do, this one quickly created a shortage. That began to show up in 1968 and 1969. The price was entirely too low and no one would sell their gas. The producers just decided prices were so low they would hang on to their property leases and not drill until prices went up.

Then the federal government got concerned about the shortage. Simplifying a lot of complexities, they deregulated natural gas prices at the wellhead. That brought a lot of gas on stream. As the prices rise, more and more people drill for it. It's that simple.

Q: CNG was one of the early companies to drill in the Gulf of Mexico. Yet into the '80s, you continued to increase your drilling in Appalachia, in so-called "deep-well" drilling. You still get roughly 25 percent of your supplies from Appalachia. What are the issues in deciding whether to explore further on your own in the Gulf, buy gas from independents in the Southwest or drill for gas much closer to home, in Appalachia?

Tankersley: The probability of hitting very large volumes of gas is so much greater in the Gulf of Mexico. One well there could equal hundreds of wells in Appalachia. There are certain places in Ohio, it makes no difference where you drill, you'll hit gas — you could drill in the parking lot of a General Motors plant and hit gas — but it's low volume gas.

The exploration is so different that we have a company that drills in Appalachia and one that drills in the rest of the United States. It's much more technical in the Southwest. We drill in the eastern section of the Gulf of Mexico oil and gas area (off the East Texas and Louisiana coasts).

Q: If the supply of gas is so tightly linked to financial incentives for independent exploration and production, is it possible to say with any degree of certainty how much undiscovered gas is out there in quantities large enough to make it worthwhile commercially?

Tankersley: The experts seem to feel there is a very large supply of gas available, but at varying pricing levels.

Q: So when we see statistics about potential gas reserves, they are accurate only to the extent that the industry feels the gas can be sold for a good price at a

given time? It's all dependent on price.

Tankersley: I think that's fair. The price of natural gas is very low right now. There's a number of people, though who look, frankly, to higher prices in the future because it's a good product. The major oil companies have made announcements that they're going to drill in the United States for natural gas.

Q: Between World War II and the late '60s, gas companies tried to encourage natural gas use, primarily through advertising and marketing campaigns that sold gas as a clean, safe fuel for homes. Then came the shortages of the 1970s. Now you are pushing gas hard again. The industry seems to have a cyclical attitude about conservation. Do you fear that today's marketing efforts could again lead to severe shortages in the near future?

Tankersley: No, I think the lack of regulation at the wellhead is the big change. There's a lot of undiscovered natural gas. We're getting smarter, from a technical point of view. We used to say that one of 10 wells we drill in a given area would be productive; that number has gone up now quite a bit, because of our ability to apply science to exploration. So, I can't imagine running into a shortage, unless we get into a situation where oil is almost gone. Then gas turns out to be the only highly mobile energy form. You have other energy forms, but nuclear is not all that great, coal is not that movable — they've been trying to pipeline coal now for years — and so if you get down to mobility, and if oil begins to taper off, gas is going to fill that void.

Q: You mentioned gas was cheap right now. Is it as cheap as it was in the early '70s, when adjusted for inflation?

Tankersley: It's certainly not as cheap as it was when we were under regulation. Gas then at the wellhead was the equivalent of about \$4 for a barrel of oil, but that was a false price, you see, because of regulation. The equation is six-to-one, gas to oil.

Q: To produce equivalent amounts of heat, right?

Tankersley: That's right.

Q: And I suppose you think these low prices today are almost completely a result of the enormous supply?

Tankersley: Yes, but I think most people would agree these excess supplies are going to be gone either in

1988 or 1989. That will begin to tighten up the market. The whole pricing mechanism, like anything else, is strictly a supply/demand equation.

Q: I guess this is a major reason for CNG's movement out of liquified natural gas, which you pioneered. Gas became so available domestically that you didn't need the expense of going abroad?

Tankersley: That's exactly right. We were the first base-load project in America for liquified gas.

Q: You have a figurine there on your desk behind you, an Arabian man, in his region's traditional dress. What is its significance?

Tankersley: We hope he runs out of oil and has to walk down to the service station and get his own can of gasoline.

Q: How have problems in heavy manufacturing in this decade affected CNG?

Tankersley: There's absolutely no question we've lost a great deal of load over the last several years serving the industrial east — not just Pittsburgh, but Cleveland and Akron and Warren and Youngstown and Buffalo. But we've compensated by finding other outlets for our natural gas: in cogeneration we sell gas to a very small, a . . . powerplant really, and it makes electricity. The electricity is used by the purchaser and by the local electric company, and the heat that's generated is used within the plant for heating purposes. Overall, that's a much less expensive way to go. We also are using our technical expertise in the making of steel by promoting natural gas injection in blast furnaces. So, it's these types of things we're getting into. It's a different ballgame, but we're still selling gas to industry, and I think we've become quite good at finding new ways of using natural gas.

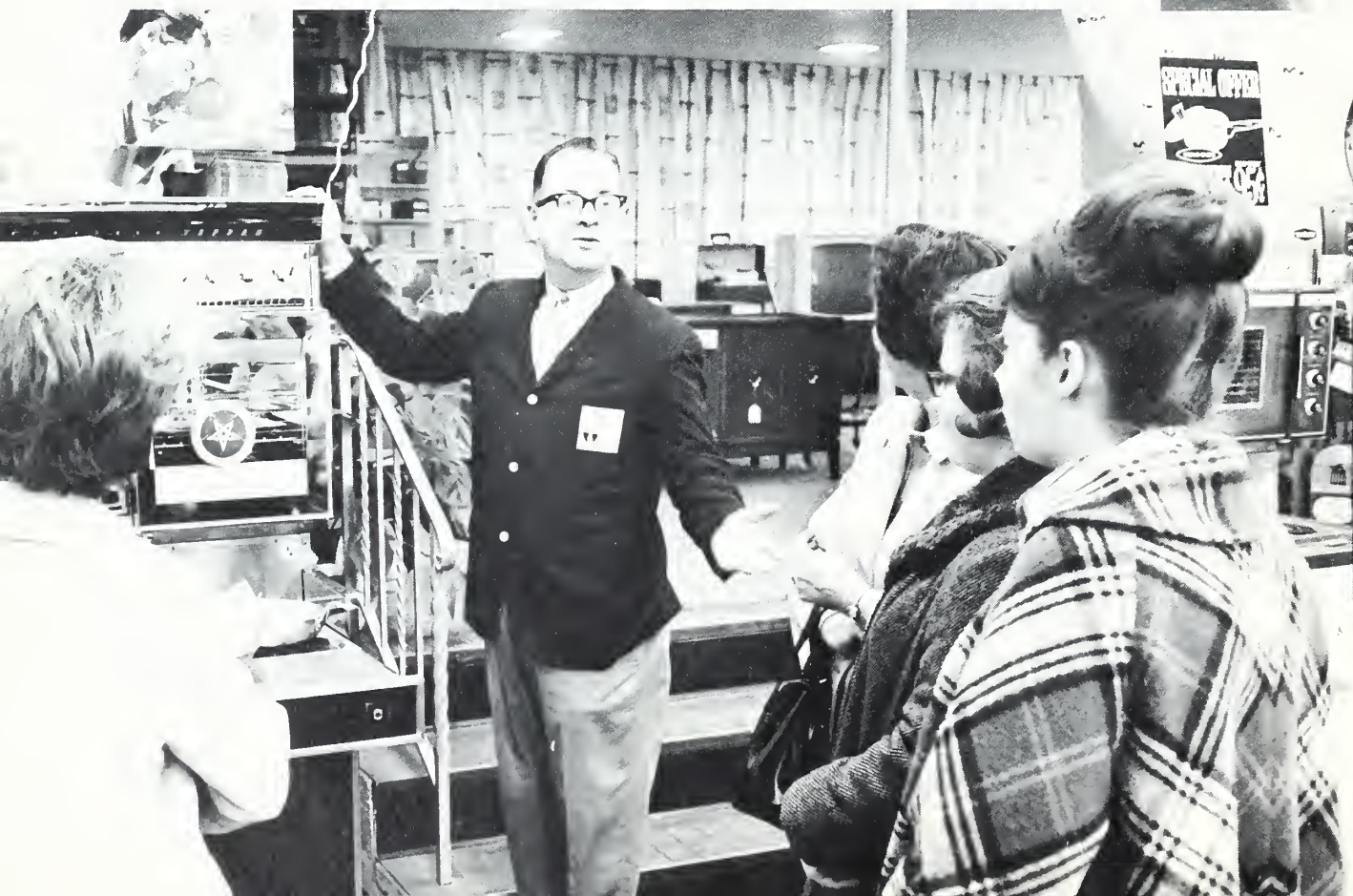
Our philosophy is this: we want our producing people to sell their gas at the best price they can, whether they sell it to us or not; we want our transmission people to buy their gas as low as they can, whether they buy from our producing people or not; and we want our distribution people to buy the lowest priced gas they can, whether they buy from our pipeline or not. That's the type of discipline you've got to have in this business.

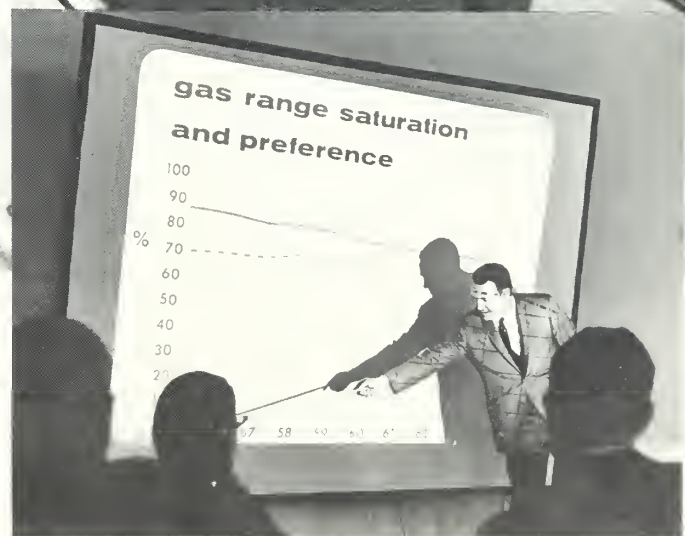
Ideally, what you'd like is to have your own producing company selling to your own transmission company selling to your own distribution company, and get the profit three times on the same cubic foot of gas. But that's not realistic.■

AFTER the interview with Tankersley was finished, John Conti, CNG's public relations director, produced several large cardboard boxes of uncatalogued photographs that comprise the company's photo archives.

An interesting thing about these photographs is the way they depict changes in the company's marketing techniques, changes which Tankersley mentioned. A current company advertising campaign shows a man standing in a field talking about cogeneration, with a tiny flame in his palm dramatizing the idea of combining electricity generation and waste heat for industrial use. It's an idea long the province of environmentalists and advocates of conservative energy policy, and now promoted at the highest echelons of this enormous gas company.

These photographs vividly reveal the industry's promotional past: the "all gas home" goal of the 1950s and 1960s. Clockwise from lower left: A Peoples Natural Gas salesman gives it his best in 1964; marketing men mull over the yard light/grill "Patio Pair" sales campaign in 1968 with a national gas shortage scare only months away; a gas company field rep explains the product's virtues to an appliance store salesman, c. 1968; company meeting, 1964.





When Will We Ever Learn: The Lesson of Steel

By David Houston

And the Wolf Finally Came: The Decline of American Steel

By John Hoerr

University of Pittsburgh Press, 1988.
Foreword, acknowledgements, notes,
index. Pp. xiv, 689. \$14.95 paper,
\$39.95 cloth.

The Decline of American Steel

By Paul A. Tiffany

Oxford University Press, 1988.
Preface, acknowledgements, list of
acronyms, bibliography, notes, index.
Pp. xiii, 282. \$22.95.

PITTSBURGH, the iron city, the steel city, the smoky city, and more recently the "No. 1 City" has epitomized during the last century the capitalist processes of expansion, transition, and decline. A leader in industrial expansion in the late nineteenth century, and now tops in industrial decline, it reveals most vividly the explosive and erratic development of capitalist accumulation in a regional setting.

Once the greatest steel producing center on earth, the area now is a graveyard of great steel works at Homestead, Duquesne, McKeesport, Monessen, Aliquippa, and in the city itself. True, a lot of steel, as much as 10 million tons, is still produced here, but to the hundreds of thousands of people who depended on steel

directly or indirectly, this is little consolation. Indeed the cup is two-thirds empty, and it will never runneth over again.¹

Historians, journalists, politicians, social scientists, and engineers are all intent on explaining this phenomenon at international, national and regional levels. What happened may be a "a matter of fact," but each explanation marshals only a subset of those facts and operates at a particular level of abstraction. Each analysis brings along its special framework or paradigm: 1) it is simply the result of the operation of competitive market forces; 2) it is the the result of avoidable mistakes made by institutional actors; 3) such convolutions are inevitable because of the contradictions contained in the way society is organized. There are many more. Thus an explanation is not so much a scientific undertaking as an essay in persuasion. The books reviewed here are just that, and this review itself elaborates a different perspective.

The Decline of American Steel

Tiffany's book grew out of his doctoral dissertation at the University of California, Berkeley. He says the decline results from the intractable positions and behavior of the three great actors: industry, especially U.S. Steel (later USX); government; and labor, represented by the United Steel Workers. Although he briefly discusses the formation of U.S. Steel in 1901 and the industry's history through World War II, the core of his analysis is post-war, to 1960.

In Tiffany's view, both history and ideology form the basis for the actors' differing and conflicting views and goals. Industry expected to make all its own decisions such as price setting, relations with foreign producers, determination of capacity and investment, and relations with labor. Because of the special problems of high fixed investment and cyclical demand, industry had to set, and government condone, the system for setting stable prices. Excess capacity, especially in cyclical downturns, was a serious problem. The experience of the Great Depression made the industry cautious toward expansion. Government intervention to help the industry, such as increased tax write-offs and reduction of foreign competition, was necessary and proper, whereas interference in labor relations or price determination was evidence of creeping socialism. The industry's position reflected both an arrogance based on its size, power and history, paranoia stemming from remembrances of overcapacity and low profits, and the increasing nationalization of steel industries in other industrialized countries.

In contrast was the federal government's perception and agenda. Anti-monopoly sentiment saw U.S. Steel as a source of excess power and profits and as a ready candidate for Sherman anti-trust action. Increased capacity was necessary for both World War II and Korea and, according to government studies, for increased consumer demand. Throughout

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this period both monopoly and capacity were questioned in government hearings. Price controls during WW II and fear of inflation after the war formed the basis for the government's opposition to steel price increases. Since prices were not set competitively it seemed appropriate for the government to influence their determination. The government's general policy of loosening trade restrictions did nothing to impede the growth of steel imports. Indeed, foreign aid to industry in friendly nations to halt or oppose the spread of "communism" often went to steel companies whose expanded markets included the United States.

Though theoretically Tiffany treats business, government, and labor as equal participants in the steel drama, labor plays a secondary and reactive role in his analysis. The relatively young steelworkers' union pushed for and usually got higher wages. Their bargaining pattern reflected the structure of the industry, bargaining first with U.S. Steel and extending wage agreements to other firms. Industry-wide bargaining was formally adopted after 1956. The union had little power outside its confrontations over compensation, work rules and the usual bread-and-butter issues. Its main weapon was the strike or threat thereof, and but even these displays of power occurred in a circumscribed domain. It had no real or consistent policy on such issues as inflation, over-capacity and foreign steel.

Tiffany suggests the inability of these three major actors from 1945 to 1960 to reach harmonious and cooperative agreements permitted the relative ascendancy of foreign producers and decline of American producers. Several elements entered into these conflicts and failures. Central was the struggle over wages in a strike or strike-threatened environment and the concomitant struggle between

industry and government over prices. Often in the name of national emergency the government intervened to declare a cooling-off period under Taft-Hartley, to conciliate or arbitrate, or in some cases even to try to take over the mills. This dynamic led to the "wage-price spiral" in which wage increases were often followed by even larger steel price increases. This short-run solution achieved through hard and aggressive bargaining and conflict did little to address the long-run problems of steel: costs, productivity, technological change and increasing world competition.

Government and industry were almost always at odds over capacity. To get companies to expand capacity for WW II the government contributed \$1.1 billion to build plants, and after the war sold them to private companies at greatly reduced values. Steel capacity rose from 80 million tons in 1940 to 150 million in 1960. (Today it is slightly more than 100 million tons.) Thus the major expansion was in the 1950s, but it was not especially well conceived or carried out. The add-on or rounding out of existing facilities in the 1950s was a cheaper approach to expansion but did not lower unit costs as much as would have a new plant or "greenfield." Also the added capacity was in open hearths rather than more efficient basic oxygen furnaces used by European and Japanese producers. Foreign producers also had lower labor costs.

A final element, the impact of foreign steel production on the American market, was not clearly perceived. None of the actors realized how rapidly and competitively foreign steel would develop. Labor's short-run bread-and-butter unionism added to the problem. The industry could not conceive of a competitive pricing strategy and basically wanted only protection. The government actually helped foreign steel through its

aid programs. All of the failures and frustrations were realized in 1959 with the longest strike in history, government intervention which did not attack underlying problems, and imports of steel exceeding exports for the first time.

Tiffany offers his book and analysis as a lesson of history. The contentious relations and the unwillingness to form an organizational structure in which the parties could discuss and examine their different views and needs make all three responsible for the decline.

And the Wolf Finally Came

John Hoerr's book ranges over so many topics that it is hard to follow. It is in fact several histories running concurrently: of the steel industry; of the Mon Valley; of labor relations in the industry; and of labor participation in general and in steel. The time frame also is varied, but the critical period is 1982-87. Hoerr is a journalist and the book's style reflects it. The work is meticulously researched, including interviews, phone conversations, union and government documents, and a great range of secondary sources. The book is also a labor of love about labor, steel, and the Mon Valley, especially McKeesport, where Hoerr grew up.

The book is excessively detailed. Specifics of conversations, notes taken, phone calls, with times of day as remembered by many parties to a meeting or negotiation will intrigue the avid reader, but they often obscure the main points. Still, it is all there, packed into a 620-page volume (not including 54 pages of fine print notes).

What is Hoerr's main theme? Steel's decline was the result of the lack of trust and the adversarial relations between labor (USW) and industry (primarily USX) which had evolved from the beginning of their relationship. When cooperation became imperative, in the 1980s, it was not possible. A fail-

ure of industrial relations yielded the industry's demise, and it could have been avoided through labor-management participation starting on the shop floor. (Unfortunately Hoerr's thesis is limited by his failure to discuss more fully the history of steelmaking prior to U. S. Steel. As I discuss below, cooperation and worker shop floor control did exist in the late nineteenth century but were abolished under the pressures of increasing capital accumulation.)

Although the historical chapters are a small part of the book, they provide a basis for understanding this failure of industrial relations. Ultimately competitive pressures in steel required new relations, but it was also true that the old relations contributed to the weakening competitive position of American producers. For a long time management viewed labor as just another "input," and management "rights" had to be protected. This vision restricted the acceptable range of negotiation. Introduction of scientific management early this century had further rationalized and reduced workers' shop floor decisions. Labor, once organized, had little chance or inclination to contest this view. Indeed, in an effort to eliminate inequities, the union agreed with management on the classification of all production and maintenance jobs. Both sides jealously guarded their "rights," and so worker initiative was neither offered nor rewarded. Labor negotiations took on the oligopolistic shape of the steel industry with industry-wide bargaining. The union itself became hierarchical, bureaucratic, occasionally corrupt, and certainly removed from the rank and file. The main form of interaction between workers and management was struggle and confrontation, either physical in the form of strikes, or verbal in the form of negotiation. From 1946 to 1959 there were five strikes and negotiations in 10 of 11 years. The

effect of this structure and behavior on steel productivity was inevitably limiting.

Industry made a series of bad decisions or judgments: 1) large investments to control ore which later proved to be redundant; 2) overly optimistic forecasts of future demand; 3) organizational rigidity about abandoning vertical integration, which limited flexibility, and price setting, which limited competitiveness; 4) perhaps most importantly, increases in capacity in the 1950s with the wrong technology (see above); and 5) failure to foresee the rise of mini-mills which today account for up to 20 percent of U.S. production and for the increased use of steel substitutes.

The nail in the coffin, Hoerr concludes, was the experimental negotiating agreement (ENA) adopted in 1974 giving workers at least a 3 percent wage increase annually, plus a cost-of-living adjustment (COLA). From 1972 to 1982 hourly wage rates rose 180 percent while inflation rose only 130 percent. The industry, trying to avoid costly strikes and especially the loss of markets to imports during strikes, bargained for wage costs that far outran productivity gains.

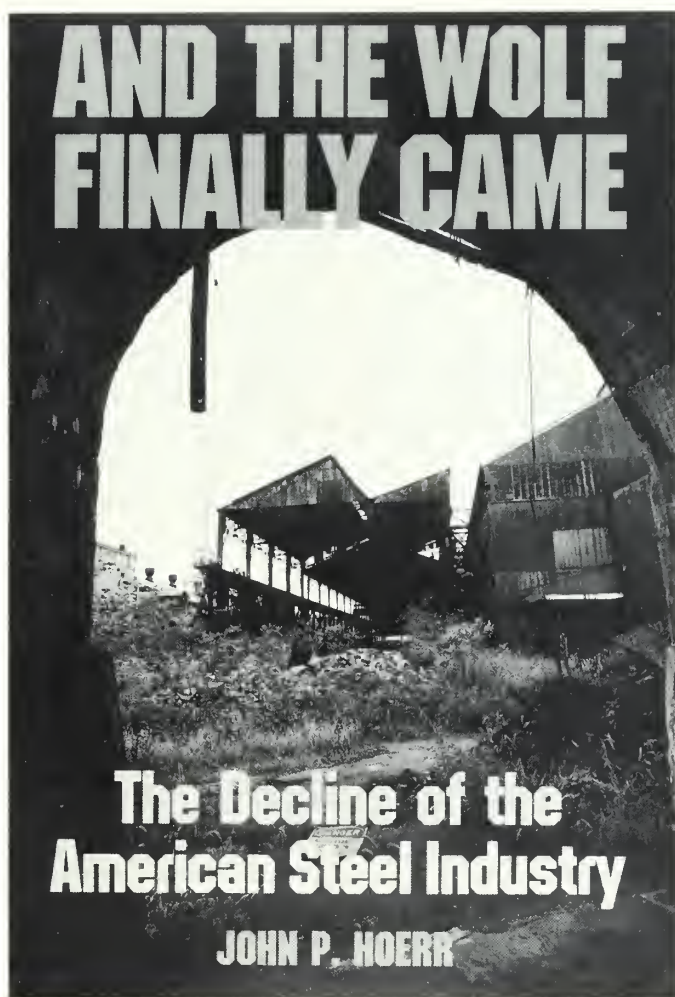
According to Hoerr, by 1980 the competitive position of the U.S. industry on costs and productivity was weak, and only a dramatic shift in relations between labor and management could change it. He sees the potential for labor-management cooperation to significantly increase productivity and competitiveness, but the 1982-83 negotiations and the 1986 lockout reveal that such potential was indeed limited. Hoerr's discussion of recent worker participation schemes is extensive and well-documented, describing experiments in steel and other industries here and abroad, including various USW proposals in its early years from 1937 to 1946. However, in the face of a truculent

management, these efforts bore little fruit, and the union was obliged to turn to bread-and-butter issues. It was not until the 1980s that these ideas were revived in steel and then often by companies near bankruptcy.

Worker-management cooperation can occur on the shop floor; in the plant or firm; industry-wide; or at the national level. Hoerr emphasizes the shop floor model. To prevent participation from simply being a disguised form of speed-up, workers must: 1) share gains from increased productivity; 2) not lose jobs because of the participation scheme; 3) be involved in every level of the planning and process. But few people in the steel industry shared Hoerr's enthusiasm for the idea: the union and management simply could not transcend their historic differences and behavior.

With the potential to resolve conflicting positions only marginal in the 1982-83 and 1986-87 negotiations, addressing real problems was impossible, and so the parties only haggled over the size of the give-backs. In 1982, the year of the last industry-wide bargained contract, the local presidents (the rank and file does not vote on the contracts in the steel industry) twice defeated proposed contracts, including one supported by the USW leadership. The union eventually took significant wage cuts but less than half of what management originally demanded.

Industry-wide bargaining had already begun to break down with the call in 1981 from smaller steel producers for separate concessions. This occurred again in the late stages of the 1983 contract, over cost reductions, participation schemes, rules about contracting out, and profit-sharing. By mid 1986 USX remained the only major producer without a new contract, with the size of the wage cut and contracting out the key issues. The dispute was finally resolved in



late January 1987 with neither side feeling victorious. Then USX announced further plant closings as a final blow, leaving company-union relations at a historic low.

Hoerr's descriptions of the Mon Valley, and his affectionate detail about its history, people, industry, terrain, towns, football, etc., show steelmaking's impact on the valley and the effect of its loss. A continuing theme is the strong sense of community and the loyalty people felt for each other and their institutions. Many activities are described: shopping, picnicking, striking, drinking, loitering, family life, and more. These chapters provide solid insights but are more a backdrop to the major theme and analyses of the book,

and consequently do not provide a thorough and coherent history of the region. He bases his version of life in the late 1930s and 1940s on his experience of the strengths and unity of that life, but that romanticized view must be reconciled with other descriptions and studies with less charitable conclusions.

To avoid repetition of failures like those in steel, Hoerr concludes, worker participation and reformed industrial relations are necessary. Further, an independent labor movement is important in realizing these changes in a free, democratic, competitive society.

Both authors see the decline of steel as an avoidable mistake which

could have been resolved if only the major parties had cooperated amicably. They see the behavior and perspectives of business, labor, and government as malleable and changing. This analytic view is certainly popular. It emphasizes the flexibility and choice of agents within the social system. It displays a certain nostalgia for "roads not taken" and "chances missed." It often sees the "mistakes" in history and offers fewer in the future if we just examine the latest example. Such a paradigm often must operate at the empirical level, the "level of appearances," in order to maintain the correctability and progressiveness of the system. The need to affirm the positive aspects of society, to avoid concluding that something is fundamentally wrong, as well as powerful forces for positive socialization, all encourage analyses of this kind.

But this is not the only view. Many historians believe that social outcomes are conditioned and restricted by the way society is organized. While this is not to argue that a particular outcome is impossible, it suggests that a given class of outcomes is very unlikely given a particular set of social relations. A specific version of this perspective emphasizes class relations as critical: relations of property; economic decision-making and control; and distribution. Or more colloquially: Who owns? Who decides? and Who gets? An analysis of class relations reveals who directly produces economic value and who appropriates that value. The steel industry provides a good example of such relations.

In capitalism, workers produce value and capitalists appropriate part of it, sometimes called surplus value. The relations of production specify generally that capitalists have a right to own the means of production, to dispose of them as they please, to control the process of production, and to appropriate surplus value to the extent possible. Workers have a right to own

their labor power which they may sell to any capitalist, and to own the "value of their labor power," which is on the average over time the value necessary to reproduce them as a class. However, they are always eager to inflate the value of their labor power and thereby deflate surplus value.

Two further characteristics of these relations should be specified. First, capitalists must ensure that they actually get work out of the worker. They have purchased the potential for work, but they must extract labor, actual work. There are of course a variety of incentives — some harsh, some benign — which they may use. Second, capitalists must add surplus value to their capital and recommit it to production. This is not an individual psychological need among business owners but rather a systemic requirement if capitalism as it has historically developed is to continue.

This simple description of capitalism has certain implications. Perhaps the most important apparent is struggle and antagonism resulting from direct conflicts over the division of surplus value and indirect ones over the extraction of labor from labor power. The drive to accumulate has several critical effects. The first is the continual revolution in the forces of production: raw materials; human labor skills; mechanical means of production; technical knowledge; and administration of work. These undergo constant change at what seems an increasing rate. A second factor is competition, with each capitalist entity trying to eliminate or absorb the other. Finally this accumulation produces crises, ruptures in the process itself. Expansion is not a regular advancing process but a contradictory one in which the very expansions lead to future contractions. Some are large, some small, some sectoral, some regional.

This model is admirably suited

to understanding the history of the steel industry in the Pittsburgh region. What follows is a sketch of certain features of that history which seem relevant.²

The history of steel is marked by the process of accumulation, competition leading to a revolution in the forces of production, concentration and centralization of money and power, and finally a shift from competitive capitalism to monopoly capitalism. In 1863, Andrew Carnegie started with a modest investment in an iron forge. By 1901, when the Carnegie Company was sold to form the centerpiece of U.S. Steel, it was worth \$500 million. In this period

Competition, though 'natural' to the system, is too destructive and must be contained.

Carnegie reorganized production, adopted new technology and labor processes; developed elaborate vertical integration including ore, coke, transportation, iron, steel, and finishing mills; bought out competitors; and finally forced the formation of U.S. Steel itself by threatening to enter the wire and tube business and thus set off a competitive price war. U.S. Steel's formation represented the restructuring of steel into a monopoly form, one which has led to many of the problems Tiffany and Hoerr discuss. Competition, though "natural" to the system, is too destructive and must be contained. Eighty years later we see that this form has reached its limits of expansion: the transformation of USS to USX; the rise of the mini-mill and other more flexible, less integrated production forms; price competition; and individually negotiated contracts.

This evolution was paralleled by the development of labor. All productive developments attributed to powerful nineteenth century entrepreneurs are in reality the result of the social productivity of coordinated labor power. The steel, the mills, the mill towns, the life led by the vast majority of people were not produced simply by wealthy industrialists' money but rather by the labor power of millions of skilled and unskilled workers. Without this vast supply of workers, transforming America into an industrialized country would not have been possible. Yet, it is an achievement popularly attributed solely to capitalists. And it is vital to understanding our political economy that we see the role each class played.

In the case of steel workers, lives, customs, communities, indeed whole societies had to be uprooted and alienated. Gathering great masses of labor power to work in the mills in the Pittsburgh river valleys meant scouring the rest of the country and Europe for footloose workers willing to endure grim living and working conditions. Overcrowding, disease, separated families, unsafe factories, low wages, little job security, social isolation, and negligible public services were all part of the worker's life in this turbulent era. It is important not to romanticize the making of steel and the steel worker.

A brief examination of the early history of the labor process in steel helps to illuminate the worker participation which Hoerr sees as a desirable and necessary part of modern capitalism. In the late nineteenth century steel was made through the cooperation of owner and laborer.³ Plant owners provided the means of production and steel was made by teams consisting of skilled workers assisted by helpers. The team was paid on a price per ton basis and the work-

ers agreed on how to share the earnings. The skilled workers generally were members of the Amalgamated Association of the Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers and through their union controlled the entire process including the pace of work. There was even profit sharing in that payments were made to the team on a sliding scale which varied with the market price of the metal. This cooperation carried with it a different definition of workers' rights. A large part of today's "managerial prerogatives" were firmly in the control of workers.

By 1890 this cooperation was more than most owners could bear. Increased demand and competitive pressures required greater productivity and output. From the steel capitalists' point of view this required a speed-up and a firmer hand on the production process. But the control of the work process by the skilled workers, with their concerns for safety and the quality of work life, impeded this. The solution was obvious: eliminate the contracting system under their control, and their union as well. This was the central issue in the Homestead Lockout of 1892. Carnegie and steel owners were victorious, and in the next two decades the process of steelmaking was radically changed and the treatment of workers became a model for other industries. Machines were freely substituted for human labor. Skilled laborers and their wages were reduced and their work was simplified. The gap between skilled and unskilled labor was narrowed. Job ladders were introduced. Piece work and bonuses became common. All of these had the effect of alienating and homogenizing labor. In steel, both carrots and sticks were used, but the purpose was to put control firmly in management's hands.

The intervening years have not significantly altered this relationship. The steelworkers' union, though it organized millions of

formerly unrepresented workers, could and did do little more than validate the companies' practices. Job ladders and classifications keep workers competing with each other. The notion that an industry — and this is true of capitalist industry in general — which spent so much time and effort de-skilling workers and taking control of work and the knowledge of work, will now turn to cooperation and an honest sharing of knowledge and power is, in my view, naive. Cast adrift in a sea of bankruptcy or its threat, firms may grasp for any life preserver, but the ultimate solutions to competitive pressures are much more likely to be lower wages and unemployment — in short, David Roderick's "economic hammer" held no doubt by the invisible hand.

Hoerr's thesis would have us believe that overcoming the alienation of labor and a worker's inability to realize her species-being — the realization of herself through productive activity — is possible under capitalism. But the contradictions within the system do not make one optimistic. The system's basic tenet requires owners to accumulate capital, and not simply a "fair share," but as much as possible. American workers more and more compete with third world workers and their standards of living. Billions of Asians, Latin Americans, and Africans are a sizable reserve army of labor likely to increase pressure on the American worker. In the face of such competition, owners are less likely to see the need for cooperating with workers.

Hoerr's suggestion that cooperation on the shop floor could have altered the course of the steel industry's decline flies in the face of the evidence he presents. The historical antagonism between the two great forces in steel was no "mistake." It was and is the result of both pursuing their reasonable goals within the system. Nor was it "shared responsibility." Within the

American workers more and more compete with third world workers and their standards of living.

confines of modern capitalism, workers and their groups can only respond to whatever opening management provides. The decline of the American steel industry is the responsibility of those who own and run it.

Steel owners started the century breaking the union and eliminating cooperation on the shop floor. The industry fought unionization for almost four decades, and then when it came, it jealously guarded "managerial prerogatives." Worker participation would have threatened management's decision-making domain. Programs of "scientific management" had so de-skilled workers that it was doubted they would have anything of value to contribute. After the war big business agents encouraged an anti-socialist and anti-communist crusade which eliminated many progressive labor leaders who favored greater shop floor democracy. Many companies attempted to dominate the political life of mill towns and the region, particularly influencing the educational system wherein the schools prepared one to work in or be married to the mills. The response of USX to the industrial decline it orchestrated has been a hard and brutal reorganization of the mill valleys and the region. The failure to cooperate was no "mistake" but rather a highly probable outcome of our social system.

Cooperation may be more

imperative in modern production, but it also may be more difficult and less feasible as competition accelerates changes in technology and work processes. The relationship between socialization, education, and work is a critical one, and cooperation in work would require a radically different educational process, one certainly lacking in steel mill towns. It is questionable whether democracy on the shop floor can develop without social democracy at the societal level, and certainly the United States is a long way from that. A final and most threatening implication of work participation may be worker ownership. The more power workers gain in the process of production, the more obvious it becomes that ownership per se should not confer any special entitlement to part of that production. It is not a lesson that many powerful institutions are anxious for workers to learn.

If Hoerr's story focuses on the shop floor — the micro-level — Tiffany looks to the large business, labor, and government institutions — the macro-level — for explanations. His theoretical framework is eclectic and unclear. Tiffany is circumspect in claiming that things might have been different, but, lacking a class analysis, he is more optimistic about alternatives and learning from history, especially in steel.

What we might learn is the need for a broad industrial policy and industrial advisory boards representing all the major players. At this time, however, Tiffany does not see such a policy as likely. One avenue for insight is how capitalism has resolved conflicts between owners and workers⁴: some societies have turned to authoritarian or fascist tactics including the army and secret police (commonly used in Latin American and other developing countries, and occasionally in advanced capitalist countries); social democracies, popular in Europe, have attempted to es-

But decline and stagnation, too, are major partners in the process.

tablish an agreement or social contract between the most powerful elements of capital and labor; the United States relies mostly on substantial unemployment for enforcement and has never veered far into social democracy or fascism. Regardless of one's evaluation of these methods, they are not simply there for the choosing. Historical conditioning affects a myriad of factors that make a particular form more or less possible at any given time.

The steel industry is an excellent case in point. While one might imagine a social democratic solution that would have been more efficient and more humane, it is, as Tiffany realizes, quite ahistorical to suggest it as an imminent alternative. The final resolution of the steel crisis followed the more traditional U.S. pattern: plant closings, layoffs, unemployment, with limited protection for workers from the vicissitudes of management's choices.

One final topic should be discussed: the development of capital accumulation both temporally and spatially. There is always the desire and tendency to look at the period of growth both generally and regionally as the normal, happy time. But decline and stagnation, too, are major partners in the process. It is possible to argue that the roots of the decline of Pittsburgh steel date from the formation of U.S. Steel in 1901⁵ or shortly thereafter, and that the decline of America's steel industry in general was rooted in the internationalization of capital after WW II.

Industries and regions rise and fall. The history of capitalism since

the middle of the sixteenth century has produced triumphs and tragedies too numerous to recount. The working people of Pittsburgh and the Mon Valley have seen their share of both, but they have never controlled the process of change. They were always hostage to uncertainties of accumulation in steel. Now the curtain may descend on the drama of steel in Pittsburgh, but how will the next act be different? Different costumes, different sets, but what else will change?

¹ The proportional decline of the steel industry in Pittsburgh can be measured in many ways. Today's output is roughly one-third of Pittsburgh's maximum historic level. The region's share of U.S. output also was once close to one-third, while today it hovers around 10 percent. Employment has declined most sharply from 120,000 in the late 1940s to 82,000 in 1978, to less than 20,000 today.

² A more complete discussion can be found in my article, "A History of the Process of Capital Accumulation in Pittsburgh," *Review of Regional Studies* 9 and 10, 1979-80.

³ See Katherine Stone's excellent "The Origins of Job Structures in the Steel Industry," *The Review of Radical Political Economics* 4, No. 2 (Summer 1974), 113-173.

⁴ See Samuel Bowles and Richard Edwards, *Understanding Capitalism* (New York: 1985), 110.

⁵ Houston, op. cit. 9, No. 3, 81-82 ■

1937-1987 A Practical Vision: The Story of Blue Cross of Western Pennsylvania.

By Margaret Albert

Pittsburgh: Blue Cross of Western Pennsylvania, 1988. Foreword, introduction, acknowledgements, illustrations, references. 194 pages. Free, by contacting Blue Cross in Pittsburgh.

FROM its foreword to its finale, the 50-year history of the Blue Cross of Western Pennsylvania describes the exemplary role played by a voluntary

organization from the Depression, through World War II, up to the so-called "competitive era" of the 1980s. The book clearly depicts the force and zeal of social organizers in struggling with the changes of an exciting and seemingly ever-expanding new hospital industry during the best years of our nation. A sense of history is essential to understanding the present state of medical care delivery in America today.

The spirit of social responsibility shown by Blue Cross permeates the book's pages. In the introduction, the current president, Eugene Barone, looks at Blue Cross insurance coverage as benefits and services, not just payments for claims against the company.

The change to a health care industry in the 1930s was spurred by the loss of private hospital patients to government hospitals and free dispensaries. Blue Cross, in tandem with the Hospital Council of Western Pennsylvania, manifested the age-old instinct of self-preservation coupled with enlightened self-interest. Blue Cross, born in the late 1930s, became a risk-taker and shared in the prosperity that followed the Depression. Not all hospital administrators and physicians in this region endorsed these new developments, but key leaders of both were joined by community-conscious representatives from the legal profession, business sector, and local government to provide policy direction and support for Blue Cross.

The book is crammed full of facts describing the indirect and direct effects of Blue Cross in the 1940s. In fact, Blue Cross of Western Pennsylvania paved the way for the Pennsylvania Medical Society to form a single state-wide program, the Medical Service Association, later to be called Blue Shield, which would pay the doctor in a similar manner to hospitals and serve the entire Commonwealth. Blue Cross, early on, participated in a national clearing-

house through which each plan could purchase "units of care" to cover its own subscribers out of the area; after interminable hours of union and management negotiations, "units of care" gave way to "Master Contract" — a uniform set of benefits covered by local Blue Cross plans across the country.

Blue Cross, born in the late 1930s, became a risk taker and shared in the prosperity that followed the Depression.

During its first 20 years, Blue Cross introduced several new concepts to the health insurance industry. Not the least of these were experience rating, controls for comprehensive care, and continuing expansion of benefits such as preventive services and psychiatric services. Perhaps a major flaw in Blue Cross policy was the introduction in 1956 of a building replacement allowance. Unwittingly, Blue Cross created a new and expensive enterprise by subsidizing excess hospital bed capacity. Witness the current average occupancy levels in Western Pennsylvania hospitals hovering around 70 percent of staffed beds. In other words, we now have one and one-half to two times as many licensed beds as would be required in a free market economy.

The over-supply of hospital beds was further compounded by the establishment of the Hospital Planning Association of Allegheny County, which was staffed by advocates of hospital expansion. Ironically, the HPA "which was funded exclusively by businesses

and whose governing body was composed of chief executive officers of major corporations...." Regrettably, Blue Cross contributed to this kind of local health planning.

The chapter entitled "The Gathering Forces" is especially well written. It accurately describes events during the 1950s such as mounting concern about hospital costs and the expanding role of the consumer; but it is important to point out that the outcome from these gathering forces left much to be desired. One other omission in the book is any reference to a latter-day gathering force, namely the recent development of the Pittsburgh Business Group on Health, which is rapidly becoming an independent force for cost containment.

The book contains revelations about the tremendously innovative activities by Blue Cross, such as the recent establishment of the Pittsburgh Research Institute and the more long-standing Blue Cross systems for implementing Medicare, utilization review, and prospective rate reimbursement contract long before Diagnostic Related Groups were subject to prospective pricing by the government. But the book reveals only a few of the warts or wrinkles that accompanied these activities. For example, utilization review is deemed less effective than outcome measurements for health care and the prospective rate reimbursement contract was a near disaster for the newly formed but slowly growing South Hills Health System.

The book closes with a well-documented glowing report on President Eugene Barone, an odds-on favorite to be a major driving force to propel the great service tradition of Blue Cross in the "competitive era."

On the whole, the book is very well written and edited. It should be considered "must-reading" for any student of the history of health

insurance and the hospital industry in Western Pennsylvania. ■

Gordon K. Macleod, M.D.
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Refractories: The Hidden Industry

By Corinne Azen Krause
American Ceramic Society, 1987.
Bibliography, notes, index, illustrations. Pp. xiv, 254. \$32 ACS members, \$38 for non-members.

THE American brick industry has been the subject of rising interest over the past 25 years. Spurred by historic renovation projects in many urban communities across the United States, as well as the "collectibility" of bricks as antiques, the interest in American domestic brick production has resulted in the publishing of numerous articles, on subjects ranging from restoration techniques for brick facades to examinations of the chronological changes in the manufacturing processes. These works, however, have largely concentrated on the domestic brick used in the construction of houses or other structures, with little attention paid to industrial usage of brick. Corinne Azen Krause provides a major source of information on this largely neglected area of brick manufacture.

Aptly titled, *Refractories: The Hidden Industry*, presents a well balanced overview of United States refractories from 1860 to 1985. The growth of American industries, most notably the iron and steel, glass and ceramic manufacturing, in the post Civil War era created a demand for refractory brick, or "fire brick," used in the lining of furnaces, boilers and fireboxes. This is clearly shown in the examination of early refractory production in the United States prior to 1860, which was concerned with meeting the needs of small scale manufactories and

business, with the demand for better and larger quantities of refractory materials brought about by the industrialization of the post-1865 period. The subsequent evolution of the refractory industry, from its consolidation into larger firms in the early part of this century through the changes brought about by the decline of the steel industry and the development of new needs for refractory materials by modern manufacturers, receives equally illuminating treatment.

Of particular interest is her examination of the manufacturing processes and labor conditions which characterized the refractory industry between 1900 and 1950. Beginning in 1900 the development of mechanized manufacturing techniques, such as the machine-press, which eliminated hand molding of the bricks, coupled with improved firing processes made possible by the introduction of the tunnel kiln circa 1919, allowed for increased production with concomitant savings in labor and fuel costs. Her comparison of twentieth century refractory technology with the manufacturing techniques of the late nineteenth century serve to illustrate not only the differences in productivity but also the role of the American refractory industry as an integral part of the industrial development of the nation. Krause's description of the manufacturing process is very clearly stated and well illustrated through photographs, making the production of refractory materials and associated working conditions understandable to the layperson as well as the specialist.

The book has numerous strengths, foremost of which is the clearly defined terminology employed by the manufacturers of refractory materials. All too often works dealing with technological processes fail to explain or define the industrial terminology such that the average reader can comprehend what is being described

The growth of American industry in the post Civil War era created a demand for refractory brick.

— a situation which Krause nicely avoids. Another strength of the book lies in its format, which allows the reader to easily compare the development of the refractory industry between various regions of the country, particularly in chapters One through Four, which present the historical overview of the industry. Finally, the closing chapter of the book presents brief histories of 38 individual companies that produced refractory materials, which is an aid for further research. Overall, Krause has done an outstanding job of bringing to light a largely ignored history. Given the dearth of material on the refractory industry and its historical context, her work serves as an entry point for further research on the subject. ■

Bob Fryman
East Liverpool, Ohio, Ceramics Museum

Forging a Union of Steel: Philip Murray, SWOC, and the United Steelworkers

Paul F. Clark, Peter Gottlieb and Donald Kennedy, editors.
Ithaca: ILR Press, 1987. Preface, illustrations, chronology of events, bibliography, index. 153 pages. \$22.50, \$8.95 paper.

AS Ronald Filipelli notes in his introduction to this collection of essays on Philip Murray, the Steel Workers Organizing Committee, and the United Steelworkers of America, few studies exist on the CIO movement in

the steel industry. One could go further and point out that there are few studies on much of the rest of the Congress of Industrial Organizations movement. Many of the best, for example Irving Bernstein's and Walter Galenson's classic studies, emphasize the institutional development of the CIO. The object of analysis has been the union movement and its leaders and not the workers who comprised the union. Ronald Schatz's *The Electrical Workers* is a notable exception in that it combines both institutional and social analysis. Since this book's essays were originally presented for a symposium recognizing the achievements of the union and its early leader, *Forging a Union of Steel* is also institutional in emphasis. It is a solid addition to the historiography of American labor in the twentieth century.

David Brody's "The Origins of Modern Steel Unionism" emphasizes how the CIO and Murray channeled the rank-and-file strike activity of the 1933 to 1936 period into a more stable institutional framework. This was accomplished through the creation of SWOC, the capture of the company unions by SWOC, and by the powerful leadership of Murray, who ensured the top-down control of his union. Brody applies to steel the framework he has developed in earlier work: the CIO captured the rank-and-file upsurge of the early 1930s and transformed it into a tractable organization capable of collective bargaining. Melvyn Dubofsky's "Labor's Odd Couple" explores the relationship between Murray and John L. Lewis. Murray remained Lewis' loyal supporter until the early 1940s. Ronald Schatz's "Battling over Government's Role" demonstrates Murray's commitment to solidifying the ties between the CIO and the federal government. Schatz's most incisive point concerns the changing nature of labor relations after World War II.

Conflict increasingly became defined not by strikes and walkouts but by lawyers for both sides wrangling over points of legal dispute. Here, Schatz supports the position stated most thoroughly by Christopher Tomlins in the *The State and the Unions*: public policy and labor law have not only defined organized labor's role since the 1930s but confined it. Whereas in the nineteenth century labor hoped to avoid state intervention, in this century labor accepted it with ambiguous motives.

Mark McCulloch's "Consolidating Industrial Citizenship" focuses on the impact of union policies for workers and the structure and concerns of the work force during the World War II period. Although his findings are often more suggestive than conclusive, his essay raises many of the issues which a book-length social history of steelworkers during the formative years of the CIO should include. His major concern is intriguing: how did steelworkers participate more fully as "industrial citizens" in American society through unionization. McCulloch emphasizes issues such as the relative improvement in working conditions and standard of living while remaining sensitive to regional, racial and gender variations. The book concludes with comments on the essays by SWOC and USWA officials and writers.

The book illuminates the significance of Murray, SWOC, and the USWA. Now it is time for historians of steel and the rest of labor in this century to address the meaning of the CIO in workers' lives and the impact of the changes it wrought on workers' culture. How did the CIO change workers' lives? What did the CIO mean to workers? Was CIO affiliation more important to workers than other types of associations, such as religious and fraternal ones?

In this vein, there are several projects to look for: the dissertation by Joel Sabadasz at the Uni-

versity of Pittsburgh on McKeesport, Clairton, and Duquesne; Curtis Miner's work for the upcoming Homestead exhibit at The Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania; and David Demarest's, Gene Levy's, and Michael Weber's ongoing research on the Turtle Creek Valley electrical and steel mill towns. All these projects should help expand our understanding of the effects of CIO affiliation. ■

Wilson J. Warren
History Department
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Self-Preservation

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Engineering an Industrial Diaspora: Homestead, 1941

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THIS butterfly collection from late nineteenth century Pittsburgh displays the symbol of Freemasonry inlaid in small green bugs. A secretive organization, Freemasonry has been particularly active in Western Pennsylvania history, as well as having been prominent in the history of western civilization. A mason's compass and rule overlap to form the outline of the symbol. Its historic meaning comes from the older Operative Masons who shared the secret truths of their mason's handicraft. The "G," which stands for God, reflects the evolution of Masonry into a secret ennobling fraternity. *From the Collection of John Schulman, Pittsburgh.*

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HISTORY

A Magazine of the City and Its Region

Fall 1989



WOMEN'S CLUB OF OAKLAND SCHENLEY SWIMMING POOL OPENING AUG 29 1922

Pittsburgh

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Fall 1989

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Cover: The Woman's Club of Oakland, speaking for a new ethnically diverse majority, campaigned in the early 1920s for a healthy municipal pool in Schenley Park. Archives of Industrial Society, University of Pittsburgh.

Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania

THE Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania is a nonprofit cultural institution open to the public. Since its founding in 1879, the Society has collected, preserved and interpreted the heritage of Pittsburgh and its region. It operates Library and Archives, Publications and Museum Programs departments.

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Hoerr howls at book review of *And the Wolf Finally Came*

Dear Editor,

David Houston presents what he labels “a different perspective” on steel labor history in his review of my book, *And the Wolf Finally Came: the Decline of the American Steel Industry* (Winter 1989 issue). I would simply point out that his perception derives from an analysis based on economic determinism: Since things have always happened thusly in the past in a capitalist society, they will always happen thusly in the future. Therefore, labor should not even try to win a strong voice in decision-making because whatever it gains will be illusory in any case. I gather that we may chisel this in stone.

Whilst we chisel, let us inscribe another iron law laid down by Professor Houston: Anyone who thinks that anything good ever happened in the Mon Valley, a fool be he or she. Houston says that I “romanticize” the history of the valley by giving “affectionate detail about its history, people, industry, terrain, towns, football, etc.” And so, my descriptions of miserable living conditions, rampant discrimination against blacks and Eastern Europeans, unsafe conditions in the mills, pollution of rivers and skies, the corrosive

influence of the numbers racket, company domination of politics and education, suppression of unions, and the divisions between communities — all of these descriptions go for naught because I did not present them in an appropriately disaffectionate way.

Houston apparently would have preferred that I depict life in the Mon Valley as a bleak, miserable, unreformable calamity imposed on us by evil capitalists. We who lived there should perform like Marxist cardboard cutouts, ritually condemning every minute of every day of our lives. What a simplistic, professorial view of life!

John Hoerr
Teaneck, New Jersey

Correction

In the Summer 1989 issue, the late H.J. Heinz II was identified incorrectly in a photograph caption as Senator Heinz. His son, H.J. Heinz III, is the senator.



Fifth Avenue at Bigelow Boulevard, Oakland, 1909. Those directing development in Pittsburgh's museum and education district saw Schenley Park, beyond the Carnegie complex (left) and Forbes Field (right), as grassy solace for the afflictions of frantic urban change.



The Changing Face of Schenley Park

By Kenneth J. Heineman

NINETEEN eighty-nine marks the 100th anniversary of Pittsburgh's Schenley Park. Edward Bigelow, the director of Public Works in 1888 who spearheaded the design and development of Pittsburgh's park system, considered the 456-acre Schenley Park to be the system's centerpiece. He convinced Mary Schenley, a Pittsburgh heiress living in London, to donate the crucial 300-acre "Mt. Airy Tract" to the city. Inspired by planned parks and urban development in Ameri-

can and European cities he had visited, Bigelow committed himself to recreating Pittsburgh's cultural and physical landscape. Schenley Park would become, in the words of historian Peter Schmitt, an "arcadian park....a scene of simple pleasure and untroubled quiet."¹

The development of Schenley Park and the city parks system, however, did not rest solely on Bigelow's shoulders; rather it grew out of the constraints, resources and problems of Progressive Era reformers responding to rapid growth, over-crowding and burgeoning social inequities. In Pittsburgh and many other industrial metropolises, the middle and upper classes used increasing private capital and public revenue to consolidate and extend their influence socially and politically. The sentiments and rhetoric giving life to reform movements varied significantly, embracing high-minded altruism, concerns about exercising social control, and the eradication of urban squalor.

Kenneth J. Heineman is a faculty member in the history department at the University of Toledo. His ongoing University of Pittsburgh history Ph.D. thesis examines the anti-Vietnam War movement at four state universities. This article is adapted from his larger work on Schenley Park, which the Historical Society will use as the basis for an exhibit and a special publication marking the Park's centennial. The exhibit opens next spring at Schenley Park's Nature Center, in cooperation with Citiparks and the park's Centennial Committee.



Top, a lazy day, c. 1900. *Right*, pastoral beauty along serpentine drives offered relaxing passage for the minority who could afford transportation. The bucolic scenes were carefully scripted, principally along English landscape architect William Falconer's lines. In this view, from 1897, the human touch is literal: tiny ink dots on the photograph's negative make hill-side foliage look lush. The photographer is not known.



Historian Barbara Judd observed that Bigelow empathized with the fears of Pittsburgh's "propertied classes," who viewed with alarm the city's 1877 Railroad Riot and the 1892 Homestead Lockout. In his 1889 *Annual Report of the Department of Public Works*, Bigelow claimed that his park could convince "men of all grades of life to forsake the saloons in favor of more healthful and innocent relaxation." Notwithstanding such egalitarian reform rhetoric, the park system necessarily reflected the values of its planners and administrators. Judd noted that "the effectiveness of the parks as instruments of social control was severely limited by Bigelow's inability to transcend his own middle-class background." Bigelow did not, for instance, push for trolley lines from working-class immigrant wards to his majestic park and promoted activities such as tennis and horseback riding, recreation the working class was unfamiliar with and could not afford. Thus, for its first 30 years, Schenley Park was the domain of the wealthy who lived in Pittsburgh's new, affluent East End suburbs. The inaccessibility of the park to the less wealthy decreased over time, in part due to the changes in the surrounding neighborhoods. In particular, demographic changes beginning in Oakland in the 1920s — away from Protestant, middle-class dominance toward a more ethnically and religiously diverse population — signalled a shift in the Park's primary clientele.²

Pittsburgh's rivers, hills and bewildering array of blind alleys and one-way streets promote the cultural insularity and family-directedness of its neighborhoods. This has ensured that Schenley Park largely serves its proximate neighborhoods: Oakland, Squirrel Hill, and to a lesser extent, Shadyside. For instance, Northside and Southside residents seldom, if ever, venture into Schenley Park since

their own neighborhoods have playgrounds and swimming pools. Consequently, with some significant exceptions — the Phipps Conservatory's flower shows, the park's public golf course and the ice-skating facilities — the offerings at Schenley Park in 1989, as was generally true in 1889, appeal to a neighborhood, rather than a city or regional, audience.³

It is vital to recognize the important relationship between park and neighborhood, and that as Pittsburgh and Oakland's composition and values changed over time, so Schenley Park had to change in order to remain socially meaningful. The park became more plebian in nature, as indicated by new recreational facilities such as a swimming pool and an ice-skating rink, and the greater social diversity evident at Independence Day celebrations. This essay focuses on the evolving cultural landscape of the park to the present time, emphasizing the key transitional period of the 1920s.

Oakland, a bastion of upper-class Scotch-Irish Presbyterian respectability in 1900, became more ethnically and socially diverse within a span of 20 years. As early as the 1890s, Irish and Italian Catholics, in small and then increasing numbers, moved from the city core to Oakland. Two prominent Irish-American political leaders, William Brennan, a labor lawyer and Allegheny County Democratic treasurer, and Jimmy Coyne, Republican ward leader and close friend of machine boss William Flinn, made Oakland their base of operations. Coyne owned a saloon in Oakland which served as an informal meeting hall for ambitious Irish Catholic politicians. While most of the Italians who left the lower Hill District in the 1890s had relocated to Bloomfield and East Liberty, a few hundred, many directly or indirectly related to each other, settled near Panther Hol-

low. There, ethnic Italian Americans, who found a geographically isolated "haven during periods of rampant discrimination," worked in Schenley Park or opened barber shops, restaurants and small grocery stores. Catholic churches and schools, as well as Greek and Syrian Orthodox churches, sprang up in Oakland, and statues of the Madonna appeared in the front yards of many homes. Ethnic Catholics made up 65 percent of the neighborhood by 1930.⁴

Italian and Jewish children, many of whom were first-generation Americans, dominated Oakland's Holmes School and Schenley High School by the 1920s. These children also adopted Schenley Park's Panther Hollow Lake as their own special place to ice skate. Oakland's established Protestants began to leave the neighborhood in the 1920s. The headmistress of the elite Protestant Winchester girls' preparatory school, then located at Fifth Avenue and Clyde Street, reacted with dismay to the establishment in the 1920s of the Central Catholic High School for Boys. Annoyed at having a Catholic school directly across from Winchester, the headmistress planted hedges around her school so she would not have to see the papist shrine. She also changed Winchester's lunch period from 12 noon to 1 p.m. so that the girls were not playing outside while the Catholics looked on.⁵

In response to reform organization and newspaper pressure, the city council raised \$120,000 in 1920 to build and staff several municipal pools. The Woman's Club of Oakland, whose civic committee included at least two Irish Catholics, played a prominent role in the campaign to construct a public swimming pool in Schenley Park. Dedicated in August 1921, and located near the Wilmot Street bridge road, Schenley Park's \$20,000 swimming pool was 50 by 100 feet in size and accommodated 200 children. The pool sig-



Schenley Park's pool and Mayor E.V. Babcock's move to provide free public transit into the park for kids made recreation more accessible for more people. Meanwhile, nearby neighborhoods were changing, especially Oakland, which by the 1920s was not only "cultured" and commercial but also working-class and residential.



nalled an important shift in the city and the park's attitude towards working-class ethnic citizens. Just as significant, the city awarded the Schenley Park pool engineering contract to a Jew, an unprecedented development, and the Irish Catholics in Oakland had acquired sufficient political clout to influence social reform, as evidenced by their presence in the Woman's Club of Oakland.⁶

In 1920, for the first time, Pittsburgh, under the leadership of Mayor E.V. Babcock, provided free city-operated transportation for women and children "from the car lines" into "the inner recesses of the parks." When Bigelow had built Grant and Beechwood boulevards "to connect Highland and Schenley parks with downtown Pittsburgh" in 1895, he constructed them, Barbara Judd noted, "without transit service so they might become 'the favorite pleasure way' of Pittsburghers who owned horse and carriage or a bicycle and had the leisure time to take scenic drives to and through the Arcadian parks." Babcock's decision to offer free transportation for women and children into the parks finally made Schenley Park physically accessible to the less affluent.⁷

Pittsburgh's playground and neighborhood park movement owed much to the reformers' realization that Schenley Park had traditionally served a largely well-to-do constituency. The Civic Club of Allegheny County, a leading reform organization, was responsible for opening the city's first playground on July 4, 1896, at the Forbes School. Within the next two years, playgrounds opened in the Hill District and Soho, among other immigrant working-class neighborhoods. By 1921, Pittsburgh's 12 year-round and 23 summer playgrounds totaled 50 acres and claimed an annual attendance of 2,593,193. That year, the city spent \$400,000 on playgrounds, building five swimming

pools and four ballparks for neighborhood children. At the Civic Club's prodding, Pittsburgh also established several neighborhood parks, such as the 19.9-acre Arsenal Park in Lawrenceville, dedicated on Independence Day 1907. Prior to 1910, the city had allocated more money to Schenley Park than to all of the other parks combined. In 1893, Schenley Park had received \$123,000 for improvements, compared to \$43,500 for the comparable 366-acre Highland Park. After 1910, the city invested greater funds in the establishment and maintenance of parks throughout the city. Consequently, in 1915 Pittsburgh possessed 19 parks with a total area of 1,328 acres.⁸

The reformers hoped that by providing neighborhood recreational facilities, working-class children would cease playing in busy, dangerous streets or, alternatively, be lured out of their dark and unhealthy tenement rooms into the "fresh air" and "sunshine." (In industrializing Pittsburgh, fresh air and sunshine were problematic.) Thus the proliferation of parks and playgrounds. But the Civic Club and Pittsburgh's newspapers recognized in the early 1920s that more and different types of recreational facilities had to be developed. During Pittsburgh's hot and humid summers, nearly 200,000 children and adults sought relief in the Allegheny, Monongahela and Ohio rivers. In 1921, the *Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph* sternly warned against swimming in the area's rivers, describing them as:

...virtually open sewers, polluted not only with sewage from hundreds of thousands of homes but also with the poisons and acids discharged by coal mines, tanneries, paper mills, chemical plants and other factories.... Some of the water in which persons swim inevitably finds its way into their nostrils and mouths and frequently into their stomachs.

The water in the local rivers, taken internally without having been filtered, can scarcely be healthful. The railroads will not use it even in the boilers of their locomotives.

To make matters worse, the city occasionally had been lax in stationing lifeguards at the "riverfront beaches," prompting the *Pittsburgh Post* in 1921 to hire three lifeguards to prevent further drownings in the Allegheny River.⁹

Cultural change could also be discerned in the annual Independence Day celebrations. At the 1920 festivities in Schenley Park, the Irish-American Athletic Club competed in the Panther Hollow Lake aquatic events against a University of Pittsburgh team. In addition to the presence of Irish-American athletes, the Satisfaction Coffee Company sponsored an airplane "dogfight" above Schenley Park, marking the passing of the park's "solemn" celebrations and the beginning of the commercialization of the Fourth of July. On Independence Day 1930, the Duquesne Library Club, with a number of Italian athletes, challenged the elite Pittsburgh Athletic Club in the canoe tilting contest and swim meets. By 1940, Slovak athletes, and a black female runner from the Blairsville Athletic Club, Isadore Gibson, took part in Schenley Park's Independence Day track and field meet. Gibson won the 880-yard novice and the 880-yard open races. Schenley Park also arranged for that Independence Day a "Greater Pittsburgh All Nations Festival." Dressed in "native costumes," Italian girls danced the "tarantella" while Lawrenceville Lithuanians sang songs from the "homeland."¹⁰

In the early 1920s, Schenley Park began to host dance contests sponsored by the Hill District's Irene Kaufmann Settlement House. At these contests, working- and lower-middle-class Jew-





The park's merry-go-round — shown here in 1913, the year it was built — dazzled youngsters for decades at Panther Hollow Drive and Greenfield Road. *Below*, city Bureau of Recreation records call it a “Police Meet” in the park, 1922.



ish children, such as Ruth Tracht, performed the Butterfly dance. Tracht's family played tennis in the 1920s and 1930s on Schenley Park courts once reserved almost exclusively for affluent Protestants. And the Schenley Oval, formerly the gathering place of wealthy horse racing fans, began to be used in the 1930s as the Central Catholic High School football practice field. Anthony Schmeck recalled the arduous trek from the Central Catholic High School to the Schenley Oval. On occasion, this trip became exciting, particularly when walking through Panther Hollow. As Central Catholic High School drew upon students from all over the city, the “Oakland boys,” a crew of local ethnically Irish and Italian children, regarded the football players as “outsiders” invading “their turf.” Keenly aware of the reputations of such Oakland legends as “Maniac” McDonough, “Hooks” Farrell and “Jeep” DePasquale, the Central Catholic football players wisely ran away at

their thundering approach.¹¹

Schenley Park's baseball diamond and merry-go-round underscored the increasingly plebian nature of the park in the 1920s and 1930s. Although baseball became “professionalized” by the turn of the century, historians Robert Ruck and Francis Couvares observed, it was not an elite sport. Equipment, frequently shared among amateur baseball enthusiasts, was relatively inexpensive, and the game could be played in the most humble sandlot or park ball diamond. With the advent of World War I, larger numbers of Americans were introduced to the game and continued to play long after the war's end. By 1926, there were 223 baseball clubs in Pittsburgh, and legendary Pirates star Honus Wagner could be found on any number of sandlots and ball diamonds coaching working-class children on the finer points of the game.¹²

Pittsburgh's merry-go-rounds, free to the public, were particu-

larly popular park attractions. In 1938, the park's merry-go-rounds gave 164,740 rides. The Schenley Park ride, constructed in 1913 and located at the corner of the Panther Hollow Drive and Greenfield Road, exerted great appeal to wide-eyed children. When there was no money for a movie ticket in the Depression years, little Gerry Katz of the Hill District would venture to Schenley Park in her father's truck to ride the merry-go-round. It also attracted Catholics and Jews who had begun to move into Squirrel Hill. As a young child, Celeste Silberstein, whose family enjoyed the park's merry-go-round and ice skating and picnic facilities, thought it quite natural that everyone in Oakland, Squirrel Hill and Schenley Park was either Catholic or Jewish. She "never knew that Protestants existed."¹³

It should be pointed out that although Oakland and Schenley Park were no longer considered off-limits to Jews by the 1920s, the area was not the favorite haunt of Hill District Jewish children. Such children came largely from Russian and Eastern European Orthodox Jewish backgrounds whose parents, mostly impoverished peasants, had emigrated at the turn of the century. Oakland's Rodef Shalom temple, the Concordia Club and other Jewish cultural facilities were operated by and for a largely middle-class, assimilated German-Jewish constituency. Gerry Katz recalls that to "fit in," Oakland's German Jewish community expected the Hill District's more recent Jewish immigrants to forsake Yiddish and to embrace mainstream American cultural values.¹⁴

Even as greater numbers of working and lower-middle-class ethnic Pittsburghers made use of Schenley Park in the 1920s and 1930s, some Protestants, removed to Shadyside and the suburbs, continued to use and attempted to shape the park's facilities. In 1932, Rev. Robert McGowan of the

Bellefield Presbyterian Church dedicated a bowling green in Schenley Park. The game of bowls was Scottish and dated "back before the time of Shakespeare." That same year, members of the Daughters of Betsy Ross chapter planted trees near Schenley Park's golf course. And in 1936, Mrs. Helen Clay Frick donated money to Schenley Park for an azalea garden on Flagstaff Hill.¹⁵

Such actions were the exception by the 1920s and 1930s, as Schenley Park became increasingly less important to wealthy citizens, both in terms of cultural and recreational activities, and as a locus for private philanthropy. The latter development placed a greater economic burden on the city's taxpayers who had to pay for Schenley Park's maintenance. At the turn of the century, *The Bulletin*, Pittsburgh's society newspaper, featured front-page coverage of club picnics and Independence Day celebrations in Schenley Park. Throngs of well-dressed prominent citizens were pictured at the Schenley Oval while chaperons escorted young couples through the park. By the 1920s, *The Bulletin* had little to report on Schenley Park. Society music recitals, art exhibitions and college and preparatory school commencement exercises were held in the Schenley Hotel, the Carnegie complex, Soldiers and Sailors Memorial Hall, the Syria Mosque and the Twentieth Century Club, rather than in Schenley Park. In 1922, the Open Championship of the Pennsylvania Golf Association and the Western Pennsylvania Tennis Championship took place, respectively, at the Allegheny Country Club and the Pittsburgh Athletic Association courts. Pittsburgh's wealthy had generally ceased using Schenley Park's golf course and tennis courts.¹⁶

The coming of the Great Depression in 1929 both harmed and ultimately benefited Schenley Park. In the short term, use of the city's

recreational facilities and subsequent revenues dropped precipitously from 1929 to 1934. One may possibly infer by the declining attendance rates that the city's less affluent comprised the bulk of the park's patrons, as they suffered far more economic hardship than the wealthy during the Depression, and consequently, had less disposable income to spend on recreational activities. The city parks' revenues incrementally improved as the New Deal stimulated economic recovery, so that by 1938 they were double the 1934 figures. Seeking cheer and color in the depressed and drab city, 125,000 people in 1938 went to the Phipps Conservatory's annual flower shows while 175,000 enjoyed Schenley Park's matinee races, social dances and football games. A conservation exhibit in the Conservatory, Sunday morning nature walks, and botanical lessons attracted 74,700 patrons. As some measure of the fortitude of Pittsburghers in the 1930s, despite widespread poverty and a high unemployment rate — 31.4 percent city-wide and 56.8 percent in the Hill District, in 1934 — vandalism and other forms of criminal activity were negligible features of the parks. In Pittsburgh's parks in 1938, only one person was arrested for manslaughter, one for solicitation and 10 for juvenile delinquency. The most popular crime in the parks was drinking. But there were just 50 arrests for drunkenness, an insignificant figure in a city with a remarkable number of taverns and a population of over 500,000.¹⁷

Pittsburgh's parks, and Schenley Park in particular, entered an intense phase of concerted maintenance in the 1930s, due in large measure to the New Deal and the city's emerging ethnic Catholic Democratic political leaders. In Schenley Park in 1938, the Works Progress Administration constructed seven stone foot bridges across the Panther Hollow stream,



Left, the 1920s were years of transition. At track and field meets like this one at Schenley Oval in 1924, the children of established American immigrant families began competing, for the first time, with the children of recent immigrants, mostly from Southern and Eastern Europe. Other park-goers foreshadowed more dramatic changes. Thousands of overnight adventurers, often part of cross-country motoring clubs, took advantage each year of Schenley's "tourist camp." The year was 1928.

removed 10,017 small trees and stumps, redressed and raised 15,500 linear feet of road curbing and renovated the Panther Hollow Boat House. The WPA, and the National Youth Administration, the federal government agency designed to provide job training and financial aid to high school and college students, also restored the historic Martin's Cabin. This cabin later became "the nucleus of the David L. Lawrence Camp, a day camp for children." In 1939, the WPA replaced Schenley Park's "inadequate and broken down sewers," fashioned four new bridle trail bridges, planted 3,650 trees and graded, topsoiled and seeded play areas devoted to baseball, football and mushball. The WPA also spent \$306,367 on the rehabilitation of the Phipps Conservatory's superstructure. This list of WPA reconstruction from 1938 to 1939 represents just a small fraction of what the New Deal accomplished in the revitalization of Schenley Park. Without this federal aid, a nearly bankrupt municipal government, which could no longer count upon private philanthropy, would not have had the financial resources to save the park from decay.¹⁸

World War II brought an end to the WPA and the enormous federal assistance to Schenley Park. But the war, and the triumph of industrial unionism, also brought a general prosperity to the Pittsburgh District that continued into the 1960s. Part of this prosperity, and municipal munificence, could be seen in the 25 swimming pools, 53 tennis courts, 17 baseball diamonds and 23 softball diamonds the city operated by 1948. The declining tuberculosis death rate, from a 1908 level of 145 per 100,000 population to 35.8 per 100,000 in 1948, provided further evidence of the improved quality of life in Pittsburgh.¹⁹

Ironically, prosperous times were a harbinger of Schenley Park's future difficulties. Independence

Day celebrations, once a popular feature of Schenley Park, became decentralized, with a greater emphasis on neighborhood park festivities and recreation. By the 1960s, redevelopment of the Point drew hundreds of thousands of people downtown. Downtown offered the enormous Three Rivers Art Festival and well-received concerts, and became the focal point for Pittsburgh's Independence Day celebrations. Further, the destruction of Forbes Field and the Pirates' and the Steelers' relocation to Three Rivers Stadium across from the Point in 1970 eliminated Oakland's chief regional recreational attraction. The upward social-economic mobility of ethnic Catholics had a significant impact on residential and recreational patterns. Having moved by the thousands to suburban Allegheny County after World War II, ethnic middle-class citizens chose to recreate in the North and South county parks, rather than contend with Oakland and Squirrel Hill's legendary traffic jams to get to Schenley Park. Kennywood amusement park had always been a favorite recreational spot for Pittsburgh-area ethnic citizens, mainly industrial workers. Kennywood also continued to sponsor ethnic celebrations, including Italian and Slovak Days, thus maintaining its lock on its traditional constituency. Finally, the influx of blacks from the Hill District into Oakland, and tense race relations — highlighted by the 1968 uprising and reflected in the University of Pittsburgh's "concrete fortress" architectural style of that era — made the neighborhood and Schenley Park unattractive to suburbanites.²⁰

Additionally, the city's parks confronted the problem of sustained population decline in the post-World War II era. From 1950 to 1960, Pittsburgh's population decreased 11 percent, from 676,800 to 604,332; there was no net gain in the metropolitan area, indicating that people were leav-

ing the city far behind. This decline continued, so that by 1970, Pittsburgh had 520,117 residents. As the city's population decreased, so did retail sales, which plunged 16 percent from 1963 to 1972. Population loss and worsening retail sales pointed to the city's shrinking tax base and to its inability to maintain adequately the parks and playgrounds. This situation became particularly acute in the 1970s as Pittsburgh struggled to operate a park system designed for a population of 700,000, nearly twice the city's actual size by 1989. Economic hardship and municipal impoverishment guaranteed the deterioration of Schenley Park as well as the city's entire park system.²¹

The maintenance and administration of the city's parks have always been highly politicized. An entrenched patronage system within the Department of Public Works, beginning early in the twentieth century, ensured that most park expansions hinged upon the political orientation of city government. Perhaps the most notorious example of patronage politics occurred in 1935, when Public Works Director Leslie Johnston at first refused to allow WPA-sponsored projects to be built in Schenley Park. Johnston, a political crony of Democratic party leader David Lawrence, realized that the rival administration of Mayor William McNair would take credit for the infusion of federal money. Given this history, it was fitting that one of the last major construction projects in Schenley Park, the creation of an ice skating rink in the early 1970s, should become controversial.²²

In 1971, Mayor Peter Flaherty sought to make Schenley Park a more "active" recreational area, allocating \$1.5 million for an ice rink and "warming building" to serve the community and city. Immediately, the Western Pennsylvania Conservancy and the Greater East End Citizens Alliance voiced their opposition. The Alliance ar-



Top, Panther Hollow Lake, c. 1950.
Left, forces of disunity in Oakland's residential neighborhoods also have been evident in recent decades, with major street and highway improvements, hospital expansions, and a campus building boom at the University of Pittsburgh. The exact site in Oakland for this photograph, c. 1955, is not known.

gued that Schenley Park “should be used for flying kites and having picnics” and not for mass entertainment which would turn it into “a noisy, crowded, polluted playground.” Oakland Development Inc., comprised of representatives from the University of Pittsburgh, Carnegie Mellon University, Carlow College, the Oakland hospitals, and “community leaders,”

joined the opposition in 1973: “The primary policy toward park management should be to conserve it as a ‘soft park’ with an informal but comely order, where in a natural setting people can spend leisure time as they wish....” That year, the Sierra Club’s Pittsburgh chapter also came out against the ice rink.²³

At issue was a contrasting con-

ception of recreational activity, in large measure shaped by class perceptions of appropriate forms of leisure. The middle and upper middle class, whose members filled the ranks of the Western Pennsylvania Conservancy, the Greater East End Citizens Alliance and the Sierra Club, preferred Schenley Park to be used for solitary nature walks and calm reflection. Less affluent residents viewed recreation as an active and mass pursuit and were particularly attracted to skating and swimming. Imposed on these differing “world views” was an ethnic dimension. The University of Pittsburgh had engendered a great deal of community hostility by destroying sections of Little Italy as part of its expansion program. It could have only appeared hypocritical to Oakland’s ethnic community that the same university which opposed disrupting Schenley Park by providing mass entertainment had shown no such solicitation in expelling long-term residents from their homes. Mayor Flaherty had gained the good will of Oakland’s ethnic community in the early 1970s by trying to block further university expansion. His decision to provide community residents with recreational activities socially meaningful to them underscored the cultural evolution of neighborhoods adjacent to Schenley Park.²⁴

Throughout the 1970s and 1980s, Schenley Park readily adapted to changing recreational tastes and social mores. After the riding stable burned to the ground in May 1971, it was not replaced, thus ending 80 years of equestrian pursuit in the park. By 1977, the bridle paths had become cross-country skiing trails. The Schenley Oval area evolved into a recreational spot for gay people. Swimming, tennis and the Phipps Conservatory remained popular park attractions. In 1985, 100,000 people came to swim, 50,000 to play tennis and 200,000 to visit the Conservatory. Thousands of



Imagine if Edward Bigelow, the park system’s creator, could see what his statue presides over today. Events such as the annual Vintage Grand Prix draw regional visitors, but like most parks in neighborhood-oriented Pittsburgh, Schenley’s day-to-day users are mostly local residents.

University of Pittsburgh and Carnegie Mellon students and residents come each year to the Smoky City Folk Festival at Flagstaff Hill to watch the Coal Country Cloggers and to listen to Appalachian and blues music. Flagstaff Hill, a favorite locale for sun bathers and frisbee enthusiasts, also offers free movies on summer nights. Sensitive to mass tastes, Citiparks shows decidedly commercial releases, rather than artistic foreign films. All of these recreational offerings, free folk festivals and movies, or swimming and skiing, bring to Schenley Park a socially diverse audience. Blue collar and white collar, Catholic and Protestant, black and white, and young and old venture comfortably into a park once culturally accessible only to the city's elite.²⁵ ■

¹ Peter J. Schmitt, *Back to Nature: The Arcadian Myth in Urban America* (New York: 1969), xvii, xviii, 59-60; Eugene C. Thrasher, *The Magee-Flinn Political Machine, 1895-1903*, MA thesis, Department of History, University of Pittsburgh, 1951, 2-3, 43; Barbara Judd, "Edward Bigelow: Creator of Pittsburgh's Arcadian Parks," *Western Pennsylvania Historical Magazine* 58 (Jan. 1975); R.J. Gangewere, "Schenley Park," *Carnegie Magazine* (Summer 1975), 20-28; Robert Lewis, "Frontier and Civilization in the Thought of Frederick Law Olmsted," *American Quarterly* 29 (Fall 1977), 385-403.

² City of Pittsburgh, Department of Public Works, *Annual Report of the Department of Public Works 1889* (Pittsburgh: 1890), 17; Judd, 53-56.

³ William G. Willis, *The Pittsburgh Manual: A Guide to the Government of Pittsburgh* (Pittsburgh: 1950), 2, 175, 178; Roy Rosenzweig, *Eight Hours for What We Will: Workers and Leisure in an Industrial City, 1870-1920* (Cambridge: 1983), 149. Rosenzweig, who studied Worcester, Massachusetts, noted that city playgrounds and parks mirrored their surrounding communities and, because of geography and choice, reinforced patterns of ethnic enclaves.

⁴ Bruce M. Stave, *The New Deal and*

Phipps Conservatory has long been a park beacon. Its November 1982 "Fiesta of Fall Flowers," dedicated to flower loving Mexico, marked a rare occurrence of Spanish culture in otherwise ethnically diverse Pittsburgh. The first Phipps flower show ever devoted to one country, the event drew 45,000 visitors and featured 33,000 chrysanthemums of 300 varieties.



the Last Hurrah: Pittsburgh Machine Politics (Pittsburgh: 1970), 45-9; John Bodnar, Roger Simon and Michael P. Weber, *Lives of Their Own: Blacks, Italians and Poles in Pittsburgh, 1900-1960* (Urbana: 1982), 23-24, 47, 210, 276; Michael P. Weber, *Don't Call Me Boss: David L. Lawrence, Pittsburgh's Renaissance Mayor* (Pittsburgh: 1988), 12-13, 25; David Templeton, "Schenley Park: Where Mother Nature and Human Nature Co-exist," *Pittsburgh Press Sunday Magazine*, 4 Aug. 1984.

⁵ Susan P. Ruben, ed., *ThistleTalk* 14 (Summer 1986), publication of the Winchester-Thurston Alumnae Association, 7; Weber, 12; Ruth (Clarke) Williams, Pittsburgh, telephone interview with the author, 22 June 1989. Like many older city neighborhoods, demographic changes were occurring in the 1920s in Oakland for a variety of reasons: over-crowding, the development of newer, more attractive suburbs and improved transportation, to name a few. At first glance, it would appear ironic that reformers, many of whom were among the established elite leaving Oakland, in part, because

of ethnic Catholic in-migration, should also be concerned with improving the cultural and physical environment of the city's poor. It is ironic. The key to understanding this tension is that such reformers most often limited their efforts to ameliorating the ethnic Catholics' condition, as opposed to solving the causes of their impoverishment: e.g., subsistent wages, the open shop, and subsequent inability to acquire higher education and upward social mobility. To rectify these problems, reformers would have had to advocate a profound restructuring of the economic system and labor-management relations. Such a restructuring would have required reformers to forfeit their political, social and economic advantages, or at least to accept a somewhat lower standard of living.

⁶ M. Hoke Gottschall, *Constructive Pittsburgh: A Review of the Balcock Administration* (Pittsburgh: 1922), 14, 39; *Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph*, 31 Dec. 1920; *Pittsburgh Post*, 30 Aug. 1921.

⁷ Judd, 66, footnote 58; Gottschall, 14.

⁸ Civic Club of Allegheny County, *Fif-*

teen YearsofCivic History(Pittsburgh: 1910), 15, 37; James D. Crawford, ed., *Municipal Year Book, 1915, City of Pittsburgh* (Pittsburgh: 1915), 65; Judd, 56, footnote 12; Gangewere, 28.

⁹ *Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph*, 15 Aug. 1921, 9 Sept. 1921; *Pittsburgh Post*, 4 July 1920.

¹⁰ *Pittsburgh Post*, 4 July 1920; *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*, 5 July 1930, 5 July 1940. Prior to the 1920s, Independence Day celebrations, personally organized by Edward Bigelow, had been orchestrated to promote solemnity and sobriety among Pittsburgh's working class. Ministers and "society women" stressed patriotic and moral values. The commercialization of Independence Day celebrations in Schenley Park in the 1920s reflected the larger society's transforming values, e.g., consumption and mass appeal superceding more restrained and individualistic values prominent among the wealthy segment of the population.

¹¹ Anthony Schmeck, Pittsburgh, telephone interview with the author, 22 June 1989; Ruth (Tracht) Blain, Pittsburgh, telephone interview with the author, 22 June 1989.

¹² Rob Ruck, *Sandlot Seasons: Sport in Black Pittsburgh* (Urbana: 1987), 40-42, 44; Francis G. Couvares, *The Remaking of Pittsburgh: Class and Culture in an Industrializing City, 1877-1919* (Albany: 1984), 123-5.

¹³ Gerry (Katz) Tanack, Pittsburgh, personal interview with author, 5 June 1989; Celeste (Silberstein) Behrend, Pittsburgh, telephone interview with

the author, 22 June 1989; Gangewere, 26; Pittsburgh Bureau of Parks, *Annual Report of the Bureau of Parks, Department of Public Works, City of Pittsburgh, for the Year 1938* (Pittsburgh: 1939).

¹⁴ Gerry (Katz) Tanack, Pittsburgh, personal interview with author, 22 June 1989.

¹⁵ *Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph*, 18 May 1932; *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*, 28 Oct. 1936.

¹⁶ *The Bulletin* (Pittsburgh), 8 July 1899, 13 July 1901, 24 Aug. 1901, 13 May 1922, 20 May 1922, 3 June 1922, 10 June 1922, 17 June 1922, 21 June 1922.

¹⁷ Pittsburgh Bureau of Parks, 1938 *Annual Report*; Stave, 46.

¹⁸ Pittsburgh Bureau of Parks, 1938 *Annual Report*; Pittsburgh Bureau of Parks, *Annual Report of the Bureau of Parks, Department of Public Works, City of Pittsburgh, for the Year 1939* (Pittsburgh: 1940); Gangewere, 28.

¹⁹ Willis, 152, 175.

²⁰ *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*, 3 July 1950, 5 July 1950, 5 July 1960; Bodnar, et al., 275; Lindel Gum, "Turning Thirtysomething: The Three Rivers Art Festival Settles Down," *In Pittsburgh*, 24 May - 30 May 1989; Roy Lubove, *Twentieth-CenturyPittsburgh: Government, Business and Environmental Change* (New York: 1969), includes an excellent discussion of race relations in Pittsburgh during the 1960s. Lubove characterizes the buildings constructed by the University of Pittsburgh during the 1960s as being in the "concrete fortress" architectural style. I am suggesting this was, in part,

a response to the encroaching black ghetto.

²¹ Jon C. Teaford, *The Twentieth-Century American City: Problem, Promise, and Reality* (Baltimore: 1986), 109-10, 142; Diane Lefkowitz, "Mother Nature: Citiparks' Louise Brown and the Greening of Pittsburgh," *In Pittsburgh*, 24 May - 30 May 1989.

²² Stave, 86-87, 125.

²³ *Pittsburgh Press*, 12 Nov. 1972, 21 Feb. 1973, 10 June 1973, 17 June 1973.

²⁴ Lubove, 129, 140; Templeton, "Schenley Park: Where Mother Nature and Human Nature Co-exist." Godfrey Hodgson, in *America in Our Time: From World War II to Nixon, What Happened and Why* (New York: 1978), 401-404, 407-408, 411, observed that the environmental movement of the 1960s and 1970s, and such lobby groups as the Sierra Club, drew their support from a college-educated and generally upper-middle-class population. From the environmental movement's perspective, mass culture went hand-in-hand with corporate culture to destroy precious resources. Conservation, the activists argued, required changing the forms of mass leisure pursuits so that man and nature can co-exist. Invariably, this meant people should forsake snowmobiles and recreational vehicles and heed the environmentalists' counsel.

²⁵ *In Pittsburgh*, 24 May - 30 May 1989; *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*, 19 May 1989; *Pittsburgh Press*, 14 Feb. 1977; Templeton, "Schenley Park: Where Mother Nature and Human Nature Co-exist."



Bigelow's Arcadian ideal remains in place today, as do the park's two "Tufa" stone bridges built during the depression of 1893.

Remnants of an

IN the 1980s, plant closures are major news, but the story itself is not new. Out in the rural landscape of Western Pennsylvania, the remnants of many bygone industries tell tales of changed fortunes. For more than 15 years, we have been exploring these sites on foot, trying to understand the industrial culture created in the late nineteenth century, and ebbing now in the late twentieth.

We came upon Langeloth by surprise.

On a May afternoon, we parked our car in Burgettstown, 30 miles west of Pittsburgh, and started walking. Our immediate objective was a deserted mine site along the Conrail tracks a couple of miles west of town.

It was not pleasant walking. It was hot (October through April is the best season for hikers), and the railbed had been recently renewed with large-cut gravel — hard on the feet, even through vibram-soled boots. When we finally got there, we found that the mine site indicated on our topographic map was not only abandoned, it was obliterated. All that remained was a small brick building and a barren landscape recontoured by a bulldozer.

We swung up the hill, away from the tracks. On the other side, we found a huge pile of slate: the best visible evidence left of the mine we'd originally set out for. We circled the mound for a few minutes, taking pictures, then followed a country road for a mile or so, past farms and modest suburban homes, and climbed the hill into the little village of Langeloth.

So far the walk had been unspectacular and disappointing, though we paused to examine a deserted company store in Langeloth, and to admire, briefly, a modern hilltop plant that makes molybdenum, a metal used to harden steel.

From Langeloth, we headed down again, past a row of old-fashioned company houses (with the usual barrage of barking dogs) into the next hollow, where we knew there *had* to be an old mine. Still we couldn't find anything much — some coal dust and evidence of a few building foundations, but mostly weeds.

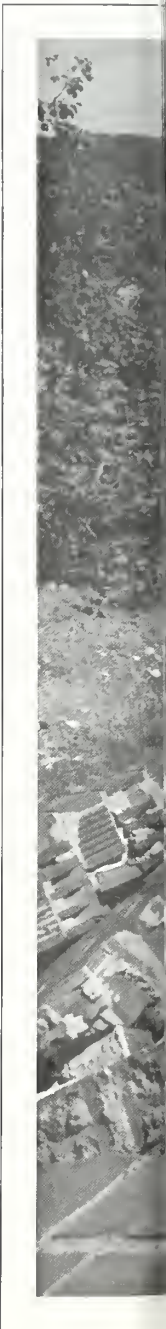
It was after we climbed the abutment of a railroad trestle and started east along the tracks that our "discovery" began.

The tracks were old but clearly still used occasionally. As we moved along, we could see a modern tippie and coal-sorter to our right: perhaps another small company processing the tailings of a mine. Up to our left were increasingly large slate dumps from an earlier operation.

We moved off the tracks and began to climb through the dumps. Gradually the panorama unfolded: first a set of concrete ruins, the foundations of a small building, then a series of concrete piers advancing up the hillside. Around us was a vast expanse of heaped slate, the remnants, we felt, of a large mining operation. The glare of the sun, now low on the horizon, made the piles incredibly black.

But we were still below the hillcrest. When we reached the top, we were on a plateau. The scene that stretched out before us, two dozen acres across, looked like a capital city devastated in some ancient war. Or was a more apt image a German industrial site, circa 1945?

David Demarest and Eugene Levy teach in the English and history departments respectively at Carnegie Mellon University.



Industrial Landscape

By David Demarest and Eugene Lev



Industrial ruins, Langeloth, Pa., 1989.

Strewn out ahead of us were house-sized chunks of concrete, mounds of brick and steel rails, steel beams tossed here and there. In a hillside to our left several tunnels, clogged with rubble, were dripping water. Two hundred yards straight ahead were the hulks of buildings: ragged roofs, broken windows, large saplings grown up through gaps in the walls.

Our assumption that this was a mine site quickly changed as we examined the rubble. The tunnels were too small and numerous to be mine entries. A series of large, rectangular concrete pits (now filled with water) evidently had been part of a yardrail system for unloading materials, but they had only slight resemblance to arrangements we'd seen at mines.

The most intriguing feature was a set of oven-like structures concentrated at the far side of the site, built into the rim of a man-made cliff. The ovens looked like broken towers. Circular window-like openings near their tops were ringed with decorative brick. Tunnel entries at their bases seemed designed, perhaps, for fuel. Around the ovens was debris of brick and broken ceramic materials glazed over from intense heat.

As we looked back across the bulldozed open stretches of the site (toward the towering smokestack of the modern molybdenum plant half a mile away), the desolation was complete — and, we could see, deliberate. Not only a bulldozer had done its work; dynamite had been applied to many of the structures. Three immense tanks sat smashed, like a row of hats hit on the crowns by a giant fist.

It was a weekday, during working hours, but no one was working here — not anymore.

The date we could find on ruined rail tracks, 1920, confirmed our sense that here was an industrial site that had had its heyday more than half a century ago. But what had it been?

We left the row of ovens and headed toward the town of Slovan in the hollow below, climbing through the rubble of huge concrete stanchions blasted down the hillside. At the foot of the hill we noted a small mine entry with "1914" pressed into the concrete above the portal. We crossed a right-of-way laid out for two sets of tracks. Rusted rails trailed off toward Burgettstown.

Later we learned that the industrial bones we had stumbled across that warm spring day in 1980 were the remains of a zinc plant which had prospered in its time, then ceased to be, quickly and finally. *Zinc* in Western Pennsylvania? Not steel, not coal?

As we began to investigate, it grew clear that the forces that brought this strange monument to zinc into being and caused its end were the same forces that produced similar histories elsewhere in Western Pennsylvania, and more broadly throughout industrial America.

THE NEW ZINC SMELTER AT LANGELOTH

A new zinc-smelting works near Pittsburgh, Penn. is about to be put in operation. The plant is right over a coal mine which supplies the fuel. The gas producers, roasting furnaces and smelting furnaces are of the Hegeler type. The methods of handling materials in the works are chiefly mechanical. — *Engineering and Mining Journal*, Dec. 5, 1914

EXTRA —
ZINC PLANT TO CLOSE
STOP ORDER HERE TODAY
— *Burgettstown Enterprise*
June 26, 1947

The American Zinc and Chemical Co., a subsidiary of American Metal (now Amax), came into being in 1914 for several reasons. It was accessible to a prime

zinc market. Only 30 miles from Pittsburgh, the new plant was even closer to the steel mills of the Ohio River Valley, which would use its product to galvanize steel. Transportation was convenient. The main trunk of the Pennsylvania Railroad passed through Burgettstown, just two miles away, and spur lines could be extended around the plant site to bring zinc ore in from Missouri mines and carry off finished slabs.

Most important, beneath the leveled hilltops on which the plant was built lay large coal deposits, the famous Pittsburgh seam: cheap fuel for the retort furnaces. The Langeloth works honored a basic axiom of heavy industry: Get as close to the energy source as possible.

Finally, there was the region's cheap immigrant labor, mostly Eastern and Southern Europeans, though, for particular historic reasons, zinc smelting also attracted Spaniards. On an adjoining hillcrest, American Zinc would build "Langeloth," a company town (named after Jacob Langeloth, chairman of American Metal) to house its workers.

CAESAR PRADO — Spaniards in Langeloth

Prado worked in the zinc plant from 1929 until a few months before it closed in 1947. In an interview at his home in 1981, we asked him about his family background.

I was born here in this country, but my people came from Spain.

What happened is quite a story....

There was a zinc factory in northern Spain, and they went on strike. Of course, at that time you didn't talk about unionism in Spain. But, on their own, the men struck the damn plant. So they fired them all.

There was an English engineer who was in Spain, helping to take some of the bugs out of this plant, and he got to know some of the workers there. That engineer then came here to this country and helped put up a plant out west, near St. Louis somewhere, and he started looking for workers.

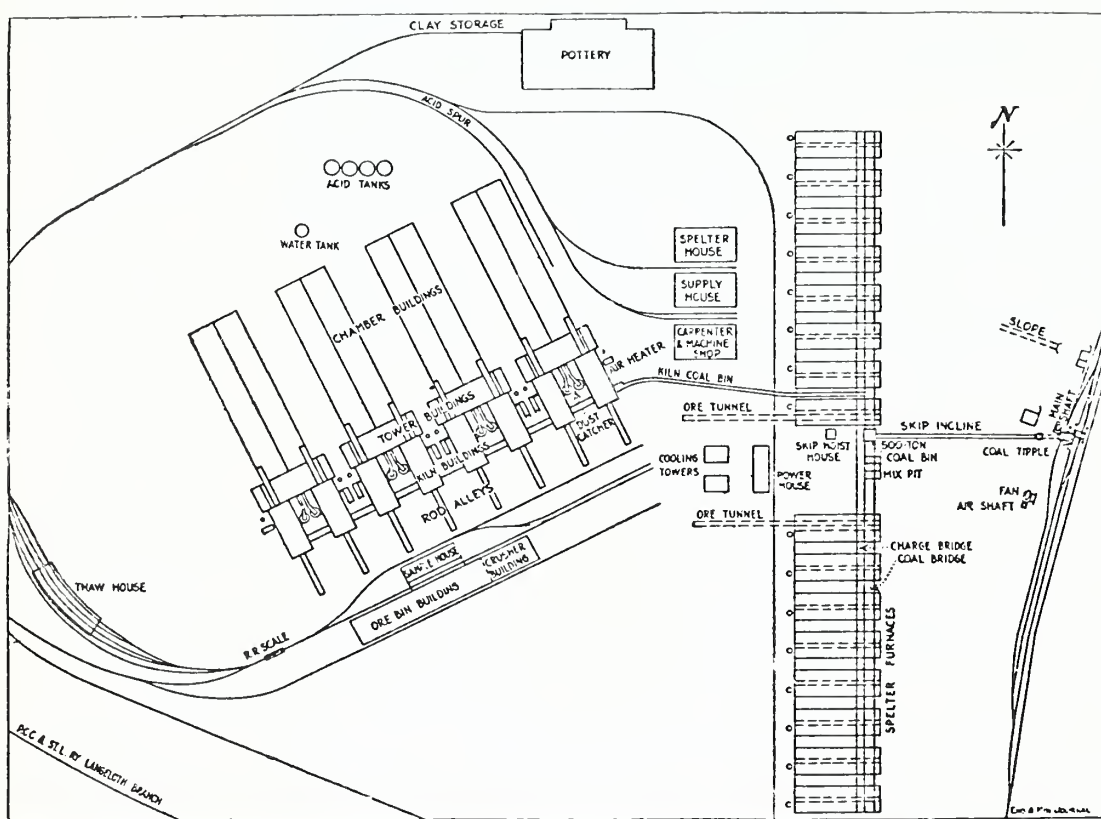
Now after those guys in Spain got fired, most of them went to Cuba to make their fortunes — it's a Spanish-speaking country. So this engineer went to Cuba and spotted them on the street, and after hellos, told them, "Hey, I'm down here looking for workers. You guys out of work?" He paid their fares to go to America, out west there.

So afterwards, after they got out there, they sent to Spain for more of their friends. That's how they all came. They put all these Spaniards on one furnace, and knowing the work the way they did, why naturally they outproduced the others.

Then they started drifting off. That's how we came here — we heard that Langeloth was opening up a zinc works.

The Spaniards more or less stayed together — they couldn't speak American. My mother couldn't say hello in American 10 years after she got here. She had been left a widow in East St. Louis, with three children. My oldest brother was 5 years old; I was 3; and my youngest brother was 18 months.

So that's when we came here. That was back in 1915 — I was born in 1912. So the plant must have opened in about 1914. We heard about it by word of mouth.



GENERAL PLAN OF WORKS

On our first visit, we had entered the plant site at its southwest corner. The plant's rail tracks seemed to begin where we were standing, and to move east. In fact, we were at the spot where zinc ore entered the site, shipped from the Midwest and later from South America via Baltimore. The roofs over the ore storage bins are now gone; some are filled with water; others are clogged by rubbish.

To extract the sulfur content, the ore was moved by conveyor belts across the plant yard to two roasting furnaces. Perhaps 70 feet high, these were composed of seven large hearths (each 6 feet by 80 feet) stacked one above the other. It was an "extraordinarily massive construction," according to a 1914 article in *Engineering and Mining Journal*.

Today, only the foundations, with their under-tunnels, exist. Imagining the massive roasters is an intellectual exercise. The three giant battered tanks we observed on our first visit were the sole remains of the operation that transformed the sulfur dioxide freed from the ore into sulfuric acid, the plant's most important by-product. Since the process used large lead-lined chambers, American Metal dismantled Langeloth's acid plant with particular thoroughness to salvage the lead. Today, even the tanks are gone, "victims" of soaring scrap prices.

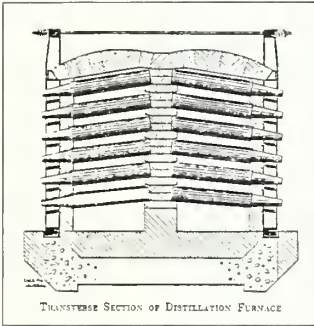
The ore itself, reduced to zinc oxide, was moved from the roaster, by hopper

car, 100 yards farther east, then hoisted to a set of tracks that ran across the tops of Langeloth's eight distilling furnaces. For us, exploring the plant in the 1980s, it was this climactic step, the smelting itself, that most engaged us. Starting with our first visit we were intrigued by the architecture of the furnace area. The rubble of four wall-like structures stretches out from east to west, each about 90 feet long, about 100 feet between them. In the best preserved spots along the heat-scarred walls, the butt ends of large ceramic retorts are set on shelf-like ridges. The debris piled nearby is a blend of broken ceramics and hundreds of bricks, with a variety of names set in them, "St. Louis,"



"Laclede," "Phoenix."

We learned that the charred walls were the center walls of the furnaces. Ceramic retorts, about 5 feet long and 8 inches in diameter, were anchored in rows to both sides of these walls, suspended horizontally in a slight down-tilt, and supported at their front ends by a brick facade, where a conical ceramic condenser was attached during the smelting. On each side of the center wall, the retorts, stacked several rows high, were enclosed at the top by an arched brick roof. In effect, the furnace was a long tunnel.



At Langeloth, the smelting furnaces were located at the hilltop edge nearest the coal mine in the hollow below.

Hoisted on an incline several hundred feet long, the coal was converted into gas, combusted, and blown by fans down the length of the distilling furnaces. At either end of the units, tower-like structures (which we'd first thought of as ovens) were part of a continuous flue system that drove the ignited gas.

Much of the appeal of the site, for us, was aesthetic. We were struck by the beauty of the brick, whether strewn about in a rubble of many colors, or still set carefully in structures. Brick, an ancient building material, was the architectural staple of the industrial era. Brick is human sized, laid by individual workers. It suggests skill and craftsmanship. Even as we began to "read" the meaning of the furnace ruins, the statement made by the architecture stayed vividly in mind: Here was a technology intimately dependent on the activity of human workers.

According to ex-workers we talked to, the dozen or so men per shift who ran each furnace moved the materials by hand; they monitored the process — the temperature level, the readiness of the zinc for drawing — by eyesight, from experience. The tools they used were startlingly simple, designed with long handles to let the men stand back a few feet from the intense heat. Tools had graphic names: "charging scoop," "blow out hose," "connie boy's bumper."

The work was heavy, hot and dirty, potentially dangerous. Emissions of sulfur and particulate made it, to some unmeasured degree, unhealthy. The zinc plant in Donora, some 40 miles away, built in 1916 and dismantled in the early 1960s, used the same technology as Langeloth and was a notorious polluter, but it was located in a river valley. Langeloth's hilltop site, open to the winds, may have helped, though nearby slopes still show the scars of chemical fallout.

Caesar Prado, a young man when he worked on the furnaces, recalled his rapid heartbeat and the heaviness of his lungs at the end of the shift. He also



remembered running the half mile home from work, and feeling fine by the time he got there.

As the workers sweated through their clothes, they took off their shirts and hung them on pipes in the furnace shed. Prado told us that in hot weather, when they were finished for the day, the men would strip naked before walking across the plant yard to the shower building.



CAESAR PRADO AND JOE ABATE — “The beautiful part about the work up there...”

Abate worked in the zinc plant from the early 1930s to its closing. Prado was an officer of the local union until the final months.

Prado: The beautiful part about the work up there — those were the “good young days” for us — was that you had to be there at 4 o’clock....

Abate: That’s 4 o’clock in the morning — right after midnight: *that* 4 o’clock!

Prado: Right, because that’s when it was cool. Those furnaces were one solid damn wall of red hot fire. Five minutes after you started work, water was squishing in your shoes. You were soaked (that kept you from burning up too, which was good). The whistle would blow at 5, and we’d get the furnace ready to draw — tear it down, clean it out, and charge it back up. We’d do that in three and a half hours, and then we’d go home. So in effect we got paid for eight hours of work, and we worked maybe four hours. That wasn’t simply because the workers wanted it that way. It benefited the company. It gave them a longer smelting period. It was a 24-hour schedule, and if we took eight hours to charge the furnaces, let’s face it, they’d have only 16 hours to smelt that ore. They’d have to burn a helluva a lot of it, instead of taking it easy, cooking it. So it actually benefited them to have us finish in four hours: they’d have 20 hours in which to smelt that ore.

Abate: Most of the work was what we'd call piece work. It was "Do your job, and then get the hell out of here and go home, you're done." It would be nothing for four men to unload 200 ton of ore out of the boxcars, starting at 7, and be done by 11 or 12 o'clock in the morning. It would be nothing for the zinc loaders to load 200 or 300 ton of zinc from 5 o'clock in the morning till 10 o'clock. It was a good system, it worked.

After the plant went down, four of us went down to Koppers in Monaca. We needed a job. I'll never forget it. They gave us, four of us, a 50 ton car of rock salt to unload. What did we know? It was our first day on the job. So we took our shovels, and at 10 o'clock we were done! They'd never seen anything like that. "Are you people crazy? This is a two-day job!" What did we know? So after the first wave went down there, they couldn't hire enough people from up here. After we worked there a little while, they had ways of slowing you down.



We returned to Langeloth a number of times, in all seasons. Once in January, with Caesar Prado as guide, we hiked the site during a heavy snow squall.

Weeks later, with a scattering of snow still on the ground, we explored for the first time the pottery, a now roofless brick structure, many of its floors fallen in — some of it (in 1989) partially torn down. The building's central space had evidently housed the ceramics workshop, where retorts and condensers were fashioned. On either side, in flanking wings, were storage chambers.

One spring in the early 1980s, we approached across the blue-green slag dump of the operating molybdenum plant and examined the pottery's innards at leisure. It had that strange look of suspended animation we'd seen at other abandoned plants and mines in Western Pennsylvania — as though work had stopped in the middle of a shift, and people had simply walked away.





A mound of clay stood under a chute, like a stalagmite. Nearby lay the bit of a large machine, used for boring out the retorts. In one of the side chambers, hundreds of finished condensers were heaped, some broken, where they had fallen when a floor above had given way. The pottery, showing the prominence of ceramics in the whole zinc smelting process, seemed to summarize the Langeloth operation. In a quite literal sense, it was *basic* industry: earthy, primary.

We also visited the village of Langeloth. Located on the hill ridge one-half mile north of the plant, it had been intended as a “model town” by founder Jacob Langeloth. During the zinc era, the company built the houses, supplied electricity from the plant, ran the water works, and supported the elementary school. Residents we spoke to recall the services as better than those in nearby towns. They remember the low rents and the company’s free supply of home improvement materials.

Langeloth’s neighborhoods divided ethnically. “English,” or “Americans” — the managers — had homes along the hill ridge on the north side of the main

street. "Biscuit shooters," workers who had migrated from Appalachia, lived across the street; next to them were a couple of blocks of Spaniards. Down the hill were Italians, Greeks and some Mexicans. Caesar Prado said there was a good deal of kidding between the groups, but they got along "like one big family."

The only retail outlet in Langeloth was the company store. The town was dry. There was a Protestant church; Catholics, the majority group, traveled to Burgettstown, two miles away. Workers who wished to buy or build homes lived in Slovan, in the hollow just east of the plant, where the population became predominantly Eastern European. Judging by the storefronts (some now closed) along its main street, Slovan was a more characteristic mill town than Langeloth. One old-timer told us, "It was like a frontier town. There were taverns up and down the street. It was open all night."

The zinc works at Langeloth operated for 33 years. Creating in mind's eye its technology, we had come to see it as typical of the Pittsburgh region's historic industries: labor intensive, and thus dependent on cheap labor; built literally on coal as the energy source.

On June 24, 1947, American Zinc and Chemical announced it was shutting down, and in the plant's closing, we found another typical story. Labor cost was one obvious element. The plant was unionized in the 1930s, and like workers in most of America's unionized industries, members of the Smeltersmen's Local 95 started a post-war push to improve wages and benefits. The company took the line that new wage demands and strikes would spell the end. When union and management could not agree on a contract in the spring of 1947, the company made its decision. Those who wished to blame the union for the Langeloth shutdown could, and did. One industry analyst summed up:

An example of the end result of super-unionism and low worker productivity is evidenced by the case of the zinc smelter located at Langeloth, Pennsylvania, which shut down operations permanently in December 1947. The damaging effect of compounded labor inefficiency had increased the cost of producing zinc to such an extent that this smelter could no longer sell its product at a competitive price. — C.M. Cotterill, "Technology and Logistics of Zinc Smelting," *Industrial Plant Location*, 1950.

But other factors may have been more decisive. The plant needed new investment for repairs, particularly in the acid facility, which had been badly damaged by use. More fundamentally, such evidence as we found (in the absence of detailed financial statements) suggests that the plant was never particularly profitable. It may never have achieved the market projected by its developers. The Depression went on for nearly one-third of the plant's life, and during that time the plant operated at only a fraction of capacity. Ex-workers recall how zinc slabs were stockpiled in nearby hollows until they loomed above the level of the plant itself, and then were sold immediately at the start of World War II. An ex-manager of American Metal, Erwin Weil, suggested to us in a phone interview that if not for the war, the plant would have been shut down sooner.

Langeloth's horizontal retort technology, developed in the 1870s, was also obsolescent. An electrothermic vertical retort furnace, offering better labor efficiencies, was installed by another company in nearby Monaca in the 1930s. By the 1940s, new plants built in America were using an electrolytic process. Situated in the northwestern states, these facilities could capitalize on cheap hydroelectricity. In the Southwest, even the old horizontal retort technology profitted from cheap natural gas. Coal had lost its comparative advantage as a fuel. Moreover, in the West, the industry could often employ cheaper non-union labor.

In a front page editorial on June 26, 1947, the *Burgettstown Enterprise*

lamented the plant's closing in terms that have become familiar in northeastern America:

The die is cast! The dire threat that has been stifling trade and progress in this Community for a quarter of a century today becomes a fact.

When the powers that be of the American Zinc and Chemical Company announced to the salaried employees and members of the Langeloth Smeltermen's Union this morning at 10 o'clock that operations at the hill plant will be stopped and the plant dismantled ("in an orderly fashion, it is hoped") a blow was hurled at this community that it will be hard to recover from.

Pulling our biggest industry, employing a thousand men, and cessation of a payroll that ran well into the millions of dollars simply is verification of "scare" rumours that have stifled the community many, many years.

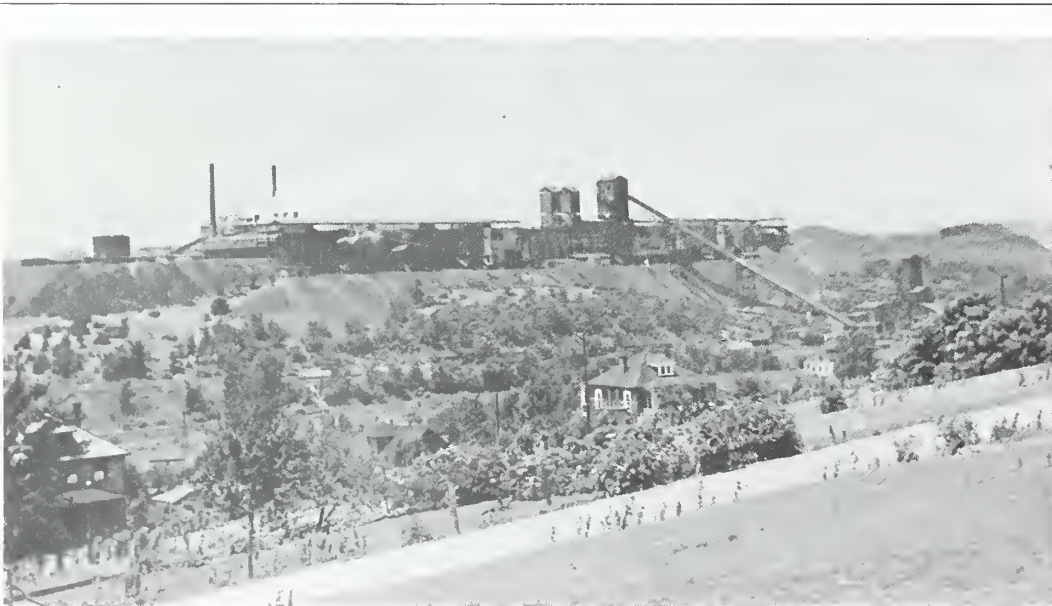
Today the bitterness seems gone. "It was a good company to work for" was the summary comment offered to us most often.

Langeloth still has the look of a rural village. The houses on its hill ridge, managers' homes in the zinc era, are well kept. The street grid slopes off into an undeveloped hollow — a railroad station was once there — then resumes on the hill to the south: Miners Hill, where the zinc plant's coal miners lived. Some of the houses on the lower slope and on Miners Hill are in disrepair, but in general the town is clean and pleasant.

Across from Climax Molybdenum, on the crest of the hill, is the house of Gus Barbush, the former operator of the company store. With the demise of American Zinc and Chemical, Barbush bought the Langeloth Townsite Co. and eventually sold off the former company houses to local residents. His own home, decorated in red, was once the residence of the zinc plant's superintendent. Barbush, a Greek immigrant who settled in Langeloth by 1920, died in Spring 1989, at age 90.

Caesar Prado and Joe Abate — our major sources of first-hand information — still live nearby. Retired from his own Burgettstown appliance business, Prado has a suburban home just outside of Langeloth. Abate, who managed the Robinson Township Municipal Authority for many years, is also retired and lives in a small house in Slovan — in fact, the house he was raised in.

Both men enjoy talking about the zinc works. ■



View of zinc works from Slovan, c.1945

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Still a Grand View: the Ship Hotel and the Lincoln Highway

By Brian A. Butko



1920s-era pioneers at Grand View Point Hotel, near Bedford, Pa.



IMAGINE driving toward the East Coast in the 1930s from Pittsburgh. You'd go with your parents in their big black sedan, maybe a Ford. You'd head down Route 30, the Lincoln Highway, past Greensburg, Ligonier, and then into the Allegheny Mountains. And just as the ride was beginning to get tiresome, your car topped a hill, rounded a curve, and there it was, a steamship. A steamship! It was too good to pass by... "Let's stop!"

For almost 60 years people have stopped at the ship hotel at Grandview Point to "See 3 States and 7 Counties," as the sign on the ship's hull proclaims to all passing motorists. Though a fair amount of visitors stop today, it was perhaps the most popular attraction on the highway from the 1920s through the 1950s, before the interstate highway system dominated travel considerations. It was a time when people did not race to their destination, when the success of a trip was measured by the enjoyment of the journey, not just the number of miles accomplished per hour. Roadside entrepreneurs, competing for the business of these new adventurers, tried to make their places as eye-catching and irresistible as possible. Unique as it was, the ship hotel was a typical roadside attraction of the era, so its story is entwined with the road it was on, the Lincoln Highway.

U.S. Route 30 in Pennsylvania is actually just the most recent name for a road whose history stretches back hundreds of years. It is a combination of what were originally various Indian and trader paths crossing southern Pennsylvania. Paths from Bedford to Pittsburgh were used when General John Forbes removed trees and stumps to carve the Forbes Road across the mountains of Pennsylvania in 1758. The eastern paths were improved even earlier for traders and farmers fanning out from Philadelphia. After some course changes, the southerly connection of routes became known as the Pennsylvania Road, later consisting of many privately run turnpikes. This succession of stone surfaced toll roads carried wagons and stagecoaches to the quickly developing west for the next 100 years. Only the rise of canals and railroads in the 1840s diminished the traffic.

After the turn of the century, automobiles shared the road with wagons and stagecoaches, and the companies that owned some of the turnpikes on the Pennsylvania Road made minor improvements. The Pennsylvania Road, however, was the

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exception in America, for most roads were not improved and, more importantly, most did not connect places but simply radiated from towns. The few trails that were improved were at best graded and graveled, making travel over them difficult, and travel in wet weather impossible. Even the Pennsylvania Road saw only 50 cars pass one of its tollgates in 1905, though at the time this was considered to be a large number. Many civic groups and automobile organizations pushed for better roads, but organized action was slow in coming.

It was in this environment that Carl Fisher first conceived of a road to cross the United States. Fisher, who later developed Miami Beach, was already well known in the auto industry for pioneering the Indianapolis Speedway and for founding the Prest-O-Lite lighting system for cars. He knew auto manufacturers looked to road improvements for stimulating sales and that, as an avid motorist himself, car owners wanted improved roads and signs. The enthusiastic Fisher was able to get pledges of financial and manual support from most of the top auto men and local support from towns hopeful to be on the route, leading to the formation in 1913 of the Lincoln Highway Association. Its official purpose was to establish a continuously paved, toll-free road from New York to San Francisco as a memorial to Abraham Lincoln. But even more, the association's officers hoped to educate the public on the value of the highways and their improvement. This they did, for as people saw the improved sections of the Lincoln Highway,

they bought more cars, and as traffic increased so did the demand for improvements.

The Lincoln Highway was not a new road but rather a system of continuing improvements to existing roads. The highway was marked its entire length by red, white, and blue bands at a time when road signs were virtually nonexistent. Recalling her 1914 cross-country trip, Effie Gladding wrote that she found the markers "sometimes painted on telephone poles, sometimes put up by way of advertisement over garage doors or swinging on hotel signboards; sometimes painted on little stakes, like croquet goals, scattered along over the great spaces of the desert. We learned to love the red, white, and blue, and the familiar big L which told us that we were on the right road."

Trouble arose when bands designating other trails were painted on the same poles. Sometimes a half-dozen routes or more were on the same trail, and motorists struggled to find their route's marking. The Lincoln Highway began using porcelainized metal signs, as did other highways, but the haphazard marking of trails and the swelling list of named highways were big obstacles for

Early 20th century

early travellers. Not until 1925, after the government had begun to finance road improvements, did a federal numbering system erase all named

highways. Pennsylvania delayed for three years, calling the road both the Lincoln Highway and Pennsylvania Route 1 until 1928. It then became U.S. Route 30 in Pennsylvania and much of the nation, but people still called it the Lincoln Highway.

The Lincoln Highway through the state generally followed the course of the Pennsylvania Road but dipped down from Lancaster to travel a shorter route through York, Gettysburg and Bedford before continuing through Ligonier to Pittsburgh. The last toll section on the road in Pennsylvania was eliminated in 1918, but what drew many people to the Lincoln Highway was the sense of adventure. As the automobile became available to a wider range of people, here was a road that offered a chance to cross the country like the early pioneers and to still return home within a week or two. The Lincoln Highway was not much different from the pioneer roads, for it often was little more than two wagon tracks across a field or over a mountain. Within 10 years improvements would make the road much tamer, but the Lincoln Highway was already as ingrained in American mythology as the early wagon roads.

The first boom in filling stations, hotels and

restaurants — businesses suited to the new adventurers — had occurred about 1915. One of the attractions on the Lincoln Highway in Pennsylvania was Grand View Point Lookout, which the east-bound traveller came upon shortly after crossing Bald Knob Summit and entering Bedford County. This hill, which had been a problem for wagon traffic, now drew motorists who began stopping to enjoy the breathtaking view. The mountainside curve was at first no wider than the rest of the highway. Early motoring guides warned drivers to park their cars far back and walk to the edge, which had a short stone wall. A rock wall remains, and on a clear day one can see over 60 miles, encompassing Bedford, Blair, Fulton, Franklin, and Somerset counties in Pennsylvania; Alleghany County in Maryland; and Preston County in West Virginia. Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, is to the left and Lovers Leap in Cumberland, Maryland, is on the right.

It was also in the mid-teens that Herbert Paulson left Holland to come to America. Paulson, now deceased, was the builder and owner of the ship hotel, and his son, Walter Paulson of Johnstown, and the builder's only grandchild, Clara Gardner of Bedford, recall basic facts about the hotel's early years. Herbert Paulson first settled in Alliance, Ohio, but soon moved to Pittsburgh to work in a steel mill as a tool and die maker. He then opened a German social club and a theater on Pittsburgh's South Side before moving to New Baltimore, Somerset County. He opened hotels there and in Cleveland, then in 1927 bought a hot dog stand already operating at Grand View Point. The stand did good business with travellers and highway crews working on the road. Paulson rode the entire length of the road one summer with his wife and two daughters.

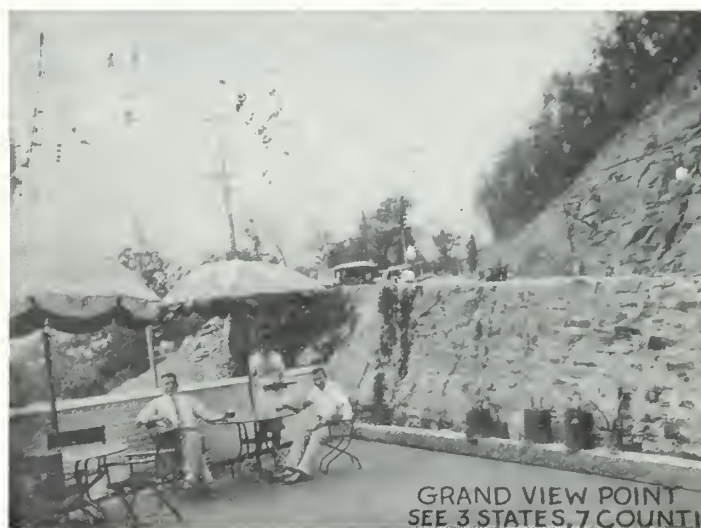
The state improved much of the highway in the 1920s, including a widening of the road at Grand View Point. In 1927 a new stone wall was built with two castle-like turrets on the ends and four at an opening in the middle. Paulson moved his stand to the opening in the wall, so people could sit while

eating. He soon decided to make his building permanent, and at the wall opening he put up a square building with castle turrets on the roof that re-

1920s

sembled the stone turrets. The building had four stories, three below road level. When finished, he called his place the Grand View Point Hotel. Rooms started at \$1 and the 24-hour restaurant featured a chicken waffle dinner, a local German specialty. Even the brand of ice cream at the restaurant — Castles — complimented the outdoor em-

bellishments. Rooms were on the lower floors while the restaurant and gift shop were on the top floor at road level, with windows all around. A lookout deck on one corner with various telescopes was soon added. The restrooms were down the hill on a



long walk that passed fountains and goldfish ponds.

A gas station across the road, the Grand View Point Service Station, completed the castle motif with a turret on its roof. It had three pumps and free water for motorists, although the water soon became 5¢ a bucket; water was hard to get on the mountain, but that's exactly what many of the primitive cars needed after climbing the mountains. And if your car did make it to the gas station, there was still the danger it would be smashed by an occasional rockslide.

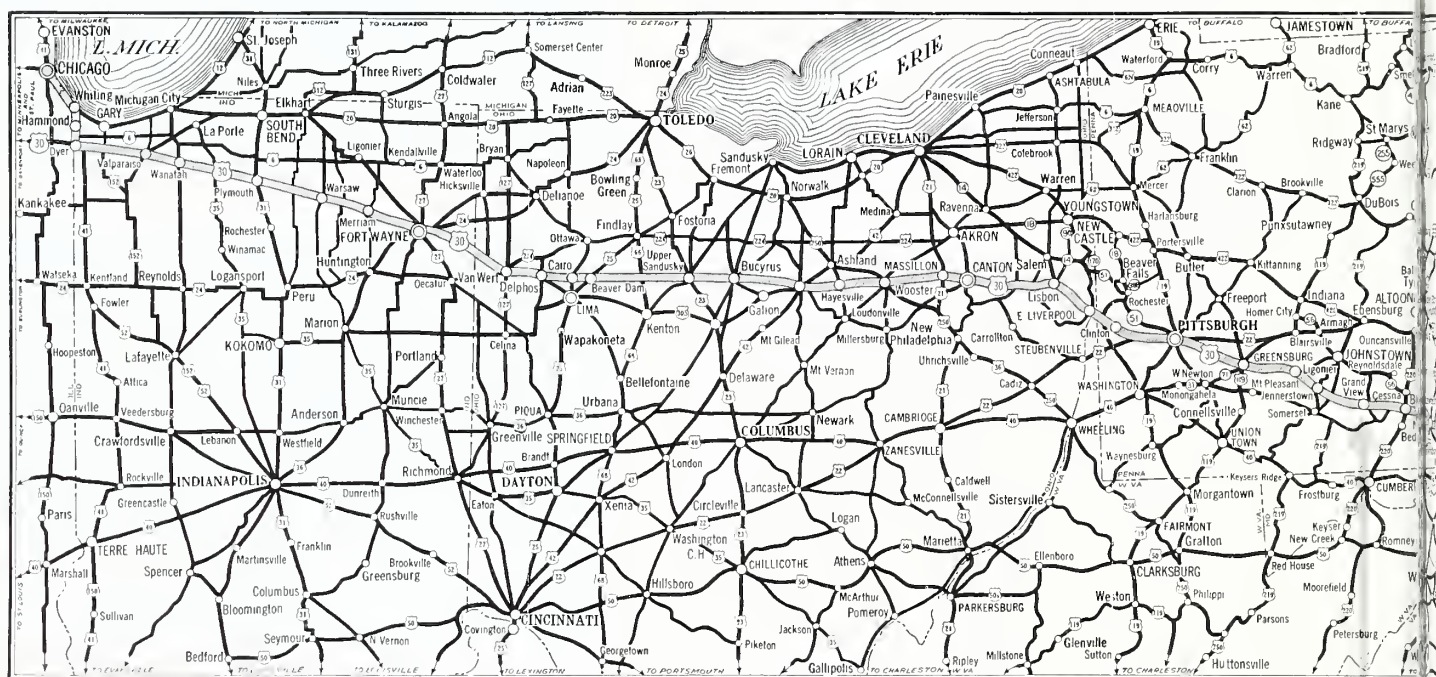
With the Lincoln Highway still being the only paved road running coast to coast, business was excellent and it was soon time to expand. Paulson wished to make his building more attractive and

settled on two ideas, both inspired by the magnificent view. One idea was to build a full castle, since the mountains peeking through the early morning fog looked like a view from a European castle. His other idea was to build a ship, since the fog and mountains reminded him of the gently rolling waves of the sea. He settled on this idea partly because the tapered ends of a ship would not block as much of the view from the road. His love of the sea was the other reason. He would eventually cross the Atlantic 30 times, returning to Holland every two years. (His love of the sea already had earned him the nickname "Captain.")

Construction of the ship began in 1930 and took two years to complete. Three steel I-beams had been buried under the roadbed when it was

widened at the curve. The I-beams were connected to the building to anchor it to the mountain, but the ship still slipped three times during construction. "The state was afraid it would slide," recalls Walter Paulson, "but my father told them, 'It's my property: either you let me build it or you buy the property.'" Eighteen steel piers were then sunk over 30 feet into the rock beneath the building to keep the ship from tumbling down. Metal from junked autos was processed and used to cover the ship's exterior.

When the grand opening came on Memorial Day 1932 the S.S. Grand View Point Hotel really looked like a steamship. A bow and stern were added to the two ends of the original building, and a fifth floor had staterooms and outside decks. On



Shawnee Dam—Near Grand View Point Hotel

The Lincoln Highway (U. S. 30), along which the S. S. Grand View Point Hotel is located, is perhaps the best known route crossing the American continent. Its wide safe construction, easy grades and banked curves make it a road of never ending delight.

Scenic and historic attractions along this route have made it one of the most popular between East and West and those who travel it once return time and

time again to enjoy its marvelous scenery and its hazardous traffic.

One of the outstanding tourists objectives in the world is at Gettysburg (just one hundred miles east of S. S. Grand View Point Hotel) and every year is visited by hundreds of thousands of people. It is an historic shrine that every American should see, and travel over such splendid highways as the Lincoln, makes it a pleasure as well as an educationally worthwhile trip.

Spanning Turtle Creek, the Lincoln Highway (sixty-five miles west of S. S. Grand View Point Hotel) crosses over the great Westinghouse Bridge, a marvel of engineering science. A few miles west lies the great industrial city of Pittsburgh, steel center of the world.

You will enjoy the safe wide ribbons of concrete and a stopover at S. S. Grand View Point Hotel will be long and pleasantly remembered. Make a complete inspection of the Ship in the Allegheny Mountains!



MOTOR MILEAGES TO S. S. GRA

	Miles	
Altoona, Pa. (via Bedford, Pa.)	53	Greensburg, Pa.
Atlantic City, N. J.	270	Harrisburg, Pa.
Atlanta, Georgia	715	Jacksonville, Fla.
Baltimore, Maryland	145	Marysville, Pa.
Bedford, Pa.	71	Philly, Pa.
Chambersburg, Pa.	71	Pittsburgh, Pa.
Chicago, Ill.	545	Richmond, Pa.
Cincinnati, Ohio	372	St. Louis, Mo.
Cleveland, Ohio	212	Salem, Pa.
Cumberland, Md.	48	W. Va.
Detroit, Mich.	380	W. Va.
Fort Worth, Texas	1425	W. Va.
Gettysburg, Pa.	100	W. Va.

the top were two smokestacks and at the prow was a big black anchor. An estimated 500,000 visitors stopped on the dedication day. The Bedford High School Band and a small local German band played, but the big highlight, recalls Paulson, was the bouquet dropped from an airplane onto the ship's deck.

Motorists immediately found the new design alluring. With cars more dependable by the early 1930s, people were no longer stopping just to water their overheated radiators. This gave them more time to enjoy the view, have a soda, and look over the mighty ship out of water.

When entering the ship one still passed between the four stone turrets, but they were cut down to wall level and supported the entrance pillars. The

two turrets at the ends of the wall were covered with wood to make two small lighthouses. Once inside, many surprises awaited the visitor. To the right, in the bow, was the gift shop, which included an array of souvenirs from around the world. Specialties included American Indian jewelry and moc-

casins, which had first caught Paulson's eye in the West on his cross-country trip. To the visitor's left was the main dining room and a marble soda fountain with tall

1930s
1940s

mirrors behind it. Nautical touches filled the room: anchors were carved into the backs of chairs and life preservers were hung on the walls. On the far wall, on either side of a grandfather clock and a portrait of George Washington, hung paintings of Grand View Point. One pictured the earlier stand behind the four turrets and the other showed a current view of the new ship. One of the most beautiful features was the nautical mural that circled the ceiling. These paintings of boats and lighthouses and the ocean actually told the story of the "Captain's" trips to Holland. The banquet room at the stern resembled the dining room. (In later years it featured a small mural of a ship's deck with 11 sailors said to be members of the S.S. Grand View Orchestra that played in the hotel's lounge during the 1930s.) Both rooms had a panoramic view of the hills and valleys. On the road side of the stern was a small cocktail lounge, popular with both locals and night travellers. A guest book at the cash register accumulated thousands of signatures per year. Among the celebrities who signed in were Clara Bow, Mary Pickford, Henry Ford, J.P. Morgan, Joan Crawford, Rudy Vallee, Lillian Gish, Greta Garbo, and Buddy Rogers.

The top floor had the two outdoor decks, both covered with canvas roofs and sporting free telescopes. On the bow was a big ship's wheel with a floating compass and a steam control. A lobby inside the upper floor had a large skylight. There were also 13 elegant rooms, termed "1st Class," including four suites with private baths. All rooms, including the "2nd class" rooms on the lower floors, had hot and cold running water and steam heat provided by five furnaces in the basement. The rate was \$2, or \$4 for rooms with a private bath. All employees lived in the ship and used the rooms just above the basement. At its peak about 40 people shared these dorm-like quarters that they jokingly referred to as "steerage."

Other tourist attractions sprung up all along the Lincoln Highway. It was no longer just the downtown businesses along the highway that vied for the



	Miles
Pa.	50
Pa.	125
Fla.	1035
burg, Pa.	48
h, Pa.	216
Pa.	80
City	315
o.	690
to, Cal.	1325
D. C.	152
Pa.	92
V. Va.	140



The Eternal Light Peace Monument—Gettysburg, Pa.

The S. S. Grand View Point Hotel is open throughout the year and offers complete food and beverage service at all hours of the day until midnight. Clean, comfortable surroundings, modern rooms—reliable touring information—Courteous, accommodating help.

traveller's dollar. Anyone who had enough room for an overnight guest or a gas pump went into business. There was the Lighthouse Restaurant in North Versailles, large enough that it could have guided the ship hotel into port. The Buvett Inn Service Station east of Greensburg had a lunchroom, cabins, and Texaco gas. At the top of Bald Knob Summit was Minick's Hotel, which had a restaurant, cottages, and eight gas pumps. On the other side of Grand View Point was Rus's Place at Tull's Hill, which seemed to be a house with a giant roof added to overhang all sides, and another set of gas pumps. On Bedford's outskirts sat Koontz's Coffee Pot, where you could fill up your car with "White Flash" gasoline at Bert Koontz's Atlantic station and fill up yourself with lunch in his giant silver coffee pot. Just past Breezewood was another popular lookout spot, Bill's Place. Bill's sat on top of Ray's Hill and had 10 gas pumps, an outdoor gift shop, and what Bill claimed was the smallest post office in the United States. It was 6 feet by 8 feet and served six people. Bill's also had a tower to draw tourists in search of a better view of the Blue Ridge Mountains. Nearing larger cities, tourists found even more roadside businesses such as motor courts and the new streamlined diners.

As the competition increased, the S.S. Grand View Point Hotel tried to keep pace. Dances were held on the back deck to draw the locals and a brand new lounge, the Coral Room, was added. Removing the soda fountain and closing in the front pillars later enlarged the lounge. The lounge and dining room also got brand new Wurlitzer "bubbler" jukeboxes, and to outdo mountaintop competition a 20 foot long brass telescope was added. It supposedly was the world's largest outdoor telescope at the time.

The ship's name changed in the 1940s to the S.S. Grand View Hotel and although it continued to draw crowds, the times were changing. The Pennsylvania Turnpike opened in 1940 and people found they could cross the state on this limited-access road much faster than on Route 30. Not only were the mountain grades reduced, but the separated four-lane made travel much safer. The Turnpike was considered the finest road in America at the time, though it only ran 160 miles from Harrisburg to, interestingly enough, Route 30 at Irwin. The Turnpike and the interstates of the 1950s that it inspired took away much of the out-of-state traffic that passed the ship.

Many towns on the Lincoln Highway came to depend on tourist business, as did people living near the road. Away from the road, however, the countryside remained unchanged. Bedford County was rural long after the highway came through. By 1950, when federal census takers considered only .5

percent of Allegheny County's residences rural farms, 30 percent of Bedford County's residences were farms. Even today Bedford County remains relatively unchanged, at least partly because so

1950s to present

much of the non-local traffic has shifted to the Turnpike. (The exact impact of the Turnpike on Route 30's traffic load is nearly impossible to document because relevant records could not be located by officials at the Pennsylvania Department of Highways.)

After Captain Paulson moved on to other things, his son and daughter ran the ship from the 1940s to the late 1970s. Then Jack and Mary Loya took over. Trying to revive business, they renamed the mountain point Mount Ararat and the ship Noah's Ark. They began covering the ship with wooden planking and started a small zoo next to the gas station but soon found that running the place was too much work for two people.

In 1987 they sold the ship to Ron Overly and his fiancée, Christine Ford, who are trying to restore the ship to its former glory. The going is tough because the ship has not been kept after for many years and the changes that were made to convert it into an ark are proving difficult to reverse. Another problem stems from the liquor license, which the former owners let lapse: to get it renewed, all rooms must have lavatories, something the ship didn't have because of the era in which it was built and because a real ship would not have had them. They're both optimistic, however, that the bar and upstairs rooms will be open this summer. They expect their big season, though, to be fall, when travellers are out looking at the foliage. Business was good for them last summer, and Overly says that many former visitors stopped by with reminiscences and suggestions. Although brisk business slows improvements, they are thinking about returning the ship's black exterior siding to its original bright white. Overly plans on restoring the ship as much as possible but also believes a more-elegant-than-original atmosphere will attract modern travellers better. For now the restaurant serves sandwiches and drinks and the gift shop is still there, though many of its contents have moved from souvenir to antique status while sitting there for the past 30 years.

One Bedford woman optimistic about the ship's future is Clara Gardner, Captain Paulson's grandchild. Gardner is a very friendly woman who gets excited talking about her home of many years, the ship hotel. She was born there in 1931 and grew up during the ship's most popular years. Although she

spent her winters at nearby St. Xavier boarding school, she spent her summers and holidays surrounded by hotel visitors. As a little girl, she committed to memory the ship's height above sea level: 2,464 feet. She would stand at the outside wall and sell weeds and postcards to arriving tourists, much to her grandfather's annoyance. She enjoyed meeting the wide variety of people who stopped, like Tom Mix, whom Gardner remembers drove up in a convertible with his name on the side of his car. She also remembers the "shady looking types" who she assumed were bootleggers and such. One nice group of flappers taught her the hoochie-coochie dance, which she performed in a talent show back at school. The school authorities were quick to call her parents, demanding an explanation of her "outrageous behavior."

As the young woman got older, she held various jobs in the ship such as waitressing and selling war stamps, and pumping gas across the street. She remembers very vividly working the gift shop, and especially certain required trips to the basement: "There were always snakes in the basement and we were scared to go down there and bring up the souvenir boxes. The worst things were the moccasins; the snakes would hide in them and slither out sometimes when we opened a box." She feels she led an ordinary life, even in the unusual setting, playing with children into her teens in nearby Schellsburg and at the lumber camp at the top of the hill. Her Grandpa was "a nice man and a very hard worker," she recalls. "He kept a large farm down below the ship with pigs and chickens and crops, although the deer often ate all the vegetables. He also found time on his trips to Holland in the mid-1930s to build three houses."

After getting married and leaving while still a teenager, Gardner returned to work at the ship for the next 25 years. In the 1950s the tourists continued to come, and Gardner blames the ship's gradual slide into disrepair — not the Turnpike — for its decline as a roadside attraction. "Groups would rent out the ship's rooms year-round," she says, "and buses, sometimes seven or eight at a time, would stop. We were always busy."

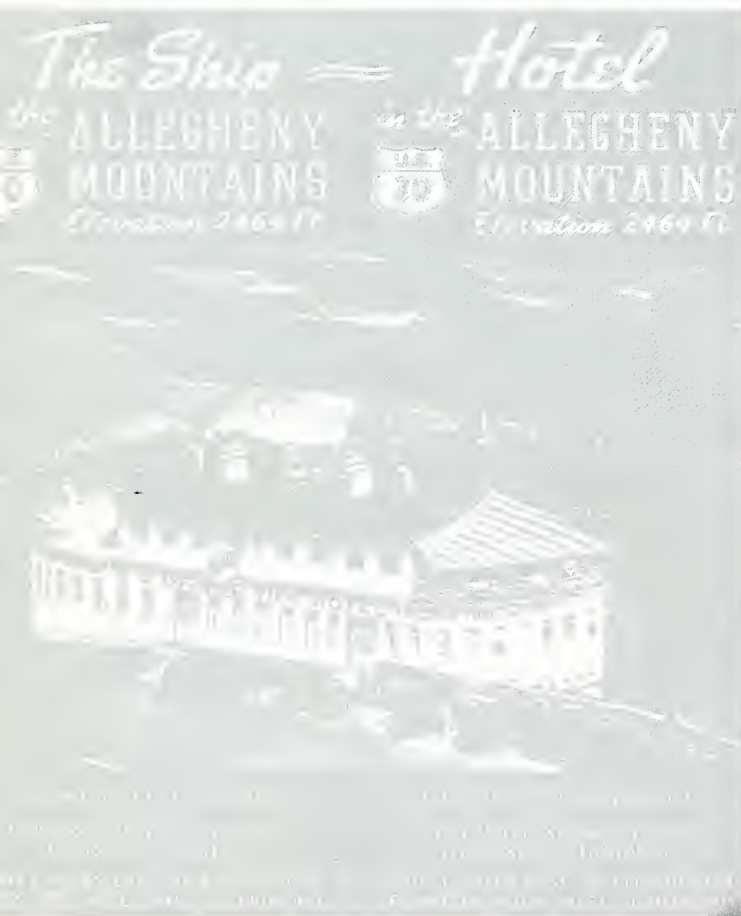
Her husband, however, was not so interested in the ship, and when it came time for her uncle

to sell, they let it go out of the family. She still keeps in touch with many of the workers and carries on a tradition her German grandmother offered at the ship: chicken and mashed potatoes with gravy on a waffle — the famous chicken waffle dinner.

Walter Paulson, 83, was a young man when his father bought the hot dog stand at Grand View Point. "My father paid \$3,200 for 13 acres on that hillside. When the state widened the curve, they covered the Lincoln Highway all the way to Bedford with the crushed stone they quarried" from the hill. His father borrowed "\$125,000 from two men at 16 percent interest" to build the ship, with a steel base that proved so difficult to engineer that the "contractors eventually went broke trying." He adds that the "ship's ends were supposed to be bigger, but there was no money for a fantail and long bow."

In addition to the famous personalities who visited the ship, Paulson remembers ambassadors from China and Japan, as well as Soviet engineers who were touring steel mills in the Pittsburgh area. ("We weren't allowed to call them Russians, only Soviets," he notes.) In all he recalls





36 countries being represented in the guest book.

He and Gardner both hope the new owners succeed.

Meanwhile, the Lincoln Highway continues to fade into obscurity. Its success as a major highway spawned a generation of super-highways that contributed to its eventual obsolescence. It makes the news occasionally, but usually for its head-on crashes, and only as Route 30. But away from the cities and suburbs, where it curves awkwardly around mountains, meanders next to gentle streams, and passes the mailboxes of farmhouses, the Lincoln Highway still exists. The tourist camps are gone, and so are most of the old gas stations and diners. But the road and its environment sit mostly untouched in these areas, a looking glass back to an earlier time. Nearer to cities the highway is virtually lost to new roadway projects, bypasses, and general modernization. In some areas it has been bypassed three times. Only in smaller towns, where the original route can be retraced, are references to the Lincoln Highway found: the occasional Lincoln Garage, Lincoln Court Motel, or perhaps a street named Lincoln Way.

The highway was marked one last time, in 1928, when 3,000 cement posts were used to memorialize its dedication to Lincoln. Very few remain today — perhaps 10 in Pennsylvania. They serve no purpose to modern travellers but are quaint reminders of the past, just as the tollhouses on turn-of-the-century turnpikes intrigued motorists when the Lincoln Highway was young.

Just down the mountain from the ship, a couple of hundred feet or so, stands Lada's Candy Store in a tall stone building known as the Shot Factory. This old stagecoach inn dates from the same era as the white bricks across the road, remnants of a tollgate on the Bedford-Stoystown turnpike. Among these sights, the ship hotel sits especially forlornly, waiting for carloads of visitors to again climb to its top deck for a better view of 3 states and 7 counties. ■

The S.S. Grand View Point Hotel can be reached from Pittsburgh by taking the Turnpike east to the Somerset Exit. Take Route 219 north for 13 miles, then Route 30 east 16 miles. For a more scenic trip, take Route 30 east for 80 miles from Pittsburgh through Irwin, Greensburg and Ligonier. The ship is open daily, 9 to 9; Phone: (814) 733-4292.

Tourist information on the area is available from the Bedford County Travel Promotion Agency: (814) 623-1771.

Also of interest is a reprint of the 1916 *Complete Official Road Guide of the Lincoln Highway*, available for \$10 plus \$1.50 postage from the highway's unofficial historian Lyn Proteau, Pleiades Press, P.O. Box 255185, Sacramento, CA 95865.

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Midwifing History

By John A. Herbst
Executive Director

WE often say that counselors and clergy involved in social services or various professionals in the health field are members of the "helping professions," but perhaps that classification might appropriately include cultural "helpers." One of our members recently noted that our staff has been serving as "the midwife" of area history. Indeed, our curators and historians have been busy working with various communities and civic groups on interpretive projects of the history of Western Pennsylvania. For instance, our museum staff assisted Port Authority Transit in celebrating its 25th Anniversary by creating an exhibit on transportation history; opening this summer at the City/County Building, this exhibit will later travel to various PAT stations.

Likewise, the museum staff has been under contract with the Charleroi Chamber of Commerce and the Main Street Project, playing a central role in the development of plans for a glass museum there. This involves staff historian Curt Miner, researching Charleroi's history; curator Robert Long, organizing the existing collection and formulating collections policy; and myself, delineating an interpretive strategy and an effective three year implementation plan. Glass became a leading industry in Charleroi, a fascinating mid-Monogahela valley town, settled in part by French-speaking Belgians.

The Society is also cooperating with the Northside Development Corporation and the Committee on Pittsburgh Archaeology and

History to restore a salvaged piece of the Pennsylvania Canal on the northern bank of the Allegheny River. This refitted weigh lock could serve as the centerpiece for a canal transportation center in the May Stern warehouse, a building being renovated by community development groups as a new business incubator.

The Society has undertaken a major initiative in conjunction with Pittsburgh Citiparks and the Schenley Park Centennial Committee. I sit on the committee which is preparing a master plan for the continued upgrading of this wonderful urban oasis. The Society will prepare a permanent exhibit on the history of the park to be housed in the former Nature Center across from Phipps Conservatory. The exhibit will be geared toward the folks who use the park, especially the families, and will convey the legacy of the park as it has evolved with changes in Pittsburgh.

Additionally, the Society has given birth to a more formal way of assisting small historical societies and museums. Through its Local History Resource Service, developed as a memorial to C.V. and Agnes L. Starrett, the Society established a revolving fund to support three aspects of this service.

First, several hundred books, leaflets, slide shows and videos were purchased as a "how to do" local history library. They are now available to volunteers and lone professionals who have the responsibility for so much of the community heritage of our region. Information on caring for historical photographs, restoring historical build-

ings, creating exhibits and raising funds is available through the service. This material, valued at over \$4,000, provides smaller institutions with access to information and resources well outside their budgets; budgets all too often only meet basic operating expenses or vital capital improvements.

A second aspect of this service will provide a series of training programs dealing with common problems such as collection storage, computerization, museum-school collaboration and grant writing. An Advisory Council of leaders from 15 representative area groups is working now to identify specific topics for this workshop series and to oversee the development of this area of our services.

The third aspect will be to fund a full-time technical person who could make site visits to organizations in the region; this could have a major impact on the quality of historical work in Western Pennsylvania.

The Starrett Memorial Fund is dedicated to supporting these activities. Our thanks to the friends and relations of C.V. and Agnes L. Starrett for establishing the fund. A major \$10,000 gift from the Buhl Foundation in memory of Mr. Starrett, a former foundation director, and a \$5,000 gift from the Alcoa Foundation have been added to the fund. It will strengthen the ties among area organizations and foster cooperative approaches to common problems. Midwifing history is the first step in caring for and nurturing our heritage, and is, indeed, a fitting expression of our institution's "regional" nature. ■

Touring the House of Morgan

By William Weisberger

The Morgans: Private International Bankers, 1854-1913

By Vincent Carosso

Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1987. Pp. xvii, 888. Preface, bibliography, index, illustrations, \$65.

VINCENT P. CAROSSO is one of the most prominent scholars of American financial history and is well known for his comprehensive study entitled *Investment Banking in America*. In his recent work about Junius and John Pierpont Morgan, Carosso again demonstrates his mastery of the exceedingly technical yet fascinating world of investment banking.

The book is gracefully written, contains 19 chronologically and topically arranged chapters, and has two major aims. Carosso's first intention is to write a collective biography of Junius and Pierpont Morgan, and his second purpose is to examine the inner workings of the investment houses of the Morgans. Many readers in the Western Pennsylvania region will find the book especially interesting because of the role the House of Morgan played in financing area railroad operations and most of all, in the formation of United States Steel.

This detailed biographical and institutional study is based on primary materials from the Morgan family papers and on business records from three of the Morgan firms. The book contains two major

theses. The first thesis suggests much about the personal qualities of the Morgans; both father and son were known for their conservative and prudent investment banking practices, for their leadership skills, and for their integrity. The second thesis is that through the massive selling of securities of railroads and manufacturing industries, the four Morgan firms attempted to foster efficient corporate activities and ultimately helped to promote the growth of industrialism and urbanization in America and in other nations.

In the first six chapters of the book, Carosso examines major historical features of investment banking, the careers and personality traits of the Morgans, and the institutional operations of their banking houses. The introductory chapter contains an incisive analysis of the evolution of European and British merchant banking: the use of double-entry bookkeeping and bills of exchange; the role of the Medicis and the Fuggers in providing loans for trade and wars; and the place of the Baring Brothers and N.M. Rothschild & Sons in raising funds for the promotion of British commercial activities.

The first four chapters describe the lives and early business activities of the Morgans. Junius Morgan was born in West Springfield, Connecticut, on April 14, 1813, and was the only son of Sarah and Joseph Morgan. Similar to his father, who operated the Hartford Exchange Coffee House and a successful stage line, Junius exhibited interest in banking; he apprenticed under Alfred Welles, a combination merchant and banker from Boston. After serving as a

partner with Welles during the early 1830s, the young Morgan entered into the wholesale dry good business of Howe Mather & Co. and during the panic of 1837 displayed shrewdness in collecting bills for his Hartford firm. Junius continued to expand his horizons in business, serving as a director of the Hartford Insurance Co., becoming a partner in the large importing house of James M. Beebe and Co. in 1851, and entering into partnership three years later with the prominent Boston financier George Peabody.

Marriage, too, accompanied the rise of Morgan in the world of business and finance. Junius married Juliet Pierpont of Boston, and she gave birth to their first child, John Pierpont, on April 17, 1837. Carosso convincingly depicts the early life of Pierpont, describing his activities at the Cheshire School and at the Pavilion Family School and emphasizing his interests at Vevey and the University of Göttingen in German and French, the classics, and the fine arts. The book, as well, contains illuminating accounts of Pierpont's interests in business, of his first position on Wall Street with the firm of Duncan and Sherman, and of the establishment of the J. Pierpont Morgan & Co. in 1861.

Carosso well assesses the contributions of Junius Morgan to George Peabody & Co. Serving as the head of the firm's London office from 1854 to 1864, Junius proved to be a very adept manager and financier. In addition to financing importers and exporters, he sold to British and European buyers his securities of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, the Illi-

William Weisberger, who has research interests in banking and finance history, is a Professor of History at Butler Community College in Butler, Pa.

nois Central, and the Baltimore & Ohio. Carosso correctly suggests that the ending of the American Civil War was important to the Morgans, for both financiers were to head and to direct four investment houses: J.S. Morgan & Co. in London; Drexel, Harjes and Co. in Paris; Drexel, Morgan & Co. in Philadelphia; and J. Pierpont Morgan & Co. in New York.

There are detailed and vivid accounts of the role of John Pierpont Morgan in financial and economic activities of America between 1869 and 1890. Carosso demonstrates that the success of the Morgan firms in American economic life can be ascribed to their services and leadership. Walter H. Burns, Egisto Fabbri, the Philadelphians Francis Drexel and Edward Stotesbury, and other partners were loyal to the Morgans, were capable and decisive, and, most importantly, were knowledgeable of financial markets. In addition to recruiting American and foreign corporations as their clients, the Morgans and their partners also provided assistance to the American government during panics and depressive business times. Carosso impressively shows that the Morgans cooperated with officials of the United States Treasury to avert financial disaster after the panic of 1873 and that the House of Morgan participated in a syndicate with the Seligman and Rothschild firms between 1876 and 1879 to sell treasury bonds to reduce debts from the Civil War.

However, the major thrust of the Morgans' investment activities at this time centered on the railroads in America. In helping to finance these companies, the Morgan firms worked in syndicates with other New York investment houses, sold bonds and stocks both privately and publicly, and, in some cases, even assumed management responsibilities. Many railroads with which the Morgans became involved were

important to the industrial and urban development of Pennsylvania and Ohio. The Morgan firms during the late 1860s rescued the Albany & Susquehanna Railroad and the Marietta and Cincinnati Line from financial disaster. On numerous occasions during the 1870s and 1880s, the House of Morgan sold securities for the New York Central Railroad, the Pennsylvania Railroad, the Pittsburgh & Connellsville Railroad, and the strategically located Erie Railway. The Morgan firms, too, became involved with railroad restructuring activities, helping the debt-laden Baltimore & Ohio and Chesapeake & Ohio lines to reorganize.

Despite these great financial successes, the House of Morgan experienced two setbacks. The

Morgan money was vital to American railroads.

death of Junius in June of 1893 produced a "watershed" for the powerful transatlantic investment house, forcing it, as well, to reorganize.

Chapters in the last half of the book illustrate the predominance of J.P. Morgan & Co. in the world of investment banking between 1890 and 1913. J.P. Morgan, who was known for his dark and piercing eyes and walrus-like mustache, was perceived as the Zeus of the financial gods; the forceful Morgan wasn't reluctant to make changes in leadership to enhance the operation of his firms. Morgan, at this time, began to encourage specialization within his firms and to admit new partners: the experienced bankers Henry P. Davison and Thomas V. Lamont to the New York firm and the prominent Britons Clinton E. Dawkins and Edward C. Grenfell to the London house. Carosso, as well, shows that during times of

economic uncertainty, Morgan continued to provide assistance to the American government. Morgan participated in syndicates between 1894 and 1896 to sell treasury bonds to bolster the gold standard and extended sizable loans to the Knickerbocker Trust Co. and to the New York Stock Exchange to avert disaster during the panic of 1907. Carosso maintains that despite these and other economic downturns, the House of Morgan continued to prosper during the first decade of the century. The book contains an extensive account of Morgan's greatest business accomplishment — the acquisition of Andrew Carnegie's steel interests in February of 1901 and formation of the \$1.4 billion U.S. Steel Corporation. Carosso also explains that Morgan sold bonds to assist the West Virginia & Pittsburgh Railroad, reorganized the Erie Railway, offered notes for the newly created General Motors Co., and served in international banking syndicates to foster "Dollar Diplomacy." The book ends with a detailed discussion of Morgan's defense of his investment banking activities before the Pujo Committee and with a brief account of his death on March 31, 1913.

This work, which is vastly superior to the standard biographies of Satterlee and Allen, is an impressive and important study. Carosso's theses concerning the personal qualities of the Morgans and of the institutional operations of their firms are effectively presented and developed. The book, moreover, will be regarded as a classic in business and investment banking history, for it contains persuasive interpretations and supporting evidence to demonstrate the intimate connections between the Morgan firms and their executive corporate clients. The book contains a fine bibliography and over 200 pages of detailed footnotes. The major criticism of this fine study, however, is that Carosso says nothing about the upper class

in America and the Morgans' connections to it.

Through their major interests in rapidly developing industrial markets and firms, the Morgans were well acquainted with the business world of Pittsburgh, which after the turn of the century became a powerful regional center for investment banking. Although Carosso doesn't mention the Pittsburgh Stock Exchange, this review essay is a good place to do so because just as in New York, the leadership of the local exchange provided a market for regional stocks that allowed local investment banking to flower and to prosper during the industrialization period.

According to the stock exchange's thirtieth anniversary history, issued in 1924 by Eddy Press, three other exchanges preceded it. The growth of the oil industry in Western Pennsylvania stimulated first the organization of the Pittsburgh Oil Exchange on July 25, 1878, and then the creation of its successor — the Pittsburgh Petroleum Exchange, which was established on July 7, 1883, and was headed by C.W. Batchelor. As a result of the rapid rise of the iron and steel industries, the Pittsburgh Petroleum, Stock & Metal Exchange was established on January 11, 1886, and was ultimately succeeded by the Pittsburgh Stock Exchange eight years later; this stock exchange was organized on March 26, 1894, and evidently suffered from the financial problems resulting from the gold crisis of the early 1890s. The exchange at first leased the second floor of the old Union Trust Building and in 1902 moved to 333 Fourth Avenue. Providing the exchange with capable and prudent leadership, Henry M. Long, William Mustin, A.E. Masten, John Barbour, and seven other prominent Pittsburgh investment bankers served as its president between 1894 and 1924. By the early 1920s, the exchange consisted of approxi-

mately 115 members and charged each member about \$100 for a seat. Most members were from the Pittsburgh vicinity, but a few were from New York, Philadelphia, Cleveland, and Columbus. Members at first used a cumbersome and time consuming "call" system to announce their trades. As a consequence of increased business, the exchange after 1902 eliminated this system and introduced more efficient methods of conducting business.

During the early 1920s, there were 104 stocks and 51 corporate bonds listed on the Pittsburgh Stock Exchange. Union National Bank, the Fifth Avenue Bank, the Bank of Pittsburgh, Carnegie Lead & Zinc, United States Glass, Standard Plate Glass, Westinghouse Electric, and the Pittsburgh, Bessemer & Lake Erie Railroad were representative stocks offered. The exchange made a market for such bonds as: the Pittsburgh & Allegheny Telephone Co.; the Bloomfield Street Railway; Heidenkamp Plate Glass; the La Belle Iron Works; and the Columbia Steel Company. It was certainly unfortunate that having faithfully served the Pittsburgh business and corporate community for over 80 years, the exchange, which traded two stocks in 1974, closed its doors forever that year. ■

Majesty of the Law: The Court Houses of Allegheny County

By James D. Van Trump
Pittsburgh: Pittsburgh History & Landmarks Foundation, 1988. Pp ix, 180. Index, bibliography, illustrations. \$19.95.

THE dean of Pittsburgh's architectural historians on the dean of Pittsburgh's buildings — that is the reasonable expectation for a reader to have when turning to James Van Trump's *Majesty of the Law*. It is a high expectation, considering the

quality of Van Trump's half-century of writing on Pittsburgh, as well as the quality of H.H. Richardson's courthouse of 1884-88.

Whether that high expectation is fulfilled or not depends on the reader's attitude to the author's scholarly approach and its results. Obviously, Van Trump's school of writing — discursive, personal, even conversational — is the antithesis of what he calls in the preface *kunsthistorisch*. *Kunsthistorisch*, the German view of art history as a science, is what Van Trump spurns as an obsession with footnotes, bibliography, citations, and scholarly apparatus that sometimes become obstacles to the genuine enjoyment of art and architecture. This reviewer has no wish to contradict Van Trump there: the excesses of the positivist school of art history are legion, and they can indeed overpower our personal readings of certain monuments.

Van Trump assigns to his own work the more limited role as the "record" on which further scholarship on Richardson's courthouse will be based. This is only fair; he got there first and no one has worked for so long, not only to record the built environment of Pittsburgh, but (as co-founder of the Pittsburgh History & Landmarks Foundation) to preserve it. On the other hand, it is fair to ask whether this is a substantial enough record on which later investigation of this building might proceed. And it seems fair also to ask whether this is, even for Van Trump, the appropriate approach to take to this internationally famous building.

The best of the book is Van Trump's examination of the first courthouse, an anonymous work of about 1799. That modest building is so poorly recorded — no known architect, simple technology, no firm dates of construction, uncertainty about whether its capitals were Corinthian or Doric

— that Van Trump's treatment of it is not architectural but social history. His chapter on it is both charming and highly informative.

Van Trump is less successful with courthouses two and three. The problem is mainly one of the author's insistence on a memoirs approach, which works less well here than in his other books. Neither the first nor second courthouse (a Greek Revival structure by John Chislett, 1836-1841) intertwined directly with Van Trump's life span. He knows about them only from what he can glean from old documents and newspapers. Richardson's courthouse was already half a century old when Van Trump first began to analyze it, so that what he writes of it is not direct testimony, either. Unlike the radically changed Homewood, East Liberty and Oakland of his youth, the Courthouse is not special Van Trump "territory"; any discerning citizen of Allegheny County is as free to interpret it today as our ancestors were a century ago.

If *Majesty of the Law* does not qualify as a memoir, so also it is not a standard history. It lacks footnotes (which condemns researchers to start over from scratch), has no serious discussion of the urban context of the monuments, contains nothing of the remarkable engineering of Richardson's building, and gives us only the most cursory examination of Richardson's career preceding Pittsburgh. One is surprised to find next to nothing on the power of the building to inspire thousands of imitators—probably more than any other American structure save Independence Hall and the Capitol in Washington—who created *pastiches* of it all about the country.

Majesty goes through the motions of historical treatment: there are documents, old photographs, architects' renderings, newspaper accounts, everything that one would expect in a standard monograph. The problem is basically a

lack of thoroughness. Van Trump's account is casual in its formal analysis of the structure, which he abdicates in favor of a Princeton student thesis. He is skimpy in the chronicle of the construction of the building on which he merely quotes the partisan account of Commissioner Charles McKee. There is no systematic investigation of the old construction documents still in the Courthouse, many

Van Trump's view of the Courthouse comes 'from the most local of perspectives.'

of which were discovered in the past decade. Nor is there any significant exploitation (beyond two photographs) of the thousands of Richardson drawings preserved at Harvard University.

In terms of style, there is no serious attempt to apply the methodology of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts in Paris, which Richardson deeply absorbed, to aid in our understanding of the marvelous plan of the Courthouse. A photo caption becomes a travesty of art-historical analysis in its statement that Richardson's design superiority lay in the greater "neatness" of his plans over those of his failed competitors.

These problems are compounded by Van Trump's reluctance to consult what the wider scholarly community has contributed to the history of Richardson's Courthouse.

Both in the anemic bibliography at the back of the book and in the pages of the text, it is clear that Van Trump has not consulted James O'Gorman's study of O.W. Norcross, the builder of the Courthouse, nor the many new publications on the teaching method of

the Ecole des Beaux Arts, nor O'Gorman's recent monograph on Richardson. Van Trump's bibliography lists Jeffrey Ochsner's Richardson catalogue of 1982, but there is no evidence that he used it. There is no citation of Arnold Klukas's study of Richardson's other Pittsburgh work, the Emmanuel Episcopal Church on the North Side, which contributes much to our understanding of the dynamics between the architect and his Pittsburgh patrons. Even local Pittsburgh publications, including two important booklets on the Courthouse of the 1970s and 1980s, are not cited.

These shortcomings particularly stand out because Van Trump's original study has been partially updated and amplified by Walter Kidney, whose editing ought to have been more thorough. Van Trump, for example, says that John Chislett was the architect of just two standing buildings in Pittsburgh, but we know from Kidney's own book, *Landmark Architecture in Pittsburgh and Allegheny County*, that the Allegheny Widows' Home, still standing on the North Side, is Chislett's work as well.

Majesty of the Law falls short of its goal as the definitive "record" on which all future studies of the Courthouse must be based; much of that basic record has already been published by other scholars whose contributions are simply ignored here. *Majesty* thus becomes a view of the Allegheny County Courthouse from the most local of perspectives. There are well over 1,000 county courthouses in the United States, and monographs are issued on scores of them each decade. Van Trump's book takes its place as just one of those scores—better illustrated, written, researched and produced than the great majority of them, but a local monograph nonetheless. The pity of it is that the commissioners of Allegheny County in 1884 sought not merely

to match other courthouses, but to exceed them all in quality. How stringent Pittsburgh was in setting architectural standards a century ago! Why should it be any less demanding in its standards of architectural history today? ■

Franklin Toker
University of Pittsburgh

The Airway to Everywhere: A History of All American Aviation 1937-1953

By W. David Lewis and William F. Trimble

Pittsburgh: University of Pittsburgh Press, 1988. Illustrations, appendix, bibliography, index. Pp. vii, 193. \$27.95.

THIS book is a definitive account of one of the bravest experiments made in furthering commercial air transport, most specifically the unique air mail distribution system that gave birth in 1939 to All American Aviation, ancestor of today's US Air. This account also includes the story of the system of simultaneous mail pickup and release that was never satisfactorily perfected. Nevertheless, this account is an important vignette of the embryonic period of a leading airline, from its first years as All American Aviation to before it changed its name to the more appropriate Allegheny Airlines.

The joint effort of Messrs. Lewis and Trimble make excellent reading, not leastly because the language is straightforward and devoid of convoluted sentences or fashionable clichés. Only occasionally does a profusion of facts get in the way of a steadily flowing narrative of corporate development, personality clashes, and the interacting negotiations between an inventor, a large corporation and government agencies which fash-

ioned the airline business as we know it today.

Commendably, the narrative pays special attention to the people and personalities who influenced the fertile mind of the feisty inventor, Lytle S. Adams. Claiming an ancestry going back to two U.S. presidents, Adams, like many of his inventive fraternity, became obsessed with his idea: a mechanical device for aerial mail pickup and delivery. Meticulous research by the authors enables us to trace the complex relationships, confrontations and legal battles that ensued as Adams struggled to keep his air mail scheme afloat and to keep his financial head above water.

Prominent in these deliberations was the influence of Richard C. Dupont, of the renowned chemical conglomerate. This intricate involvement is carefully and objectively reviewed, as are those of other prominent contributors to the survival of All American; these include Halsey R. Basley, Charles W. Wendt and Robert M. Love, senior executives who sustained the company through difficult times, long after "a lonely, disillusioned inventor (had hauled) away the remains of his dreams in an old automobile."

This is a case study that clearly demonstrates how many ideas in the history of aviation progress that seemed feasible at first, later encountered insurmountable technical difficulties or were merely overcome by events. Adams's scheme faced both. The grappling system that was the technical linchpin of the mechanical device never reached a stage of efficiency that the traditional reliability of the postal service could be ensured; additionally, the development of paved roads to every small hamlet in the United States rendered the system redundant in many of the communities where it had at first been welcomed. During the 1930s and 1940s there was an analagous situation in Mexico, in which a

legion of tiny airlines used to provide indispensable service to isolated villages, but, as the enterprising pioneers explained, "the moment the first jeep got through, we were finished." And so it was with the Adams system, when the first post office van began to pick up the mail everyday using the new roads, the All American Aviation service and the Adams invention, were doomed.

My complaint about this fascinating book is that it could have been so much better. In this era of mass media communication, to be able to sit down with a good book for a whole evening, leisurely digesting it, is a rare experience. Today's books need embellishment, not for their own sake, but to relieve the test of possible monotony, and to explain and thereby stimulate interest. A picture, 'tis said, is worth a thousand words; but this is true only if the picture is a good one. The selection in this book is often puzzling; for example, nothing is explained about an illustration of a collection of equipment that looks as though it had all fallen off a shelf in the garage.

Because of the vital importance of the Adams grappling and releasing mechanism, the book cries out for explanatory diagrams. One good diagram would have been worth two thousand words, but there are none. Equally, as the painful fashioning of the various meandering airmail route networks unfolds, the text demands maps. Not until page 136, however, does one appear, somewhat surprisingly, and by this time it is too late, as this is almost the end of the story. The lengthy description, on page 87, for example, of the points served on A.M. Route 49, is no substitute. It simply challenges the reader to pick up an atlas and exercise map-reading skills.

But this should not be a game of Trivial Pursuit. Why, may I ask, did not the proofreader, copy editor or the editor himself at the

University of Pittsburgh Press detect these shortcomings and do something about them? The reason, I fear, is because all too many publishers these days — and the “scholarly” ones are the worst offenders — seem unable to distinguish between a learned thesis, intended for submission, say, for a degree, and a book for public consumption, to be read for instruction, and, dare I suggest, enjoyment. Publishers seem obsessed with footnoting to the exclusion of almost every other consideration, including readability.

Nothing annoys me more in the enjoyment of a good book — and this is a good book — than to find the text punctuated every few lines with annotations. Were these true footnotes, i.e. at the foot of the page, conveniently, I would not mind glancing down every now and again — though this kind of staccato activity is not conducive to reading pleasure. But this book has all the notes at the end and the reader has to thumb through the pages constantly, losing the place as often as discovering that the note is trivial, superfluous, or worse, that it should have been included in the text and was only shoved in as an afterthought.

If the University of Pittsburgh Press had been fastidious in choosing and reproducing the photographs on better paper, or had been as enthusiastic about including proper maps and diagrams as they were in compiling 16 pages of notes, the *Airway to Everywhere* could have been more than a good book. It could have been a great book of aviation folklore, entertainment and instruction, as well as being highly readable. As it stands — and I blame the publisher more than the authors — I fear that many potential readers will be deterred by the absence of supporting exhibits. And this is a tragedy because Lewis and Trimble are a good team who respect the King's English. I hope that with

their next book, their publisher will do them justice. ■

R.E.G. Davies
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What's a Coal Miner to Do?: The Mechanization of Coal Mining

By Keith Dix

Pittsburgh: University of Pittsburgh Press, 1988. Pp. xv, 258. \$26.95

DEFINING technology as a sociohistorical process, Keith Dix examines the technological transformation of the United States bituminous coal industry during the 1920s and '30s. More specifically, he documents the invention, development and widespread adoption of the coal-loading machine, emphasizing its impact “on the social relations of production and on the quality of working life” (page ix).

Building upon his previous study of the coal industry, *Work Relations in the Coal Industry: The Hand-Loading Era, 1880-1930* (West Virginia University, 1977), Dix shows that the early miner was essentially a skilled craftsman. Despite the growing use of undercutting machines during the hand-loading era, miners “largely controlled the production process,” through their control of crucial underground skills, through day-to-day worker activism, and increasingly through local and district unions of the United Mine Workers of America. Dix argues that although coal operators developed a variety of strategies for overcoming the miners' control, including company-owned housing and stores, the coal companies largely raised essential capital and marketed the

coal, but left numerous day-to-day decisions to the miners.

Under the highly competitive conditions of the 1920s, and especially during the depression of the 1930s, coal operators increasingly mechanized their mines. Dix convincingly demonstrates that their efforts resulted in the growing adoption of the coal-loading machine, ended the hand-loading era, and radically transformed the work process and the social relations of production. Adoption of the mechanical coal loader enabled mine owners to not only reduce their work crews but to concentrate their workers around the machine, to heighten day-to-day supervision of the work force, and to profoundly undermine the miners' freedom. As machines increasingly replaced miners at the center of the work process, “management could more effectively direct the work force in much the same way that workers were disciplined in the modern factory” (x).

Despite the triumph of mechanization in the bituminous coal industry, Dix pointedly argues that it was not a linear process. It was a dynamic historical process, reflecting the complex interplay of capital, labor and the state. Indeed, before the new technology could gain its commanding sway over the industry, coal operators had to undercut the miners' traditional autonomy. Helping to accomplish this feat, he shows in close detail, was the convergence of a multiplicity of forces: i.e., the rise of John L. Lewis (who took a very sympathetic attitude toward mechanization) to the presidency of the United Mine Workers of America; the expanding role of the state under New Deal bituminous coal mining legislation; and especially the growth of a vigorous capital goods industry in coal mining machinery and equipment. The most successful of the coal-loading machines was the Joy coal loader, which inspired numerous coal mining songs, including the

one that gave the book its title: "Tell me, what will a coal miner do? Tell me, What will a coal miner do? When he goes down in the mine, Joy loader he will find" (viii).

While mechanization was frequently heralded by its supporters as a new departure in mine safety and health, in reality Dix documents the opposite. Mechanization not only curtailed the traditional autonomy of coal miners, it inaugurated new occupational hazards. Directly linked to the higher dust levels produced by the new machinery was the rapid spread of pneumoconiosis, the deadly "black lung" disease. Thus, as the machine triumphed, miners continued to resist the onslaught of new technological changes. Through numerous resolutions at annual meetings of the UMWA, many local unions and rank-and-file miners protested against the impact of mechanization on their jobs and the quality of their working lives. Even so, a variety of forces — declining job opportunities during the depression, higher wages mandated under New Deal programs, and the declining significance of small unmechanized mines — helped to mute rank-and-file protest.

What's a Coal Miner to Do? is well grounded in a variety of primary and secondary sources. Dix employs the rich oral recollections of retired coal miners, numerous state and federal government reports, a broad range of industrial, trade, engineering and labor journals and conference proceedings, and the manuscript collections at West Virginia University, especially the papers of the coal operator Justus Collins. The Collins papers permit an unusually detailed case study of life and labor in one coal mining town. Moreover, the book is well illustrated with photographs and sketches of mines,

mine machinery, and miners at work, which visually helps to document the impact of changing technology in the coal industry.

While this study adds to our knowledge of the impact of technology on the work process, it also leaves important issues unexplored. Dix makes no effort, for example, to systematically analyze the impact of coal mining technology along ethnic and racial lines. By ignoring ethnic and racial issues, Dix missed an opportunity to strengthen his overall thesis: that mechanization was a social process, perhaps impacting in somewhat different ways on blacks and whites, immigrants and American born. On the other hand, while Dix rightly concentrates on the dominant fields of northern and southern Appalachia, he avoids discussion of the Alabama fields. Given his provocative suggestion that mechanization proceeded more rapidly in nonunion fields, the Alabama experience would seem very instructive because those mines were unionized, marked by a strong tradition of convict laborers, and operated with a predominantly black labor force.

Such critical commentary notwithstanding, *What's a Coal Miner to Do?* offers fresh insights into the dynamic relationship between technology, the work process and the quality of working life. By documenting the "rocky path" from the initial invention of the coal-loading machine to its widespread use in the bituminous coal industry, Dix contributes to our knowledge of mechanization as a social as well as technical process. Students of the industrial era, especially in the bituminous coal region, will turn again and again to this important book. ■

Joe W. Trotter
Carnegie Mellon University

Photograph Credits

The Changing Face of Schenley Park

Page 112	Archives of Industrial Society, University of Pittsburgh
Page 114	<i>Top</i> , Pennsylvania Room, Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh; <i>bottom</i> , Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania Archives
Page 116-121	Archives of Industrial Society
Page 123	Historical Society
Page 124-5	Citiparks, City of Pittsburgh
Page 127	Archives of Industrial Society

Remnants of an Industrial Landscape

Pages 128-132	By the authors
Page 133	<i>Bottom</i> , courtesy of Caesar Prado; others by the authors
Page 134	Courtesy of Caesar Prado
Pages 135-36	By the authors
Page 138	Courtesy of Caesar Prado

Still a Grand View: the Ship Hotel and the Lincoln Highway

Page 140	Postcard courtesy of George Miller, Newark, Del.
Page 142-3	Postcards courtesy of the author
Page 144	Map in souvenir brochure, c. 1940, courtesy of Clara Gardner, Bedford, Pa.
Page 147	Souvenir, c. 1935, courtesy of Clara Gardner
Page 148	Souvenir brochure, c. 1940, courtesy of Clara Gardner

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Cover: "Oh, Fearful Wonder of Man," 1961, in sixteen panels, by Henry Koerner.
The Carnegie Museum of Art, Pittsburgh.

Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania

THE Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania is a nonprofit cultural institution open to the public. Since its founding in 1879, the Society has collected, preserved and interpreted the heritage of Pittsburgh and its region. It operates Library and Archives, Publications and Museum Programs departments.

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S NOW was flying horizontal to the ground in its Pittsburgh way one day last winter when I realized I had four manuscripts in hand that consisted either of historical letters or of people writing about their lives. We the staff — Susan Lewis, Curt Miner and I — puzzled about whether to place them evenly over several issues. We decided against that linear approach in favor of this, an issue purely of correspondence and memoirs.

It has been said that the best way to advance appreciation for a goal or belief is to show people how to do it themselves. That's the point of this presentation of what historians call "primary documents." Personal accounts can be so good because even if the analysis is anecdotal and not so conclusive, lesser processing packs a special flavor of insight. Sometimes, even the author of such work senses his or her passion or poignancy. Then you have something really special.

I think you will see that here. Henry Koerner, whose painting is on the cover, has written but not published his autobiography. He and I worked together slicing out parts of his manuscript to make the fillet that begins on page 172.

Evelyn Pearson had written a full account of her life, mostly to please her family. I asked her to answer a long list of questions about her earliest recollections — about her father's commuting habits, her mother's home-tending and shopping habits, family servants, much more — because I thought social historians might value the work especially. Her parents were in many ways typical of the suburban pioneers who helped transform American cities socially and spatially early this century. She wove the answers into a stylish account that is extra valuable because of its low percentage of "hearsay."

The letters of Everett Johns about World War II Pittsburgh fill a major hole in the historical literature on the city. There are the subtly gripping Civil War letters edited by Peter Boag, himself a descendant of soldier-author Francis Elliott from Bedford County. Finally, see a Civil War surgeon unmasked as an imposter. (This one would have played big in check-out counter tabloids of the late nineteenth century.) Both it and the Johns letters come from the Historical Society's Archives.

All these articles taken together give the issue an impressive sweep of 130 years, with studies in three distinct, historically important, periods. Our usual book review section rounds out our seventy-second

year of publication, and our first of *Pittsburgh History*. We will publish personal recollections in future issues, but we hope you enjoy us going overboard just this once.

C O R R E S P O N D E N C E

Courthouse history defended

Dear Editor,

In reference to Franklin Toker's book review in *Pittsburgh History* (Fall 1989), *Majesty of the Law: The Court Houses of Allegheny County* is, in fact, an abridgement of James Van Trump's original manuscript, which would fill two large printed volumes, was much more detailed, and did in fact contain extensive notes. For those who are interested, the full manuscript is on file at the Pittsburgh History and Landmarks Foundation. The abridgement (*Majesty of the Law*) was admittedly a compromise, ending as a work for architecture lovers rather than architectural historians and reduced in bulk to make it more readily affordable. Publication in full was cost-prohibitive and would have resulted in a book daunting to the general public. Obviously, much more can be done with the county buildings and their local and national historic and architectural contexts, and it may be that Jamie's full text would be a useful contribution to such an effort.

Walter Kidney
Historian, Pittsburgh History and Landmarks

Courthouse historian defends

Dear Editor,

I am writing to you as a result of a review of my book, *Majesty of the Law*, which I had published with the Pittsburgh History and Landmarks Foundation in 1988 in connection with the bicentennial of Allegheny County. In the early 1970s I had written the book — it was a half- or two-thirds longer than its published version. It had been done under a grant from the late Edgar Kaufmann, Jr., and I felt that it was fairly complete as far as a description of the
(Continued on page 209)



Memoir, 1910-1922

By Evelyn Pearson

*Midnight became
noon when the
Bessemers blew and
the sky flamed and
the rivers reflected
prosperity.*

WHEN my father graduated from Franklin and Marshall College in 1903, he came west to "Pittsburg" to be a newspaper reporter. He survived a typhoid epidemic, one of the last of many that ended when a water filtration plant was built in Aspinwall, a small town north of the city.

Pittsburg was thriving. Coal smoke from factories filled the air until noon became like midnight. Midnight became noon when the Bessemers blew and the sky flamed and the rivers reflected prosperity.

Harry Bitner's first assignment was to go out at night in the city on Second Avenue, along the Monongahela. He saw the fiery sky made by the mills, sought a rare telephone and called in. "There's the damndest fire you ever saw out here!" Apparently this was the first assignment for every rookie reporter. I read the same story years later in a book issued during Pittsburgh's bicentennial celebration.

Some 12 newspapers were published in the city at that time. Harry claimed to have been fired from each one until he settled at the *Pittsburgh Press*. He moved to an apartment on the corner of Alder and Emerson streets in Shadyside, with three other men. Across Emerson lived three girls and their brother, last name of Hanna. Harry liked the one named Evelyn best, sometimes staying so long courting that he had to run to the end of the street and jump on the train to the city as it slowly picked up speed after leaving East Liberty Station.

Evelyn had been christened Eva Mathilda. She once admired the name Randolph on a flower shop window in East Liberty. At the time of her confirma-

The author, shown at left with her mother and baby brother in 1913, graduated from the Pennsylvania College for Women (now Chatham College) in 1933. She married Karl Henry Pearson in 1934 and raised five children. A lifelong resident of Pittsburgh, she has served on a number of local boards, including the chair of Goodwill Industries. Now the grandmother of 14, Mrs. Pearson lives, paints, and writes in Squirrel Hill.



Harry Bitner rose through the ranks in the Pittsburgh newspaper world to become an editor by the mid-1910s. The family lived in O'Hara Township next to Aspinwall. The Bitners, like countless other families around the city and across America, were pioneers in the suburbanization so dominant today. Attractive real estate prices, innovations in transportation — the streetcar, inter-urban train system and the automobile — and new set of social values fueled the exodus.

tion in East Liberty Presbyterian Church, when the minister asked her name, she replied, "Evelyn Randolph Hanna," and so she became, her birth records having been lost in a courthouse fire.

Evelyn agreed to marry Harry if he built her a house. They were married in the Dutch Reformed Church on Highland Avenue and found a lot in O'Hara Township where Aspinwall paving ended and the air was clean. After a honeymoon in Atlantic City, they moved into a white U-shaped brick house at the top of Lexington Avenue that they built with a bank loan and probably help from Harry's father. It was almost the edge of the world. There was one house

below on the road down to where a tiny rustic bridge crossed a creek to a narrow valley. Except for three houses on nearby brick-paved De-lafield Road, only woodland was visible.

Several steps led from the road to a boardwalk; then steps to a porch. Inside to the left was the dining room, with a built-in sideboard, a wood-burning fireplace and a big window. In the living room, bookcases covered the north wall except for a window seat where I read or sketched. Next to the books was a door to the den and a lavatory.

Just outside the kitchen door was a storage place dug out of the hillside. Apples and root vegetables were stored there, as well as home-canned fruits and vegetables and jellies. We called it the "cooler." Ever afterward, Father called any refrigerator the "cooler."

A narrow backyard was crossed with clotheslines, where Halloween winds blew our union suits into witches. The rest of the property slanted uphill in terraces where our garden grew. When I saw snakes there, I ran back through the kitchen and dining room to the stairway opposite the front door, up two steps to the landing, and straight up to my room, past high windows and a closet locked against mysterious contents. In my room, the sun showed only the woods beyond, and the moon lit a mysterious landscape where crickets chirped, an owl hooted, and frogs sang their nightly songs.

The bathroom, with tub, the toilet on which I had to kneel for shampoos, and the basin where my front tooth got chipped, separated my room from where my parents slept in mahogany splendor. I was born in their big brass bed in the evening heat of June 20, 1910, as the constellations swung in their courses from Gemini to Cancer. I was attended by Dr. John Simpson, a college friend of my father's. As they awaited my arrival, my father admitted to ig-

norance of female anatomy, so he and John repaired to the cellar toilet cubicle where John drew a diagram on the wall. It was still there when the house was sold.

Next to my parents' room was a tiny space for my brother, born in December 1912. My first memory is of seeing my blue-eyed brother in his bassinet — Harry Murray Bitner Jr. — a big name for such a small bundle, so we called him “Buddy.” Then I was called “Sissy.”

When Buddy was small and slept with me, we had a live-in “girl” who stayed there. Curiosity took my steps into her room and I ran her comb through my curls. Mother spent many hours searching for lice, snapping them in two with her fingernails, and dousing my head with kerosene.

The house site, six uphill blocks from the center of Aspinwall and its railroad station, may be the reason I remember few visitors. Relatives occasionally visited, but I recall no entertaining. Mother

*My first memory
is of seeing my blue-
eyed brother in his
bassinet....*

told me that my father was so shy that she had to carry the conversation ball. This reversed as they grew older.

Mother was definitely the boss in the house. She cooked, cleaned, sewed, shopped, repaired. On

Mondays, the laundress came. She washed, boiled, rinsed, put clothes through the wringer, starched and hung them. Tuesdays Mother spent with the sad irons, one being used, the other heating on the stove. The clink of the handle changing irons and the sizzle of hot iron on sprinkled clothes was the Tuesday song. Tuesday dinner was usually vegetable soup and apple dumplings.

I remember sitting on my father's lap, stringing glass beads for the Christmas tree. In the den behind the living room were Father's desk, his mandolin with frayed ribbons, and a telephone on the wall. The den was locked for weeks in December. Christmas morning the door opened to a glorious tree alight with candles clipped onto the branches, and



Aspinwall (here, 1907) was a village of 400 until the 1890s, when land speculators began selling lots for suburban housing. By 1930, the population stood at 4,200. As if to complement Aspinwall's status as a remedy to urban ailments, the city of Pittsburgh built a water purification plant there in 1914.

baubles too delicate to touch. In our stockings hanging from the mantle were Woolworth toys, nuts, candy and an orange. Underneath the tree were brightly wrapped mittens, scarves, tassel caps and, always, books.

Reading was our constant pleasure. I loved "Dorothy Dainty" and hated "Elsie Dinsmore." From one disremembered title, I learned a handy truism, "Pretty is as pretty does." My *Mary Frances Cook Book* had recipes, and the companion *Mary Frances Sewing Book* had real tissue paper patterns for doll clothes. In one volume of our *Book of Knowledge* was a double page showing planets on one side, and on the other, eight train engines, on tracks that disappeared into the void, aimed at the planets. The text explained how long it would take a train to reach each planet.

We waited every month for *St. Nicholas* magazine while we read Grimms' and Anderson's fairy tales, Stevenson, Lamb and the scary stories of Poe and Sax Rohmer. We enjoyed Theodore Roosevelt's *Letter to My Children*.

We played inch-thick Edison records on our Victrola with the Little Nipper on the horn, and watched slits in the paper rolls make music as we pumped the player piano. Buddy usually requested, "Play number seven" (an excerpt from Beethoven's symphony). When he wanted to make me cry, he played "From the Land of the Sky-blue Water," a sad piece about an Indian maiden who died for love. The first notes I remember, though, were Father's whistle when he came home from work — the cardinal's call. Mother answered — same notes, from wherever she was in the house. Mother had a high soprano voice that hurt our ears. Her favorite song, of course, was "I'm Just Wild About Harry."

My little doll had a real china tea set that Aunt Jean had given me. My doll had clothes that I washed one day and strung across

the Taylor Burner to dry. The gas was lit, but Mother rescued us before the clothes caught fire. (Taylor stoves were sheets of asbestos set in a narrow chimney above gas jets, framed in shiny brass.) Shooting marbles with mannies and glassies, roller skating and playing mumblety peg were outdoor fun. On the Fourth of July, we were allowed to shoot off big firecrackers that boomed, and packs of little ones that, if lit at one end, popped off all in a row.

I liked to visit my cousins in Edgewood who had a set of red ceramic blocks with arches and steeples for building houses and

*We followed Mother
out as she made her
choices, staying be-
hind her skirts, well
away from the horse.*

towns. I admired their dolls which had lacy, beribboned clothes sewn by their grandmother, and a miniature wardrobe trunk for storing them.

On bright spring days, I was kept indoors when the gypsies came by on their annual search for dandelions, which they dug out of front yards with their sharp knives. I had such tangled dark curls and big brown eyes; Mother was afraid the gypsies might steal me. Once, when I ran away, down across the rustic bridge, over the "crick" and up the valley toward a sawmill where the gypsies camped, mother spanked me with a wood-backed hairbrush. Other times I was locked in a closet as punishment.

Buddy and I were our own best friends and worst enemies and only companions. Even after I had school-time friends, we lived so far out the dusty road that youngsters couldn't come to play. One older

girl and boy sometimes stopped on their investigations to check us out. They taught us to wrap newspaper around corn silk when the corn in the garden ripened and silk dried to tobacco color. They had matches and helped us light our "cigarettes." Mother saw us and we were spanked.

I remember Mother putting strawberries and sugar on platters, covering them with glass and setting them in the sun to make preserves. Once every summer we could hear a bell slowly coming closer, then over the hill would appear the scissors grinder, pushing his emery wheel. Mother took him her knives and scissors. He pushed a pedal and made the wheel spin as he ground the metal with a sound like chalk screeching on a blackboard.

A square card would be hung in the front window showing the number of pounds of ice you needed. At his wagon, the ice man pulled out a hug slab of straw covered ice, took his pick to split off the right size, grasped it in great tongs, hefted it to his burlap covered shoulder, and came around to the kitchen door. The milkman came to the back door, too. He left milk in quart glass bottles that had a kind of bubble at the top. Milk was not homogenized and cream rose to the bubble. It could be poured off for our oatmeal and Father's coffee by tipping the bottle very, very carefully until milk started to seep into the top.

Every week, hucksters in their horse-drawn wagons came calling their greens and groceries. We followed Mother out as she made her choices, staying behind her skirts, well away from the horse. Mother's skirts were long and full. Underneath she wore a shimmy (chemise); a corset stiff with metal stays and grommets for the laces that had to be pulled tight and left a faint rib-and-lattice pattern on her skin; a corset cover; bloomers and a petticoat. The corset had three garters on each side to hold up her



The Bitner house, c. 1910,
“where Aspinwall paving
ended and the air was clean.”

stockings. On her feet, she wore high-button leather shoes. Her hair was softly pompadoured and she never left home without a hat and gloves.

Children also wore high button shoes. When the leather was new and stiff, a button hook had to be used to fasten them. When a button pulled off, the original holes had to be found to pull the needle through the leather and sew it back on. I was overjoyed to get my first pair of buckle shoes and insisted noisily on wearing them to the circus at Exhibition Hall. Elephants had passed the entrance and I stepped into a paddy up to my new blue socks.

Everything fastened with buttons, even the back flap on our union suits, which we wore all winter. After the Saturday night bath in the claw-footed tub with a showerhead as big as a sunflower, we wore clean neck-to-ankle underwear. On Sunday, pulling our long black stockings over the tight legs was easy, but every day thereafter a bigger and bigger fold had to be made in the ankle end. In summer we wore cotton pantywaists. They had buttons down the front and along the bottom for fastening underpants to. Girls wore ribbons like stiff, giant butterflies in their long hair. Boys wore suits with short pants, and a necktie

“for good.” Mother had a sewing machine and made most of our clothes.

I walked to school and home for lunch. A nasty dog barked at me every trip. If you did well in class, you were rewarded by being allowed to take the chalk erasers outside and clap them together to let the white dust fly.

Father watched our schoolwork carefully. We had better know our spelling and syntax! He taught us the power of parsimonious prose. A sentence must be lean. If someone said, “I’ll fix it up,” the editor said, “Why ‘up’?”

Every summer 5- and 6-year-olds wore isinglass bubbles on their

The Saints/Hanna Family

MATHILDA Saint, born in 1831, was the daughter of Isaac and Sarah Giles Saint who had left Yeovil, in the Somerset area of England, under a cloud of unspecified disgrace that was still remembered when a grandson visited years later. They settled in O'Hara Township, Pennsylvania, to farm. Mathilda married John Jimison Hanna on October 18, 1854. Their second son, Henry Thornton Hanna, was born at Sharpsburg in June 1858. Henry earned good marks at Sharpsburg Academy and became an auditor with American Window Glass Company. He worked on river boats and the Pennsylvania Railroad during frequent economic depressions when jobs were scarce.

The Saints moved to Valencia in Butler County, where they were neighbors to the Owens family. Henry visited his grandparents there, met Louella Kathryn Owens and married her. Katy, as she was called, suffered an officious mother-in-law and a

husband whom some called a "city slicker." Of Henry and Katy's five children, the oldest son died in January 1887; that year, after the family moved to Collins Avenue in East Liberty, Eva, my mother, was born. Grandmother Katy died when I was 6 weeks old.

Great-grandmother Mathilda had been a member of Aspinwall Presbyterian Church. Buddy and I were sent there to Sunday School until the minister came to call and discovered that we had not been baptized. I was 5. In shock, he said, "These children are going straight to hell!" This so incensed my parents that it ended all church-going for the family until it was required when I ended boarding school.

I called my Grandpa Hanna "Cuckoo" because after Katy died he went to live with my aunt and uncle in Edgewood, who had a cuckoo clock in their house. Although I was very young, I remember well the little bird's sound on the hour. Cuckoo died three years after Katy.

arms. School attendance required vaccinations for smallpox. The doctor came to your house and scratched your arm with a needle that looked like one of those fancy paper-sheathed toothpicks in restaurants. The vaccination had to be protected from infection, and the bubble was taped to your arm until the vaccine "took" and the scab came off.

Any child who had measles or whooping cough or chicken pox or diphtheria was quarantined. (An infantile paralysis epidemic closed the schools in the fall of 1916.) Big cardboard warning signs in various colors were posted by the front door. My friend, Betty, had a red sign by her front door: scarlet fever.

Until a large space was dug out of the hillside to house our first automobile, we walked everywhere—to the train station, to the streetcar, into the woods to pick violets

and spring beauties and May apples. Mother drove Father to the train every morning, then she went to shop in East Liberty. We walked to the zoo in Highland Park, across a bridge so old that the green Allegheny was visible far below through the shrunken wooden planks. On Saturdays we walked into Aspinwall to the nickelodeon to squeal at Pauline's perils.

Father's companion on the train to the city was J.G. Mark, a lawyer with the firm of Reed, Smith, Shaw and McClay. The Mark family lived near the center of Aspinwall, and we sometimes visited them and their two children, Charlotte and Jimmy. One snowy night, we were bundled warmly and taken by sled down the hill to their house when a neighbor's house caught fire and sparks blew toward our roof. We were warmed with cocoa and put

to bed with their children. Sometimes Charlotte would let me ride on the handlebars of her bicycle through the filtration plant roads. Their house had a sun porch, a colored glass window on the stair landing, and four bedrooms upstairs separated by two bathrooms. I thought the house was a mansion.

Aspinwall started as a center for area farmers. Brilliant Avenue opposite the train station had a few stores and the nickelodeon. The train crossed the river then and went to East Liberty. Upper middle-class people built homes and commuted to town. Not until the 1920s did city people begin to build in the woods and on farmland farther out, naming their area for a chapel built by a family named Fox.

Saturday nights we were allowed to stay up till midnight and

The Bitner Family

MY father's parents were born in Centre Hall, Pa. Their ancestors had been farmers and artisans. Henry Franklin Bitner taught English Literature and "Mental Science" at Keystone State Normal School in Kutztown. Before that, Cora Murray had been Henry Bitner's brightest pupil at Centre Hall Academy, before they married.

Henry earned a Ph.D. in chemistry from Wooster (Ohio) University in 1890. He read law with a local judge until Cora convinced him that teaching was his forte. Later, while Cora taught music and Sunday School classes and raised four children, Henry became preceptor and head of the natural sciences department at Millersville Normal School, near Lancaster. He was an active member of the Dutch Reformed Church and was often sent as a delegate to its conferences.

His son — my father, Henry Murray Bitner (always called Harry) — was born Christmas Eve, 1883, in Kutztown. My father said he spent his youth in the library.

My family visited Grandpa Bitner every summer, at first by train, squirming on the plush green seats, eating the lunches Mother packed, waiting for the hissing engines to be changed at Cresson, leaving the backbone of the Alleghenies to be sped downhill to Horseshoe Curve, where we saw both engine and caboose at the same time.

Grandpa had retired to Centre Hall, and after Cora died in 1908, married her older sister, Agnes. She had graduated from the School of Pharmacy of Buffalo University and had worked in their father's Centre

Hall drugstore.

Grandpa always had a big garden, chickens, and two pigs, every year named Dunder and Blitz, whose bacon we enjoyed the next winter. Bud and I watched him scramble for a dinner chicken, wring its neck and let the headless thing dance its final moment in the yard.

A Model "T" Ford, with brass headlights and radiator front, replaced his horse and buggy. He drove us to ancient relatives on farms in the area, and once took us to nearby Penn's Cave, where cold dripping rock walls were lit only by the lantern on the prow of the boatman's craft.

Grandpa was short and round and had a good lap for sitting on to hear his stories. The only one I remember is that in the summer of 1863, he was sent to visit relatives on a farm near Gettysburg. Union soldiers came and took away all their horses for the battle raging nearby.

The first Bitner in America had arrived in Philadelphia in 1735. He bought

land in Lancaster County and earned enough from his first crop of tobacco to buy the indenture of the sweetheart he had met on the boat from Germany and to marry her. Several Bitners served in the Revolutionary army. Grandpa sent me this information so I could join the Daughters of the American Revolution, but it came at the time, in 1939, that the DAR refused to allow Marian Anderson, a black woman of glorious voice, to give a concert in their Washington, D.C. auditorium, so I never joined.

Grandpa died in 1949, age 96.



Cora Murray Bitner, c. 1888



Henry Bitner, c. 1887



The Aspinwall Train Station at Freeport Road and Brilliant Avenue (here, May 1906) ensured access to work and leisure activities outside the borough. Rail service was vital to the growth of suburban residential communities, where most corporate managers and trained professionals lived by early this century.

drive to town with Mother to wait on Oliver Avenue for Father to put the Sunday paper to bed. Mother did most of the driving. (Father drove as though cantering a horse down an empty road.) Downtown, the only light in the street was in the window of the Martha Washington Candy Shop, across from the alley where pressmen in folded newspaper hats slipped around the corner to relieve themselves. On the corner of Oliver and Wood streets was the tobacconist where every year we bought Father's twin birthday and Christmas present: two drums of stogies. He said they never tasted as good anywhere but Pittsburgh.

Sunday mornings we read the funnies on our stomachs on the living room floor. We enjoyed the "Katzenjammer Kids" and "Tillie the Toiler" and "Barney Google" while we waited for the big noon dinner of roast chicken and mashed potatoes. For Sunday supper, we had bread and milk and sugar in

blue bowls.

On some Sundays we drove to visit relatives north of the city, returning home in the dark past scarecrow oil wells flaming with gas at their tops. We heard frogs croaking under the moon along Thompson Run Road, and rumbled down the wooden paving on the Butler Plank Road. Occasionally we visited Aunt Annie Gibson in Gibsonia, where we had to push and pull the long handle on the pump outside the kitchen door when we wanted a drink of water. After supper, we sat in her high front yard to wait for the pufferbelly to roar down the tracks below and shoot sparks in the night sky.

Before Grandfather Hanna died, we went to see him, too. He lived in Edgewood with my aunt and uncle. I liked to sit on their front porch in the evenings and watch the lamplighter making his way down Hutchinson Avenue, opening the little doors and holding his magic wand to the gas mantles to make them glow.

We had gas lighting until Father contracted to use electricity from the filtration plant for a dollar a year. He paid to have the wires strung up the hill to our house.

In 1917, even Buddy could read the big red headlines in the *Press*, WAR! We marched about, knees high, sticks over our shoulders. We played trench warfare in a nearby vacant lot, and had to eat awful margarine on our bread. Then Uncle Ted came to say "goodbye" in khaki and puttees, and we learned that Father's brother also had been commissioned into the army.

November 11 of the next year was a bright warm day. We were roller skating when the siren blew and church bells all over town rang the end of the war. The most vivid memory of my childhood came four days before, however. My father sat at the dining room table in an aura of blackness, head in his hands, sunk in guilt. As managing

editor, he had printed the wire service report of the end of the war — the false armistice — and disappointed anxious readers waiting for the good news.

By 1919, we had outgrown the honeymoon house and moved to Barnsdale Street in the East End, a fine long hill for speeding down belly-guts on our Flexible Flyers in the snow.

It was an area of single family homes, a few row houses and two-story apartment buildings. We lived in a double house. Most of the women were housewives, the men junior executives. The brother of one of my friends later became president and board chairman of U.S. Steel. Houses were bigger around the corner on Northumberland, and even grander two blocks away on Beechwood Boulevard.

The day we moved in, Abie, our new neighbor, came across the street and said, "Are you'n Jews?" We had to ask Mother,

*After supper, we sat
in her high front yard
to wait for the puffer-
belly to roar down the
tracks below and
shoot sparks in the
night sky.*

"What's Jews?"

Buddy and I had other companions for the first time. I heard my first naughty joke: "Spell

'oilcup' and leave out the 'l.'" We went to Linden School, where girls had to wear bloomers and middy blouses for gym. My friend and I thought it was dumb to have to change clothes twice a day in school, so we wore our bloomers to class, and were promptly sent home.

We were invited to parties. One friend's mother came for us and took us home again in her electric automobile. It had glass all around, like a queen's crystal coach, a tiny flower vase, a long bar for steering and another for braking.

On Forbes Street near Murray Avenue were shops where we bought groceries and sundries, but we were now city folks and did most of our shopping in town. For my clothes we went to Oppenheim-Collins on Penn Avenue, or McCreery's in the building now capped by the Press Club; for Bud's, we went to Browning, King,



The boys from the Press — Bitner fourth from the right
on an outing, c. 1915.



Reymers restaurant in the Jenkins Arcade, *top*, and McCreery's dining room, were among the Bitners' favorite spots in downtown Pittsburgh during the 1920s.

McCreery's had a pleasant dining room where red and green parrots perched beside big windows. We lunched there until the room closed after a patron, we heard, died of psittacosis she had caught from one parrot. Reymers in the Jenkins Arcade was another fine place to rest and have lunch or tea. We oc-

casionally met my father in the evening to dine in the new William Penn Hotel, or in the blue-and-white tiled Fort Pitt Hotel dining room. At our dinner table, we heard talk of the League of Nations — "no foreign entanglements," said Father — and about President Harding, who had appointed Andrew Mellon as Secretary of the Treasury.

Mother drove us to town on Fifth Avenue or Centre until Bigelow Boulevard was built with its handsome concrete wall that retained rocks and slides from Herron Hill. Two inclines crossed high above the roadway, from the hill to the Strip District far below. The view revealed rivers and bridges and half the city.

Harry Bitner had moved up the editorial staff of the *Press*. His salary increased, and in 1922 he was able to think of building a house on Aylesboro Avenue near Forbes. Blueprints were spread on the dining room table, and construction began, but we were not to live there.

One of my father's duties was to choose features for the paper — Arthur Brisbane and other columnists, Neil Brinkley's feathery girls, cartoons and comics. In New York he met with an important man for King Features Syndicate. He agreed to recommend Father to William Randolph Hearst but first wanted to meet Mother. The three dined elegantly until the executive made a pass at Mother. She said, "Take your hands off me, you big fat slob." Nevertheless, Mr. Hearst asked Father to be editor-in-chief of the *Detroit Times*, which Mr. Hearst had recently bought. We moved again. ■

What's in a Name?

By John A. Herbst
Executive Director

WHAT'S in a name? The question is quite a timely one for the Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania. Like other historical societies, we are many things to many people: museum, library, archives, publications, and education. Our name conjures up various expectations from those living in Pittsburgh and Western Pennsylvania. Since the Society is in transition, its expansion of programs and services has raised the question of how much of "Western Pennsylvania" we can adequately cover in any given sphere of activity.

Western Pennsylvania is a major area indeed. George Svetnam and Helene Smith have defined it as the 26 counties of Erie, Warren, McKean, Crawford, Venango, Forest, Cameron, Mercer, Butler, Clarion, Jefferson, Clearfield, Lawrence, Butler, Armstrong, Indiana, Cambria, Blair, Allegheny, Westmoreland, Washington, Fayette, Somerset and Bedford. There is a debate as to whether Potter County rightly belongs in this list. At any rate, Potter County or not, this is a tremendous bulk of the Commonwealth.

Let us consider how our forebearers saw the institution's turf. The Society underwent various metamorphoses in names: in 1834, the Historical Society of Pittsburgh; in 1843 and 1853, the Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania; in 1879, the Old Resident's Association of Pittsburgh and Western Pennsylvania. In 1884, the "Pittsburgh" was dropped.

Our charter reads as follows:

"... said corporation is formed for the purpose of collecting, elucidating and preserving... information concerning or relating to Western Pennsylvania, Virginia, the Northwest Territory and the States embraced therein..." It provided for us to be based in Pittsburgh, Allegheny County, Pennsylvania.

Now the trick is to apply to this empire of counties, states and territories our functions as an education center, museum, library and archives, and publications program. The Society has been Pittsburgh-based from its beginning, and except for a brief sponsorship of the Westmoreland-Fayette Historical Society, has had a one-site operation since the building of its headquarters in Oakland in 1912.

The absence of another society for Pittsburgh or Allegheny County has made the area most local to our headquarters a natural target for audiences, especially for public programs, and for a good bulk of our mem-

bership. How likely is it for us to think that Western Pennsylvanians from Warren, McKean or Cameron counties will venture a three or four hour car ride for one of our lectures? Conversely, would it make much sense for us to be running local history programs in counties which have their own historical societies?

This raises the issue of collecting artifacts and archival materials by a regional society *vis-a-vis* county and local efforts in the same region. People are quite rightly keen on keeping local history material in their own community, and even on risking poor storage conditions and a lack of curatorial care to do so.

Our staff has been wrestling with these problems and has developed some approaches:

1. Our regional nature might be best expressed by assisting smaller, local societies in the region with technical services and assistance. To this end, we have initiated the Local History Resource Service, a memorial to C.V. and Agnes Starrett, to begin bringing representatives of local societies in the region together to discuss needs and sponsor annual programs about "how to do" local history better.

2. Our quarterly, *Pittsburgh History: A Magazine of the City and Its Region*, will continue to publish articles on topics relating to the 26-county region.

3. We regard Pittsburgh and Allegheny County as our home area, because it is the regional hub.

4. The counties around Allegheny should be targeted for additional services and the seeking of audiences, and we should work closely with historical organizations already in place.

5. Our museum and library should maintain collections pertaining to all of Western Pennsylvania.

I would like to hear from members about these ideas; ours is but one proposal to a complex problem to be solved over time. In 1884, the Society's founders included Virginia and the old Northwest Territory in our mission. Our Society, like many others of that day, was a small group of antiquarians especially interested in the colonial period. Their commitment was to building a collection and to encouraging wide participation in education programs, and it mattered not, to them, if their geographical charge ranged wide. Our challenge is to keep a geographically broad perspective while clarifying a realm of possibility where we can supply services effectively, according to contemporary standards in state and local history.



"Family with Sparkle Plenty," 1949, gouache on board, The Carnegie Museum of Art

All an Illusion, But Maybe Not So

By Henry Koerner

Introduction by Paul Roberts, Editor

HENRY Koerner lives in Pittsburgh but grew up in Vienna during Adolph Hitler's rise to power and the economic and social turmoil that gripped Europe between the wars. A unique city in a unique period, the Austrian capital seemed to comprise equal parts of opulence and desperation, terror and intellectual achievement.

The city was previously inclined, for by the turn of the century it had become a "center for painters dealing with extravagant, grotesque, and fantastic themes," observes Gail Stavitsky, an assistant curator at the Carnegie's Museum of Art in Pittsburgh in 1983 who wrote about Koerner in a catalogue that accompanied an exhibition of his paintings. In *From Vienna to Pittsburgh, the Art of Henry Koerner*, Stavitsky traced Koerner's life from his birth in 1915 to Viennese middle-class Jewish parents. He escaped the Nazi terror by fleeing to Italy in

1938, never seeing his parents again, and emigrated a year later to New York, where he worked as a graphic designer specializing in book jacket covers. During the war, Koerner worked in the U.S. Office of War Information, and, at the urging of American painter and co-worker Ben Shahn, taught himself to paint. Living in New York right after the war, Koerner became immensely popular, both among critics, who called him an “arresting talent,” as well as among a wide slice of the public not schooled in art appreciation. His paintings, Stavitsky observes, were popular because the “public had no difficulty grasping their message. The objects in them were recognizable, and the situations, while bizarre, usually suggested a clear narrative or moral structure.”

Perhaps due mostly to his young age during Vienna’s most tumultuous years, Koerner was more a spectator than a participant, “although he was certainly influenced by the cultural climate of questioning, challenge and uncertainty,” Stavitsky writes. “He himself attaches deep significance to his Viennese heritage, believing that it gave him a sense of what he expresses as the inherent duality of life.” Koerner’s career is distinguished by work influenced by both major Viennese art camps of his early life. He dislikes such labels, but his early art is said to be generally from the realist school while his later paintings show an impressionistic style.

Discussion of his brand of dualism, Viennese culture, and his interest in how art historians and critics should classify his work dominate the following memoir. He eventually focuses on his years in Pittsburgh, which for almost four decades have supplied him with ideas and images for his paintings. Living quite comfortably at age 74, Koerner and his wife reside in the East End. He still paints.

*Because Koerner began his career in America as a graphic designer, we asked him to return to his artistic roots here in **Pittsburgh History**. The graphic design you see in this article is his own. The typeface differs from all other articles in the magazine because he chose his favorite, called Optima. An exhibition, “Henry Koerner: The Altar Piece and New Paintings,” runs November 4-29 at Concept Art Gallery, 1031 S. Braddock Avenue in Regent Square.*

A gentleman moves into a room on the fourth floor of an apartment building. From his window he can glance across the street into an empty

dwelling. One day he perceives there a spider sitting on the window sill. As the gentleman casually moves his fingers, he seems to notice that the spider imitates his movement with his legs. From then on it becomes a game. The gentleman drums out the most intricate rhythms which the spider imitates, until one day the gentleman discovers, to his horror, that the spider does not imitate him but that, to the contrary, he imitates the spider. The game continues, now in reverse. One day the spider wraps a piece of yarn around its neck, which the gentleman imitates with a rope. You guessed the outcome of the story. One day the gentleman is found dead, hung by his neck. This tale was told to us children by our unmarried Aunt Selma.

My brother and I were born into rooms on the fourth floor of an apartment building on *Am Tabor* 13 on one of Vienna’s streets. Today we have an apartment in Vienna one block from my place of



“Fir Tree Forest,” oil on canvas, 1989



"The Paradise," oil on canvas, 1989

birth, in the same physical position. Here in Pittsburgh our house is perched on a hill, overlooking rooftops, steeples, smokestacks, blast furnaces, chestnut trees, surrounding hills and bridges — half a ferris wheel.

In Vienna I also could see half of the giant ferris wheel sticking out above the chestnut trees in the *Prater*. From our iron-barred window in our children's room, we could overlook not only the ferris wheel, but also cupolas and steeples of the city and the mountains of the Vienna woods. There beneath the chestnut trees runs the *Prater's* main *allée*, accompanied by four parallel walkways, four kilometers long. To both sides of these rigid straight lanes is a labyrinth of paths through the thicket of the woods. These lonely trails are used by all kinds of people, like bird watchers, flower pickers, frog catchers, swamp fishers, mushrooms, sex seekers and finders, prostitutes, homosexuals, masturbators, to mention just a few. There are also coffeehouses, restaurants, race tracks, nudist colonies, swimming holes, soccer, cricket, tennis

and hockey fields. Also just rolling meadows, where the Jews in November of 1938 were driven by the government to wash the earth and eat grass to the amusement of the population. Around the foot of this giant ferris wheel lies appropriately the amusement park with its clatter of jarring music. The blinking dragon emerges from the dripping cave pulling behind him his tail of trains. It has passed the sweetness of familiar fairytales and seen the horrors of Sodom and Gommorah. There is the carousel throwing its vulgar chamber pots toward the sky. Next to it, the innocent pony ride. The giant ever-turning Kalafatti, the Chinaman, with blinking jewels on his chest, holding up a roof with his pigtail head of another merry-go-round. The puppet show has come to the end, and a little white bunny swings toward the yelling children. In this row is also the ventriloquist insulting the ladies in the audience with his "Maxi". The Watschman dummy is getting punched in the face, moans like a cow. Attracting the attention silently is a familiar scene. The abducted beauty in the arms of the baboon, his head and eyes turning ferociously from side to side. The transparent veils of the beauty quiver on her heaving breasts. Behind this group, through glass-paneled doors of the wax museum, sinister and alluring, one can catch glimpses of naked human forms, monster babies, skin diseases, and a cross-section of the reproductive organs. A man has his nose growing out of the flesh of his overhead bent arm. I truly wanted to become a barker at one of these sideshows when grown up. Of all the attractions we liked best were stage settings behind glass — that started to come to life by throwing in a penny, until that dreaded moment came when all was quiet again.

I remember walking through the city with my father. He was an excellent draftsman and photographer. In his spare time he built for us two children the most beautiful doll houses with glass windows, curtains, and miniature Persian rugs, silverware and dishes. For the famous art historical museum we walked toward the middle of the city. For the poor industrial section he was drawn to, we walked the opposite direction. This was the section of the "proletariat." It started right behind our house. Again the *Am Tabor* had become the dividing line between the "haves" and "have nots," between the middle class and the proletariat.

There is still a duty house standing there hundreds of years old, between the east and the west of the world. Between the Turks, the Huns, the Mongols, Genghis Khan and the Christian world.

On the hand of my father we walked towards the rushing Danube River. On its banks were cranes, industrial plants, warehouses. Connecting them was the Danube bank train, used only for transporting freight. Today one of these huge warehouses is converted into an elegant Swedish Hotel. It is not allowed to open yet, as it does not adhere to Vienna's inundating codes.

I recently painted a watercolor of a warehouse of the same dimension. This one lies on Pittsburgh's South Side and will serve as a stage setting for a large oil painting of a dog show.

For as an exile and orphan, he knows that it may be necessary to disassemble his images, to pack up his paintings, and with the boy in the foreground flee the scene.

So writes my son, Joseph, about me and my 16-panel painting "Oh, Fearful Wonder of Man." And so in the summer of 1952 I packed up my paintings again, and with the boy in the foreground, fled the scene. I left behind my ocean, my Coney Island, my Brooklyn, my State Street, for Pittsburgh. Following "my spider". The reason for my leaving New York was obviously financial. But maybe not so. Alan Gruskin of the Midtown Galleries had talked to me advisingly, "Henry, you better take this Artist-in-Residence position in Pittsburgh. It doesn't look too good for you sales-wise in our gallery anymore".

I had come before through Pittsburgh a few times. The encounter with this city was on my cross country trips by bus when I was going skiing in Aspen, Colorado, and on visits to San Francisco. What I perceived of Pittsburgh instantly was a profound attraction to its cubistic extensions, the stage-settings. By this I mean a distribution of cubistic forms large and small, ups and downs. Reminiscent of my visit in 1937 as a student to Split, Yugoslavia, on a hitchhiking trip. This cubistic extension has in its heart deepest sentiment and love that goes out towards you, so that you have to love it back.

I had left the city of my triumph, New York, as a defeated victor. I had entered Pittsburgh as a nationally famous failure. A vicious friend remarked to me then: "Big fish in a small pond".

What I did not fathom is that I would find my future wife Joanie here. A beautiful girl, with beautiful long blond hair, beautiful blue eyes, and a beautiful behind. She was a violin music student

at the Pennsylvania College for Women. I did not fathom also that I would have two beautiful children with her. But maybe not so. It was prophesied to me in a supercilious card-reading in Des Moines that I was going to marry a girl with a violin. All marriages are crystalizations of two people, embodied in Grecian mythology by Philemon and Baucis. But as Dr. Mullins from the University of Pittsburgh pointed out to me: "In crystalization mistakes are made. Sometimes crystals do not come out right". So it is with marriages. I am still married to Joanie, my second wife.

But why do I write? My deceased master in Vienna, Victor Theodore Slama, once said, "Painting and writing go hand in hand".

First. Alexander Eliot wrote about me, "His shield against indifference became an antic mask: Harpo Marx brandishing a megaphone".

Second. I love to write about my favorite subject, myself.

Third. I am writing to set the record straight. But maybe not so. In an exhibition of 1980 at the Westmoreland Museum of Art in Greensburg, I showed a 16-panel painting, "The Uncanny Canniness". Lovers — he black, she white — lying and floating together in air. She holds a switchblade towards the black's back; he loses daisies out of his right hand. Beneath the couple flow a river around a cold wintery bend. Until then, all other artists were my contemporaries, my peers. Now as I entered the show and saw my painting, a strange sensation came over me. I felt distinctly like a wanderer in the mountain above the timberline. I felt that I had nothing to do with my peers, my contemporaries, nor anything to do with any living painter. The same inkling I had at a poster competition 40 years ago. I knew then that nobody of the other artists had a chance of winning first prize once my idea had crystalized in my mind. Years ago Alexander Eliot remarked about my drawings that they would only be compared with the allness of the drawings of Albrecht Dürer.

When I looked at my 25-piece watercolor "Pappageno, The Birdman", suddenly it occurred to me that the cubist attempts of Picasso, Braque, and Delauney were solved by this painting. When a 16-paneled oil painting, "The Bathers", was hanging on the wall, suddenly I knew that I had out-painted Cézanne, just as Cézanne had out-painted Pissaro.

With my *Time* cover portraits I found myself in the company of Eakins, Velasquez, El Greco and Holbein. Standing among my watercolor paint-

ings on exhibition, I had the knowledge that there was no one in the whole history of art who could match my painting output in quantity and quality. Effortless I seem to breeze through the gardens grown so laboriously by Kandinsky, Matisse, Picasso, Manet, Monet, Corot, DeKoonig, Hoffman, Kline and Rothko. I had joined myself to the immortals of the *Kunsthistorischen Museum*. I had entered the Vienna Museum from the back door. But maybe not so. On a Frankstown Road corner, with a statue of a World War I soldier, I am completely immersed in the dialogue between the "I" and the "Thou". A man catches me unaware, scaring the shit out of me. "Sir, that's very nice what you are doing. But then, of course, I am the greatest painter of you all"! he says.

I had finished a portrait of a businessman here in Pittsburgh. After a few days I had given it to him, his relatives, and friends to look at. He called me, "Henry, I want you to take out the blue under my chin". If I would have agreed and taken out the blue brushstroke, the man would have seen an orange spot, then again a green spot, then a purple spot, and so on until the canvas would have been white again.

The whole incident is an illustration of *all an illusion, but maybe not so*. There is my illusion that I build up the painting, color stroke by color stroke, with the hope of celebrating the Living God. There is the businessman tearing my painting apart brushstroke by brushstroke until there is nothing left anymore, neither of the painting, nor of himself.

There lies a deep disenchantment with God as the creator of the universe, and man at the base of the climate of the twentieth century. The painters, superficially called "Impressionists", saw the universe and man in terms of Darwin. Man derived from the baboon, a product of evolution, spelled out in evolutionary color brushstrokes — man not necessarily a creation of God. Like a romantic American attracted by Zen, the romantic Gauguin tried to find God in the primitive culture of Tahiti. Cézanne, the realist, was in his brushstrokes a Darwinist, but he also believed in western God. He foresaw and warned against the "atomizing" of the world, as Kandinsky, Miro, Pollock, DeKoonig and their ilk did. Cézanne, the genius, acts out Martin Buber's sentence: the dialogue between the I and the Thou, between Man and his God. There is no contradiction between Darwin's evolution of Man and God's creation. There is no

contradiction between accident and destiny. The question of which is right, is the answer. This simultaneity is obvious in the German proverbs, "*Ein Jeder ist seines Glückes Schmied*", and "*Der Mensch denkt and Gott lenkt*" which mean, "Everybody is the architect of his own future", and "Man proposes, God disposes".

Marxism and National Socialism paint man's paradise on earth. An artist of "Modern Art" is like a gentleman in Aunt Selma's tale who thinks the spider imitates him. There is Cézanne, there is Modern Art, and there is Henry Koerner on the end again. ■



"Junkyard," 1948-49, oil on masonite, The Carnegie Museum of Art

'HI BUTCH': the World War II Letters of Everett Johns

Edited by Curtis Miner, *Pittsburgh History*

WORLD War II formed a watershed in twentieth century history. As U.S. soldiers participated in a global conflict that would revise international relations, those Americans who stayed behind confronted their own problems. The scarcity of consumer goods and preparations for impending invasions pressed average Americans into solidarity with G.I.s overseas. More importantly, though, the war advanced broader scale domestic change: the entry of women into a traditionally male work force; racial and labor tensions; the population's increasing flight from farm to city and from city to highway suburbs; and the emergence of personal values that would complement post war prosperity and consumerism.*

* For the most recent discussion of America on the homefront, see Ross Gregory's *1941: America at the Crossroads* (New York, 1988). Two of the most lucid and readable examinations of American society during wartime are Richard Polenberg's edited volume, *America at War: The Home Front, 1941-1945* (Englewood Cliffs, N.J., 1968) and John Morton Blum's well regarded *V was for Victory: Politics and American Culture during World War II* (New York, 1976). For a more thorough treatment of women workers during wartime, see Karen Anderson, *Wartime Women: Sex Roles, Family Relations, and the Status of Women during World War II* (Westport, Conn., 1981) and D'Ann Campbell, *Women at War with America: Private Lives in a Patriotic Era* (Cambridge, Mass., 1984). Frank C. Harper's *Men and Women of Wartime Pittsburgh and Environs: A War-production Epic* (Pittsburgh, 1945) documents the contribution of over 100 local manufacturers to the war effort. Thanks to Studs Terkel, readers can also turn to an intelligent compilation of oral histories with former World War II veterans. See Terkel, *'The Good War': An Oral History of World War Two* (New York, 1984).





War bond campaign, Oliver Avenue and Smithfield Street, 1944.

The letters of Everett Johns speak to many of these subjects. Between 1942 and 1945, Johns, an Order Department employee at the American Standard Company in downtown Pittsburgh, enlisted himself as a first-hand witness to World War II Pittsburgh. During the war years, Johns penned 62 letters to about 75 former employees of American Standard serving in the armed forces. Johns addressed most letters to an anonymous "Butch," the author's way of personalizing the letters he reproduced on office stationery and sent each month.

The topic — Pittsburgh on the homefront — has not received its proper due. What we do know is that war took lives and gave jobs. Between 1941 and 1945, an estimated 175,000 people from the Pittsburgh district enlisted or were drafted to fight the "good war;" casualties numbered 3,982 (according to the county's veteran services office). Meanwhile, at home, the war stimulated sagging economies; the federal government, in cooperation with steel manufacturers like Carnegie-Illinois Steel, pumped millions of dollars into reviving heavy industry across the region. With mills working at full capacity for the first time in over a decade, Pittsburgh's skies returned to their infamous gray, and industrial workers — many of them women this time — streamed into the rolling mills and

open hearths.

As Johns's letters show, the war shadowed nearly every aspect of life. Civil defense procedures such as city-wide blackouts interrupted normal work and leisure patterns. Newspapers accustomed to reporting local events filled their front pages with dateline news from the battle lines. War administration boards rationed consumer goods, creating long lines for everything from butter to gasoline. Meanwhile, the federal government's propaganda blitzkrieg raised funds and patriotic fervor. Bond drives, to meet the costs of war, supplemented victory gardens and glass recycling campaigns.

Industrial soot and defense blackouts, though, could not obscure more striking developments. Organized labor, having survived the dark ages of the first third of the twentieth century, periodically tested its new power. Assimilation and suburbanization began to wear down distinct immigrant neighborhoods. While areas like the South Side remained solid ethnic enclaves, others, like the Hill District, were flooded with new immigrants — in this case blacks, many from outside the region who came to work in the weapons industry. To the east, along new commuter highways like U.S. Route 30, nascent suburbs provided new homes and modern conveniences for both working-



and middle-class Pittsburghers. Even with the restriction on consumer goods, demands for the good life, and anticipation of post-war prosperity, tantalized Pittsburgh's subconscious.

While Johns's letters reveal such collective emotions, they also show a highly personal ethic: to give the boys overseas a taste for what was happening in their hometown. For many soldiers, Johns's letters surely were the next best thing to the *Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph*, *Homestead Messenger* or *McKeesport Daily News*. Each posting was more than a mere compilation of headlines, though. Johns relayed the homefront through his own eyes, including tidbits he thought would be of interest — and comfort — to the locals. As a result, his letters are a curious mix of public and private worlds. Some narratives are thoroughly homespun, revolving around events in his own backyard garden or the dramas of commuting and working in downtown Pittsburgh, often infused with a Bob Hope-style humor. Others supply candid insights into a city undergoing the stress and strain of rapid economic and social change, and uncertainty. Still other letters contain poetic reflections on the character of Johns's adopted but beloved hometown. (He came to Pittsburgh from the Midwest.)

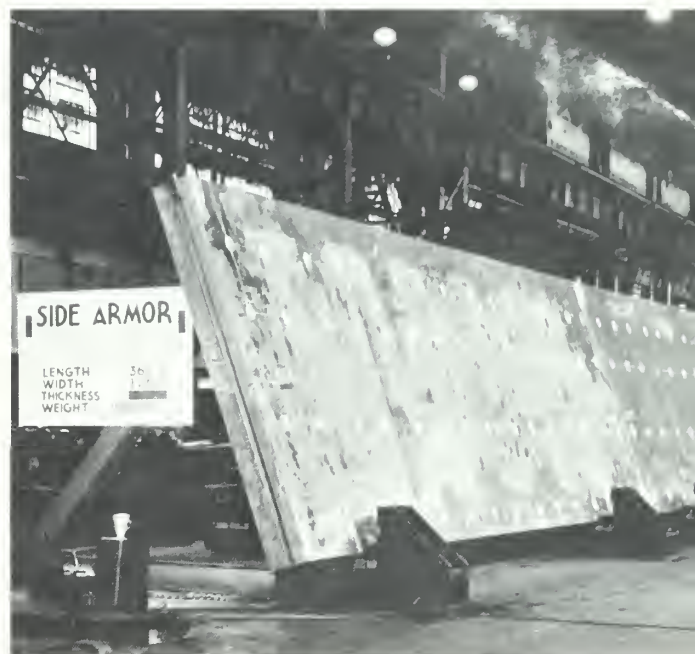
To the historian in search of testimony to dramatic societal change, Johns's letters may be a bit frustrating. Although there are passing references to race riots, labor conflicts and women in the workforce — references often full of stereotypic biases — those receive less play than ball scores or dance halls, or problems with the boss and the angst of the white collar worker. But by transcribing Pittsburgh as he perceived it, Johns's reportage achieves a unique authenticity absent from more systematic but aloof accounts. His comfortable vacillation between the pedestrian and the altogether new may in fact stand as a more accurate reflection of the peculiar habit of mind in Pittsburgh during the 1940s.*

*The excerpts presented here are from the Everett Johns Papers, Archives, Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania. This collection was recently donated to the Society by Johns's daughter, Jo Clapperton, of West Virginia. Although Johns kept a scrapbook with mementos given to him from returning G.I.s (see the illustration on page 191),

no letters from the G.I.s themselves could be found. To avoid redundancies, we have omitted the final line in each letter, which was signed, sincerely, by Everett Johns. In every case, we have maintained the original grammar and spelling, although we sometimes did correct punctuation to clarify meaning. Such changes, including places where we edited material out, are indicated by brackets.



Everett Johns



Above: During the war years, the Homestead Works of Carnegie-Illinois Steel devoted much of its production to armor plate for naval ships. Opposite page: Revitalized industries and labor shortages spurred a migration of southern blacks to northern cities like Pittsburgh. At many plants — the men shown here, c. 1944, worked at a Philadelphia shipyard — the ratio of black to white workers was representative of the society at large for the first time in U.S. history. The newcomers speeded a transition underway in urban neighborhoods such as the Hill District: blacks came as Jews and ethnic Italians left.

July, 1942

Hello Fellows:

[...]On June 26 we had our first complete blackout, wish you could have seen it. Traffic came to a complete standstill and the town was as dark as the Allegheny forest on a cloudy night. It was so dark on Fifth Avenue I made a couple of mistakes, bumped into a couple of men and they were the barrage balloon type at that. There were very few violations for a city the size of Pittsburgh and they were promptly handled by the Air Raid Wardens and the Courts dished out fines of \$200.00 in every case.

[...]It's getting pretty tough on some of the boys, they don't have much left after digging up ten percent for War Bonds and shoveling out for the various relief shows. About all they can do now is to take the girl friend for a brief stagger in the park or go up on Mt. Washington and see who can spit the farthest...

[...]Everything is about the same around the office, still pretty busy even with all the restrictions. You don't see much of that coming in low in the morning

and going home high stuff anymore, everybody is too busy and also too short of change to play around very much.[...]

August 13, 1942

Hello Fellows:

...Blackouts...dimouts...siren tests keep you taut and on your toes. Our last complete black-out late in July was a grand success, a few violations of course but they were promptly handed fines of one hundred to two hundred dollars...may that be a lesson to them. New Monday store hours from 12 NOON to 9 P.M. for the benefits of the defense workers...Old Glory flying proudly downtown against the daily scenes of War Bond Rallies on the downtown streets..music..loudspeakers...the crowds dipping deeper into their pockets at each patriotic appeal.

[...]Yes, We Have No Bananas...a very popular tune in Pittsburgh to-day as the banana famine enters its third week. The importing firms say it may be some time before we will again see bananas on the local market.

[...]If you are interested in sandlot baseball, the following is the standing of the leading teams, week ending August 8, in the order named: Greater Pgh. League; Dormont, Oakmont, New Kensington, Corbins, Jena. The Municipal League, South Section; Pittsburghers, 18th Ward, Crailo, St. Michaels. In the North Section, same league; Monarchs, Aspinwall, KSKJ, Wilkinsburg.

[...]We are expecting a daylight Air Raid Warning at any time now and the Wardens in the Order Dept. have issued the following instructions:

1. As soon as bombs start dropping, run like hell.
2. If you find an unexploded bomb, always pick it up and shake it like hell, the firing pin may be stuck.
3. Always get excited and holler bloody murder—it will add to the fun and confusion, and scares hell out of the girls.
4. If you should be the victim of a direct bomb hit, don't go to pieces. Lie still, and you won't be noticed.
5. Knock the air raid wardens down if they start giving orders. They always save the best seats for themselves and their friends, anyhow.[...]

September 10, 1942

Hello Fellas!

[...]We had another air raid test a few days ago — the first in daytime. Everything worked like clock-work, the upper floors in our building were emptied and everyone in their proper place within five minutes. Pretty good sez I.

If I may borrow some of the colorful words from the lexicon of that vanishing American — the jitter-bug, I can tell you that the “joints were jumping” Saturday night with all the night club headwaiters spending most of the late hours saying, “Sorry, we're all filled up”.

The next thing due for the ration list is beef. It's getting scarce and high priced around these parts. Fact is, eggs are running neck and neck with beef in this battle of prices. Notice where Washington says; “Output of Eggs must be Increased”, hope all the farmers will pay attention and go right out and give their hens a pep talk.

[...]Around our house we've been saving all the extra fat and turning it over to the corner grocer, however from the number of zipper spreaders we've seen appearing in slacks on the downtown streets there is not such a shortage of fats after all.

November 9, 1942

Hi Butch:

Almost like a “Dream come true”...that's what you'll say when you see our new Honor Roll, proudly hung on the outside of Bill McClintock's office. It's quite a bit larger than our old one and very attractively done in colors. The background is soft purple with red, white and blue stripes across the top, broken in the center by the Liberty Bell and a “V” on each side in gold stars. The descriptive heading is done in gold letters and twenty-eight names now on the board are done in white. The board is enclosed in a beautiful gold frame and everyone is so proud of the “Honor Roll” that they go struttin around like little



squinchbugs.

The service employees of the department stores went on strike last week. This made some of the students of the Pittsburgh Art Institute so mad that they Picketed the Pickets with placards denouncing the strikes during wartime. To avoid the riot the police gave the students a ride in the station wagon.

[...] Al Vignal has been entertaining us every noon by struttin around and singing "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition." He's not so hot, and, I believe this old horned-rimmed ninnyhammer could sing better than that with one tonsil.

Speaking of singing, reminds me to let you in on a secret. Twelve of our best looking "gals" and "six" of the fast vanishing males are now practicing on Christmas Carols which they expect to sing during the "holidays" in the various departments. Okay, Okay! maybe they do have fat lips and chapped hips but they can sing.

Glimpses of wartime Pittsburgh. Short glimpses but revealing. Girls eating together in downtown restaurants on Saturday nights. A sign in the window of a lunchroom, declaring the place is closing earlier because of lack of help. Chewing gum displays have disappeared from drug store counters. Huge Army trucks rumbling, like columns of elephants, along the Blvd. of the Allies.

[...] Here's a scoop worth checking. Perry Gish tipped me off, but wouldn't explain where he got the information. We hope it's not a military secret so let's go ahead with it. Perry said: "The underwear issued to members of the WAACs consists of a Khaki wool slip and more intimate garments of khaki-colored rayon." Maybe Perry has been reading some of the columns on the Women's pages during his spare time.[...]

January 5, 1943

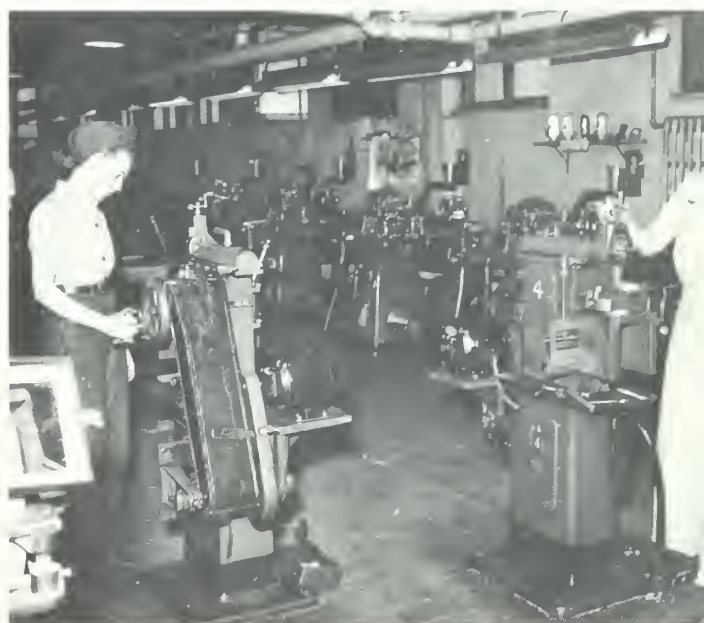
Hi Butch:

Here goes, for the news from our happy little village...

[...] Quite a few women bus drivers are appearing on various lines about town. It's very refreshing to watch them drive with one hand, and with the other hand, knit one, purl two & hit three.

[...] Eateries jammed at all hours, everybody tearing into vittles with desperate haste, as if they feared it'll be their last meal. If eating will win the War, we're in the money. Lining up for butter is the latest vogue in our village and believe me you need good elbows if you expect to get a pound of butter. Why the day before Christmas, a barrage balloon type woman with a large caboose literally shoved me into the gutter. I was so mad, I chewed up a handful of mothballs and zipped myself in a bag. I wouldn't mind a bit if they rationed kumquats.

[...] There may be drastic changes in our way of life



Above: "The girls are replacing the boys," chimed Johns, "at Carnegie-Illinois." The entry of women into traditionally male workplaces — they rolled steel and drove buses — was one of the more striking social alterations wrought by World War II. *Opposite page:* Anthony Mascaro, a familiar downtown face, trumpeted fish as a substitute for red meat, the protein source of choice among Americans. His antics were part of the government's effort to redirect consumer habits away from goods made scarce by the war's demands.

before you get home, but I'll bet my little bundle, the girl friend will never be ready when you call for her. Even when Gabriel stands with one foot on the land and the other on the sea to proclaim that time shall be no more, every woman in the world will hoist her boudoir window and shout, "I'm not ready, Gabriel; you will just have to wait." [...]

January 20, 1943

Hi Butch:

This well-chilled January day we intend to tell you about the ups and downs of our little village. I'm sure you remember our little town which lies between the grassy-tree-lined banks of the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers, just above the "Point" where they join to form the Mighty Ohio. Oh! Yes! We still rush to the "Point" everyday at twelve o'clock to see if we can catch a glimpse of the noon-day sun.

[...] The ban on pleasure driving and the OPA checking drivers for joyriding has made a vast difference in our little village. At nights our streets are just like a country lane on a sunny week-day afternoon — deserted if you please. The suburban night clubs have

folded up and everyone walks to the picture show.

[...]Walking over to the corner drug store the other evening, I missed the "Drug Store Cowboys." The place seemed deserted, but then I remembered there was a war on...[...]

May 19, 1943

Hi Butch:

[...]We shudder to think what is in store for the first rabid fan who hurls a ripe tomato at an umpire during the coming summer. Such wanton waste is as dead as the custom of tying old shoes on the moter that carries away the bridal couple.

[...]Well Butch, the next time you're in Pittsburgh don't fail to visit our modernistic new Canteen, just outside the Pennsylvania Station. We are very proud of this new building and believe it to be the finest of its type in the country. Everything is ready for the opening next week and thereafter it will never close, until the war is won and there are no more tired, hungry and travel-stained soldiers and sailors to be served.

A two day strike of the City's Garbage Collectors ended last week as approximately 360 collectors voted to return to work pending a settlement of their grievances. They walked off the job in protest to disciplinary measures of a Supervisor.[...]

November 16, 1943

Hi Butch:

Pittsburgh! A magic word in these war-time days. A smoking, roaring town of steel mills, coal mines and war-time factories turning out a daily production far beyond anything ever dreamed of!

Coming here four years ago, after a lifetime spent meandering over the prairies of Western Kansas and Nebraska, the Black hills of South Dakota, the Teton Mountains and Jackson Hole country of northern Wyoming and the marvelous Rocky Mountains and canyons of Colorado, never can I forget our utter confusion over the lay-out of Pittsburgh's Golden Triangle. Nor can we forget the damp, dismal and smothering smogs that hid the sun and made mid-morning seem like the twilight hours just before darkness. Nor can I forget the times I left the Keystone Hotel headed for the Bessemer Bldg. and within five minutes was completely and utterly lost in the myriad one-way streets and alleys. It was not uncommon to find myself wandering in the dark, dismal streets underneath the old train sheds behind the Wabash Bldg. or walking into the Chatfield & Wood Building on the lower end of the Boulevard of the Allies believing it was the Bessemer Building.

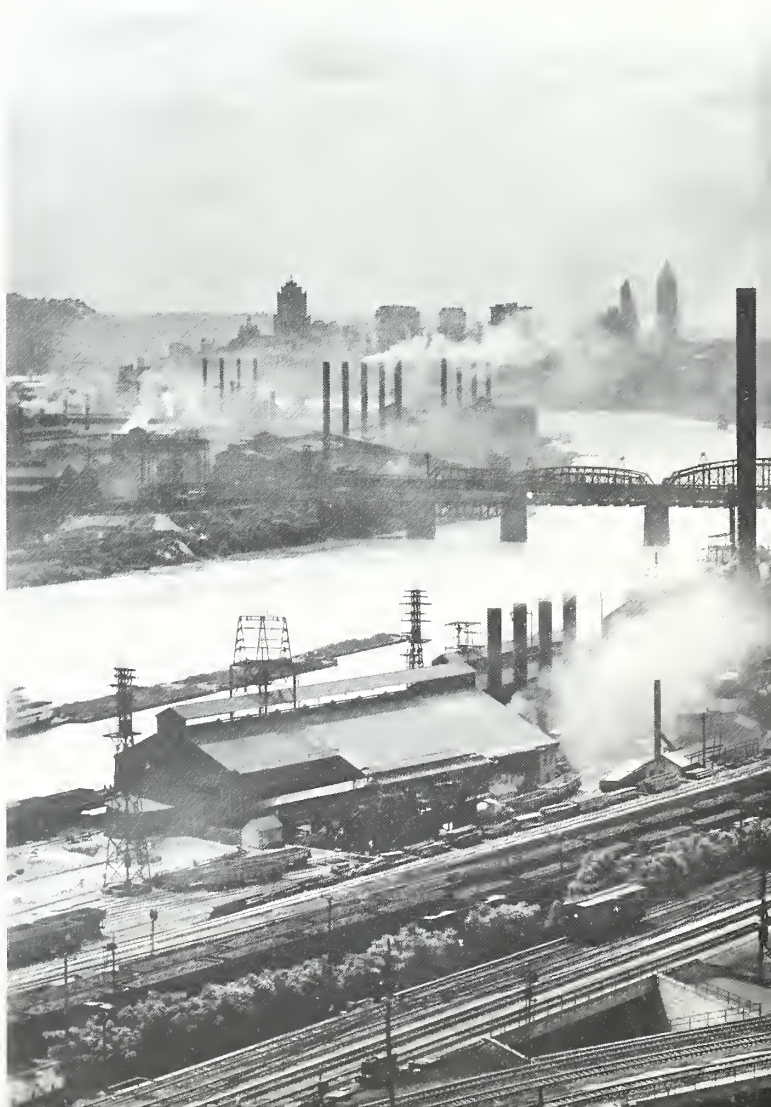
After living here for four years, I've figured out how to get around in the Golden Triangle; however, just let me get off the beaten path and I am lost.

There's just one balm—people who have lived here all their lives can't find their way around either. A friend of mine who was born and raised here undertook to drive me out to Edgewood one smoggy evening. In about fifteen minutes we found ourselves crossing the George Washington Bridge headed into Millvale, considerably farther from Edgewood than our starting point.

Last night we went up on Mt. Washington and now we realize why Pittsburghers call this city of dirty bumpy streets, weary rivers, burdened bridges and teeming mills "Mother Pittsburgh".

Going down to the old B. & O. Station to meet a friend, we discovered the train was two hours late and decided to take on one of those funny cable cars that look like a triangle climbing the side of Mt. Washington. The ride reminded us of a freight elevator—slow but sure. Walking out to one of the observation points on Mt. Washington, we discovered it was a glorious, frosty fall night and the moon stood high above the mighty Ohio River.

Directly across from us were the glistening towers



of the Golden Triangle, the winking red airline beacon on top of the Grant Building and behind it the Gulf Building with its thousands of lights. Below us is the Monongahela, silver and black in the moonlight; the lights from the traffic ways and tall buildings ripple and dance across the water. To our left are the Point and Manchester Bridges with the headlight of night traffic weaving across them. Beyond are the millions of lights in the city once known as Allegheny and now called the North Side. Away in the distance you follow the lights of Route #19 as it weaves its way up the mountain side toward West View and Wellington Heights. A sharp shrill whistle calls our attention to a Pennsylvania freight train directly below us, winding its way up the Monongahela with a string of flat cars loaded with tanks and trucks, which remind us of a string of ghosts dancing up and down the river bank.

Just below us to the right is the Liberty Bridge with its twinkling lights and the large Duquesne beer sign picturing a man drinking a glass of beer. Its red and gold neon lights reflect across the silver bosom of the Monongahela. Across the river we follow the traffic

lights of the Boulevard of the Allies, as it winds its way below Duquesne University, out through Oakland and on to Wilkinsburg.

Coming down the river is a great tow of barges loaded with coal for the yawning maw of a Bessemer furnace. The water cascades over the paddle wheels and sparkles like millions of diamonds in the moonlight as the stern wheeler pushes its load silently down the river.

We follow the outline of the hills, mountains, cliffs and valleys that are Pittsburgh, and suddenly a "Bessemer blows", lighting up the sky and throwing high its flame and molten metal like the eruption of a volcano. We stand enthralled as one after another the great "Bessemers" up the Monongahela Valley "blow", and the sky glowers red. From the lighted sky we can see a huge volume of smoke that by morning will hide even the waters of the river from our view as we cross the Liberty Bridge on our way to work. The sun will be a red ball in the sky and it will be another smoggy day in Pittsburgh.

I have been thrilled by the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone and have stood on the summit of Pike's Peak and gazed across the plains of Colorado. There may be more stirring sights than that which was mine to look upon last night, but at the moment I can think of no sight more challenging or stirring.

It is true there is no excuse for the ugliness of Pittsburgh; that no city in the world can equal it for dirt, smoke or the stark, dreary ugliness of it. Yet seeing the city as we did on this beautiful fall night, you suddenly realize that you have an uncommunicable affection for this dirty, bumpy city. Seeing the many bridges burdened with the heavy night traffic, hearing the whistle of freight trains as they rush through the night carrying the products of the city's factories, the glistening, glowering power of the teeming steel mills, you cannot help but feel the vast power and the glory of this great city.

Seeing the power and production of this rugged giant, we can understand the passionate loyalty of her citizens. In admiration and respect we bow our heads in a silent salute to "Mother Pittsburgh".

"[S]eeing the city as we did on this beautiful fall night," wrote Johns, "you suddenly realize that you have an uncommunicable affection for this dirty, bumpy city....seeing the glistening, glowering power of the teeming steel mills, you cannot help but feel the vast power and the glory of this great city."



April 8, 1944

Hi Butch!

[...]Come another spring, tra-la, and the army of Victory Gardeners have gone into action to help solve America's food problem. Pittsburgh in April is not to be confused with a palm-studded Florida resort, yet it has its points. It isn't Pittsburgh's fault that raw winds come charging up the Ohio Valley and snow not infrequently spits in your face...

[...]Spring waits for no man—another way of saying that it has been two years with this issue since we started the "HI BUTCH" letters in April, 1942 with a mailing list of thirteen. This is the thirty fifth number and the mailing list has grown to seventy five.[...]

June 16, 1944

Hi Butch:

The only drawback to being a white collar worker is that you have to go right on white collaring, day in and day out. No chance to take the afternoon off to go fishing. Never an opportunity to let down and take in a ball game. Just bear down all the time, and don't stop scratching, brother, don't stop scratching. When you think you have cooked up that feeling of invincibility in the mind of your boss you're in a hell of a fix when he begins to mouth off something fierce, blowing out radio tubes far and wide over the errors you've made. That's when the red begins to clamor for the tips of your ears....To recover our egotistic equilibrium we decided to rush out and see the Pirates lick the pants off the Giants.

[...]Somber is the word for the mood that gripped Pittsburgh when D-Day struck. There were few cheers, but many prayers. Throngs streamed in and out of churches all day long. Clergymen of all denominations held special services, ranging far into the night.

The invasion is expected to spur sales of bonds in the Fifth War Loan Campaign which began Monday. A goal of \$335,000 has been set for the Fort Pitt Area.

[...]Wash day at Presbyterian Hospital in Oakland bears striking resemblance to the old fashioned corn husking bee, where neighbors from all parts of the community drop in and help. The labor shortage is so acute that hospital officials, ministers, professors and other volunteer workers roll up their sleeves and do the laundry themselves.[...]

July 25, 1944

Hi Butch:

As the gent who writes the communiques might say it, "Action along the news front during the past two weeks was confined to local skirmishes," which would be another way of telling you that headlines worth a second glance were mighty scarce. Sorry we

don't have a lot of news but we'll try to give you a few newsie's that will bring back memories of that fair city on the Allegheny.

Scully still sits behind the mayor's desk, in the City-County Building on upper Diamond St...There has been some good clicks-on at the barn run by Sam Nixon....Koppers still make coke and the Camel Ad at Sixth & Liberty still smokes...Couples still go to Parry for pictures when they marry...The Tele is still quite blatant and the Press is as sober as your aunt...Mr. Mellon still owns the bank and Mr. Scaife is still building tanks...The Exercycle lady still cycles on the Boulevard of the Allies...The bobby-sock brigade still uphold the Stanley's trade...Mrs. Heinz is still making pickles and Mr. Benedum still eats at Kleins...Fritzie



Zivic is in the Army now and Dr. Clausen has left our town for Cleveland...Bob McClintic was taking a rest during the Fifth War Loan...Edgar Beck is still saving souls and Rheas are still making jelly rolls...Rosy and his dipsy doodle is better than the Hofbrau's apple strudel... Council still has James O'Toole and the trade is fair at Boggs & Buhl...Frankie Frisch is still on the ball and Loeffler is still at the city hall...Streamline trolleys still make the run all around Mt. Washington...Doc McCartney is still at the First and Warner is restoring hair...The movie boys are still supplying the dough for the U S O and folks are still paying the Brookline way...The union still holds a fear, of Ernest Tener Weir...The nudie is still the star at the Continental Bar...The girls are replacing the



boys, at Carnegie-Illinois...The same old newsie still sells papers at the door, of Conforti subway floor...The little blind lady still sells smokes, to those speedy Bessemer folks...We still curse when its foggy and suffocate when it's smoggy but it's a pity, how you miss this smoky city.

[...]Powder rooms in carbarns! That's the latest war-born innovation here. The Pittsburgh Railways Co. is building ladies lounges in its barns on Craft Ave. and in Castle Shannon. The lounges will accommodate women trolley and bus operators now being recruited by the company.

The liquor front here boiled over with Hymie Darling, king of the North Side honky tonks, surrendering his licenses for the places at 305 and 804 Federal St. and Sammy Weinstein for his place at 228 Diamond St. In a grumpy mood, Hymie told the agents to "take 'em away," then pulled the blinds and locked the doors.

Police are inclined to blame a numbers war for an explosion which wrecked two confectionery store fronts at 7804-06 Frankstown Ave., and which apparently was caused by a bomb. Detectives say they found numbers slips in the store.

The guys and gals around here are pretty sore at the gink who missed Hitler with that bomb. A hulluva time for a wild pitch. That's all for this time Butch. Good luck and don't forget to write.

August 9, 1944

Hi Butch:

We are sometimes overwhelmed by the size and import of our major problems. Take the Post-War world for example. So far as we can learn, thousands—even millions—of our fellow citizens have countless long-felt wants and long-wanted felts, too, that should be supplied after the war, but there are too many different ideas as to which things should have a priority.

To the woman whose curves are out of control, a two-way stretch is needed to get things back in shape, while to the gal whose gams are her glamor bearers,

Johns's letters served up a welcome taste of home for many young men who, upon enlistment, found themselves in unfamiliar surroundings for the first time. Here, Yanks just back from the war start a 65-hour train ride from New York to Washington state, (about the same as an Amtrak ride today) and their homes in the Northwest.

Nylon hose become a must. To the soldier who whiled away his passes on the beach at Waikiki, no Post War planning would be complete without a South Sea smoothie, a sagebursh sarong and a ukelele.

Morganthau, of course, has a Post-War gleam in his eye that means he longs for bigger and better taxes. Roosevelt longs for longer terms; Eleanor for longer trips; and Clare Luce for longer laughs. Frances Perkins hopes to see labor lie down with capital, with John L. Lewis to lead them. The flit-dizzies with which this world abounds wants more tonsil tremors from Sinatra, while the East coast wants five gallons per coupon and no questions asked. Anybody can see that Post-War planning is no pushover.

But take the common, ordinary, Victory Garden American (like me for instance) and he is not looking for any Utopia. Long ago we found out that there wasn't any Santa Claus and that those long white whiskers belonged to either Father Time or Monty Woolley. For a job; three square meals a day; a few bellylaughs from Abbott and Costello at the neighborhood flicker palace; a baseball game on

Saturday afternoon; a gee-ed up jolopy with four reasonably good tires and a spare; and a T-bone steak, we'll sell you our share of Post-War Utopia, but quick.

Some day in the not too distant future, I shall curl up on my favorite sofa and snuggle a pillow and think back a few years...I'll think about the days I smeared catsup and jams on food which would have tasted so much better with butter—had there been butter...the problems I had with ration stamps. Handing the grocer blue points when they should have been red and tearing out a number eighteen when it should have been twenty-three...the long waits on a frosty street corner waiting for a bus and not being able to get on when it came...the proud way a woman in the service wore her uniform...the wonderful job Bob Hope did entertaining troops abroad...the tired expressions on the swing shift on their way back home in the early morning...V-mail.

I'll laugh over the number of times I had my black shoes re-sold [sic] and my brown shoes re-heeled...the scarcity of scotch and the way my host would whisper the news if he had a thimble-ful in the umbrella



stand...preserving the coal supply by wearing extra long woolies...the alert ears of a woman when the word Nylon was mentioned[....]

September 12, 1944

Hi Butch:

[...]No doubt you're as starved for entertainment as you are for an inch thick porterhouse steak. How about making the rounds of the night spots? Remember those Saturday nights you drove down to Ogilve Park in Wheeling to take in Millers' or Dorsey's one night stand?

Wishful thinking gets us nowhere. How about some spots within carfare and transfer distance? O.K. How about Al Mercur's, the Nut House gent's Music Bar downtown? You'll find it hiding around the corner from Fifth and Liberty on Graeme Street. You'll like the atmosphere and the entertainment on the Baby Grands will tickle your ears. Perhaps you would rather go to Jack McCarty's just around the corner on Delray St. for an evening of informal pleasure where you can dine or drink by candlelight. Something livelier? How about the Villa Madrid on Liberty Avenue—whispering sands, swaying palms, New York floor shows and the tallest Tom Collinses. Maybe you'd prefer the Nixon on Sixth Avenue where sophisticated dance is tunelessly supplied and the Nixon emcee does vocal gymnastics every night with his popular renditions of the oldtime favorites.

How about tripping over to the Fiesta Room in the Roosevelt Hotel where rhumba rhythms stimulate the appetite and the large menu satisfies it. We'll have to go early for a ringside seat at the Gay Nineties on Fifth Avenue. The sweet familiar strains of the well loved ballads that grand-dad used to sing are played in the atmosphere of 1890. Just the place to drop in i[s] the 7th Avenue Lounge. Haphazard is the entertainment with everything from jazz to opera in the offing, but [it's] fun.

If you're on allowance let's try the Balconades on Saw Mill Run. Dinner at the strains of "Long Ago and Far Away" is a palatable pleasure. Or the Oasis on Bower Hill road. Tops in supper entertainment plus the longest in long spaghetti. You want to get away from downtown, okay how about the Sky-Vue for a little dancing and [it's] just a skip from here to Bill Greens on route 51. From here we can go to the Blue Ridge Inn on Saw Mill Run for a typical roadhouse night club of pre-war day. Nothing is changed even the service is good. Now lets [sic] hop over to Joe Mazer's on Washington Road where good barbecues and music are the specialties at this jukebox haven. Just a little farther is the Green Lantern and Lebanon Lodge, both juke box dancing.

If it's an impression on that luscious blonde you're wanting to create, then take her to the Vogue Terrace



Above: Blackouts and air raid drills created an atmosphere of nervous expectancy. During a typical drill in a Pittsburgh public school, c. 1944, teachers and students filed into hallways, where the theory was they would be better protected from bombs. Johns parodied his own company's contingencies, noting it was best to "knock the air raid wardens down if they start giving orders. They always save the best seats for themselves and their friends, anyhow."

Opposite page: Scrimping and saving were patriotic acts. At this scrap rubber drive, c. 1944, at an elementary school in Brookline, students sacrificed their old heels to the cause of Hirohito's defeat.

on Crooked Run Road in East McKeesport, Pittsburgh's No. 1 Night Spot. A grand floor show, dancing and a cosmopolitan atmosphere. On Saturday Night the Schenley Hotel on Forbes Street across from the "Keep Off the Grass Sign" is a good spot for dancing and a midnight supper.[...]

If you don't like any of these there's lot more both good and indifferent. They are all awaiting your return and if you crave to paint up the town, make your reservations early. As I said in the beginning [it's] rather a silly subject to write about, but maybe it'll bring back a few pleasant memories and the good times ahead in good old Pittsburgh when "Hitler's Dream" turns out to be a nightmare. Good luck until next time.

January 9, 1945

Hi Butch:

[...]Sober is the word—literally and figuratively—to describe the way most of us spent the New Years Eve. Hi-de-do was out of the question, what with icebound streets and the fact that Sunday laws banned the sale of liquor, thus making it the slowest "Eve" since repeal. The night spot business has been pretty



Fifth Avenue, Downtown, on V-J day, August 14, 1945.

lean for the past four weeks, however the entertainment continues in the upper bracket despite the weather. Marty Gregor has his band at the Terrace Room of the William Penn, Everett Neill's Orchestra has returned to the Oasis and Dick Averre is making a record run in the Fiesta Room of the Roosevelt. Due to bad weather the Pines has been closed until April 1st. Bill Bardo is winding up his final week at Bill Green's and will be followed by Tommy Carlyn, who played 37 out of the 52 weeks last year for Bill. Tommy not only has a good band but he's a past master at collecting the biggest part of my paycheck every week-end at his grocery store on Brownsville Road.[...]

May 15, 1945

Hi Butch:

Pittsburgh celebrated V-E with prayer, work and the release of pent-up enthusiasm. From Downtown office buildings, laughing, singing girls and men sent a paper storm over the Golden Triangle. Groups "ganged up" on willing service men and kissed them. Streamers of ticker tape and adding machine rolls festooned utility wires and trolley poles. A brisk wind kept the paper storm flying. At noon we shoved our way through a sea of celebrators and side walks ankle deep in paper and jammed ourselves into a restaurant

for a bite of lunch. Everyone was talking to everyone else and ignored the food.

Tap rooms and State Liquor Stores were closed. Throngs were flocking to the downtown churches, and there must have been fully two thousand jammed in front of the First Presbyterian Church on Sixth Avenue, listening to Dr. McCartney deliver a V-E Day message. By three o'clock the paper showers had thinned—the crowds were less boisterous and the Gold Triangle was getting back to normal.

Fickleness of South Side girls, who didn't always dance with the guys "what brung 'em" was blamed for a street riot in the Hill District at midnight the day after V-E Day. The riot flared when six auto loads of South Side hoodlums staged a free-for-all with a number of Hill District men.

Clubs, fists, milk bottles, hatchets and home-made billies flew before squads of police converged on the scene from Center Avenue, South Side and Downtown. Most of the South Side bruisers ran for their autos and sped away only to be arrested at the South Side end of the Tenth St. Bridge.

I don't know what you got out of V-E Day, but it sorta knocked me down and made hard work of letter writing. It's a rather scrambled sort of thing. You'll excuse it, I'm sure. We'll cut it off here and simply say, Thanks, Butch, for all you've done. ■

Christmas Greetings
: and good Wishes :
: for the New Year :
from Somewhere in Italy -
Bob Boselvig

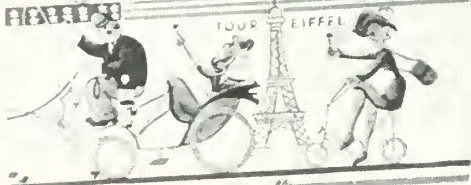


GREETINGS FROM OVERSEAS



THE OFFICERS AND MEN
OF THE NINTH INFANTRY DIVISION WISH YOU
A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS
AND A VICTORIOUS NEW YEAR

Dick Shagrack



A MERRY X MAS



Joe Dorsch

RECEIVED
SEP 27
NY

From 1942 to 1945 Johns sent letters to about 75 G.I.s overseas. In return, Ernest Lodino, Bob Boselvig and dozens of others sent Johns greeting cards from around the world, which he collected and saved in a scrapbook.

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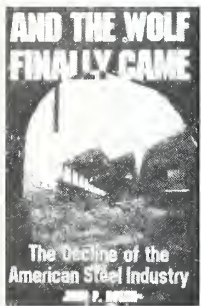
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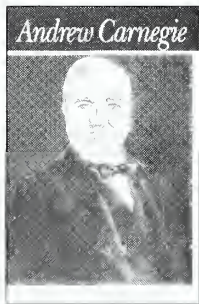
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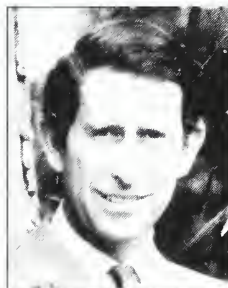
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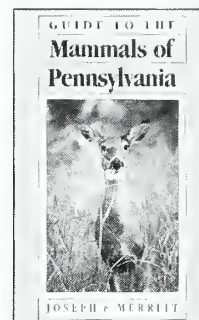
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'Dear Friends': The Civil War Letters of Francis Marion Elliott, A Pennsylvania Country Boy

Edited by Peter G. Boag

FRANCIS Marion Elliott was born 15 July 1842 in Cumberland Valley, Bedford County, Pennsylvania. He was one of Samuel and Margaret (Hemming) Elliott's 12 children. Little is known of Francis' life before he enlisted in the Union Army in Spring 1862. He fought with the Second Pennsylvania Cavalry's Company "E," which included many young men from Bedford County. Military records described him as 6-foot-1, with a florid complexion, blue eyes, and light brown hair.¹

Between 1862 and 1865, the years Elliott served in Virginia, he wrote letters to his father, his sister, Harriett ("Het"), and his brother, Thomas. Of the dozen extant letters, the nine more interesting ones provide a picture of Elliott's emotional reaction to the Civil War. Additionally, these letters, written in an unschooled hand, offer a sample of nineteenth-century southern Pennsylvania vernacular and speech patterns.

During Elliott's first summer of the war, the Second Pennsylvania Cavalry made up part of the



Francis M. Elliott, c. 1862

Army of Virginia under General John Pope. On 18 July, Pope issued orders for his Army to "subsist upon the country in which their operations were carried out."² At this time, we first hear from Elliott.

*August 10, 1862
Ferrysville [Fayetteville, Virginia]*

Dear Brother

I suppose that you haint heard any thing of me since we left Clouds Mills [Virginia] we left there on the

27 July and we have ben on the March nearly evry day since and the way the army is a taring things to peaces it [breaks] evry thing whare ever we stop[.] the Salgers just goes and breaks open the corn cribs and [graineries] and helps them selfs[.] [G]eneral Pope has issued an order for his army to forage for themself to what they can find I dont see what the people will live on in Virginia for they wont have a nuf to keep them til winter for the Army is taking it all now they just turn the horse in to a field wheat and let them eat a way at the shocks of grain if they had don this long a go I think that the war would have been ove[r] before this time.

Although Elliott volunteered to go to war, his letters reveal no reasons. In the end, he was unprepared for the psychological burdens of war, for shortly after he wrote the above letter, he deserted and fled to

Peter G. Boag is Assistant Professor of History at Idaho State University. Francis Elliott's writing style is preserved here. Only occasionally did he use a period, preferring extra spaces to separate sentences. Only when the punctuation or bad spelling impaired meaning did the editor add a comma or a period or properly spell a word. All such additions appear in [brackets]. Locations that help track Elliott's movement also were added. Finally, Elliott chose not to sign many of his letters.



Elliott on the right; the other men, and the date of the photograph, are not known.

Ohio. During this period, he wrote one letter to his father. In the excerpts that follow, Elliott gives advice to the family in the event another son be called to war; he also reveals his low regard for blacks.

*June the 14 1863
Harison County Ohio*

[Samuel Elliott,]
thomas I fear wil be drafted[....] if he should be
sow unlucky as to be drafted my advise to him to
go to ilnois[....] but I wil tel him that there is now
plase like home on the count of sickness there is
A good [d]eal of sickness hear there is not hardly
A fimily but what has the tyfoid feaver I ploud
som corn for a man last weak whare there was
three laying sick with that desease there is more
sickness hear now then there has ben for ten years
but it is nearly all gon[....] thay ar inlisten dam
black nigers at [Cadiz] thay wil start A way to
morrow[....] who is it that would go in this war
with A free wil and stand up by the Side of A
niger and fight for thare freedom it is not I by a
hel of A site I want free from this hel of A
war[....]

if you are able perhaps it wil be ove Some good to
you if you can get my discharge what ever it

cost I wil work for you to the A mount if it be A
hundred dollars this war has Cos[t] the deth of
one that wil never be for gotten I hope that it
wil be the last[....] I hope that you wil tend to
theas matters as Soon as you can I am working
for a man by the name of thomas Baker I get
thirteen dollars A month I like this cuntry and
the peaple all first strate.

Fancis M Elliott

Elliott's statement that "this war has Cos[t] the death of one that wil never be for gotten I hope that it wil be the last," refers to his elder brother, John Elliott, who died 1 April 1863 after accidentally shooting himself in the leg. This brother had also belonged to Company E of the Second Pennsylvania Cavalry, having enlisted 31 December 1861 in Philadelphia. While John Elliott was in the Armory Hospital in Washington, D. C., Walt Whitman visited him and later wrote the following to his own mother.

*To Louisa Van Velsor Whitman
Washington, Wednesday forenoon, May 13th 1863*

Dear Mother,

I am late with my letter this week — my poor, poor boys occupy my time very much — I go every day, & sometimes nights — I believe I mentioned a young man in Ward F, Armory Square, with a bad wound in the leg very agonizing, had to propt it up, & an attendant all the while dripping water on night & day — I was in hopes at one time he would get through with it, but a few days ago he took a sudden turn, & died about 3 o'clock the same afternoon — it was horrible — he was of a good family (handsome, intelligent man, about 26, married) his name was John Elliott of Cumberland Valley, Bedford Co. Penn., belonged to 2d Pennsylvania Cavalry[....]

Walt³

There is no correspondence from Elliott between his letter from Cadiz, Ohio, to his father in June 1863 and the next letter in July 1864. He returned to Pennsylvania at least once, to marry Ellen Katharine Sliger on 28 November 1863. In early January 1864, he was arrested in Bedford County — \$30 was paid for his apprehension — and he was taken back to the Second Pennsylvania Cavalry. The remainder of his letters encompass the period from the summer of 1864 until the war's end in 1865, and give details of a hip wound, exciting near-captures by the Confederates, unsettlingly macabre scenes in the aftermath of battle, and disagreement in the ranks over General George B. McClellan's run for President.

*July the 3 /1864/
Camp Near City Point*

Dear Sister

I Have Sean some Hard seans cence that time we was in A Dredful Hard Battle on the 26 ove June and I got A lite Wou[nd] with A pease of it The Shel Struck me on the thigh[.] it was nearly Spent or it would tear my leg of[f] but as good as luck was it did not Hurt me sow much[....] I Cood git away but I tel you that I went of[f] ove the Battle Field on one leg it maid me very sick For A while I did not go to the Hossptle For I though[t] I would Be likely to get sick For thare is sow menmy Diseases thare.

yor Brother
Francis M. Elliott

*July the 19 1864
Camp near the James river*

Dear Friends

Cence I rote to you last I Have Met with an axident the twelfth day ove this month we was in A Hard Battle and my Hors was Shot From under me and He Fel on my leg and I made out to git loos But I pool my bo[o]t of[f] ove my foot I came very near being taken Prisiner But I maid my escape I lost...the Shirt that I Fech From Home and thay got it the [enemy] was [with]in t[w]o rods ove me and you May [k]now that I Had rund⁴

I wash that I was Home to Help Harves and git something good to eat once more. For we Have Hard living don Hear you may think that you see Hard times up thare but I wil tel you that you never Heard tel ove Hard [times.] Shits what the poor soalgers Sees.

Yor Brother
Francis M. Elliott

Auges the 3 1864

Dear Sister

you [ap]pear to be very uneasy A bout me Being wounded[.] I am glad to tel you that it is wel[.] oonly I can feal it in My Hip by jaring

wel Het I think this is the Hottes Cuntry I evry was in it is nothing but Sand Hear and the Sun is Sow Hot

Sow good by
Francis M. Elliott

Francis M Hafer is our ordurly Sargin and I guess that He wil get to be lietenit He sends his love

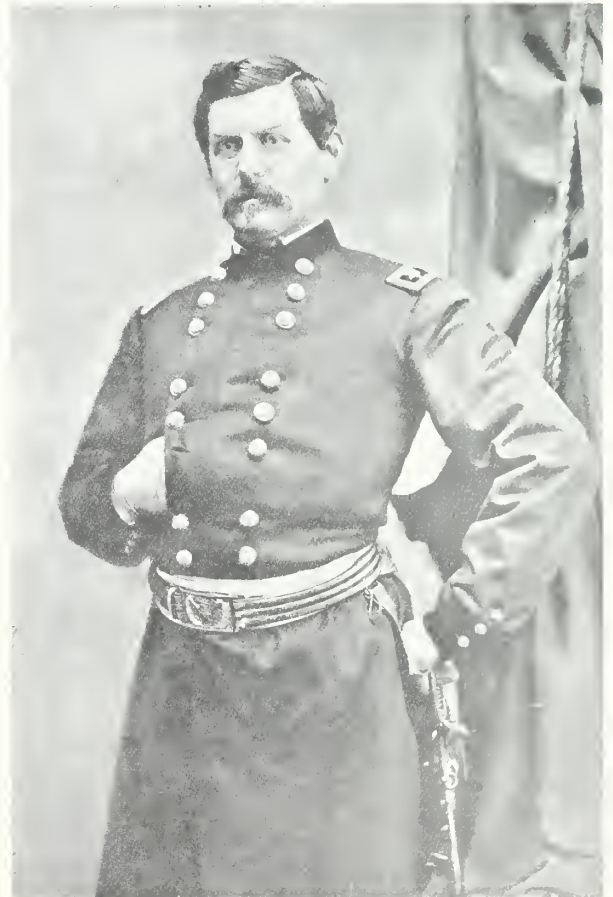
and best respects to you all. I will send you some rebbel money to look at[....] I am much A bige [obliged]to you for thum stamps.

On 25 August 1864, Elliott participated in the Battle of Reams' Station, one of the largest battles he saw. About 1,000 Union soldiers were killed or wounded, with the Confederates taking 2,030 prisoners (including 80 officers). Although the Confederates lost 1,500 soldiers,⁵ they came out victors by maintaining control of Reams'.

September the 10, 1864

Kind Sister

I Was in the Battel at [R]eam[s'] Station[.] it was the Hardes batel that ever saw[.] it is said to be the Hardes Batel that ever Ben Fought in this War[.] you Cooden walk For the ded Men the rebels lost More then we did we was in Brest works and the rebels tride to drive us out thay Charge on us three times and was defeated and the Fourth time thay Charge with Four liens ove Batel and drove Some ove our Men out ove the Brest works with Bayonents thay wave thare Flag



U.S. General George B. McClellan

over the Brest works and one ove our Men grab at it Seven times and was struck with the Bayonet ever time there was a balls Cum thru the Brest works [past] Both Sids ove My head and nock the Splinters in My Fase. Het I never Cood think that Men Cood go thru Such plaies and come out Safe I am tired ove Fighting in this unjust war[....]

In this same letter, Elliott mentions for the first time General McClellan's bid for president. After finding McClellan ineffective and at times a headache as head of the Army of the Potomac, President Lincoln relieved him of his duties on 7 November 1862. McClellan, however, remained very popular with the enlisted men, who dubbed him "Little Mack." The general accepted the Democratic nomination for President on 8 September 1864, two days prior to a letter in which Elliott begs his family to support McClellan:⁶

I want you all to do the Best you can For McClerring For he is our oonly Hope think of yor Friends that is in the Battel Field at this time and the Men that Have Fel For the Cares ove aboliliosism [abolition] it is Said that the Solgers will Have a vote and if we Have I intend to Vote for little Mack the Solgers is nearly all For Him

Francis M. Elliott

During the fall and winter of 1864, Elliott fought in a number of battles resulting from the Union's tightening of the noose around Richmond. In a 29 October letter, Elliott writes his sister of the gruesome aftermath of the Boydton Plank Road battle that left 166 Union soldiers dead, 1,028 wounded, and 564 missing.⁷

*October the 29th 1864
Camp 2nd Pennsylvania*

Dear Sister
Wel Het We Had A Fight on the 27 ove this Month and I Woulden go over that Battle Field now for no money For thare is Hundreds ove our Men laying thare now and Wil rot on the top ove the ground this country is covered With Bones ove Humans Men the Battle Field is A Site that [no] one nead Want to see if you Would see one you Woulden Want to See another its not that I am A Fraid that I Haint[...] but it is the grones and cries ove the Wonded and the dying the cutting to Peases ove Men it seams like the Sinfulness Work that Men can do

I diden think the other day that I Would Be



At the Battle of Reams' Station, Virginia, both forces suffered heavy losses, but the Confederates "won" by controlling railroad facilities in the area.

able to [raise] another Pen to rite you it Was A Plase that you cood see the Canon Balls and the Shells Fly and thay Was not Sceary

With the general election coming, Elliott again mentions his support for McClellan in an undated letter, but this time he notes that the general won't get all the soldiers' votes.

I Wil vote For George B McClerring and I Want Pap and Thomas not to mis thare vote there is some Hear thinks that He is A trater if A man tels me that I Wil nock him don or kill my self tring to there is men in this Company Big[g]er then I that is For leken [a "lickin'"] I talk as I Pleas to them But I think that the soalgers Will go For little Mack I hope that He may Beat

Francis M. Elliott



February the 9, 1865
Camp 2nd Penna Cavalry

Dear Sister
Excuse my Bad Writing and Spelling I think
that it [is] Harder to Serve our Cuntry then it is
to Surve god.

Francis M. Elliott

March the 17, 1865
Camp 2 Penn Cavalry

Dear Sister
the year 1864 Has lernt Me A lesson that I Wil
never For Git A man Dont [k]now Wuhat
Freedam is til He is in Bondageouce[bondage]

times is terning With us now But I Hope that
this Cruel War Wil Soon Be over and that Free-

dom May rule this land once more and I Hope
that the Sound ove the Canon May not nead to
Be Heard [no] more I must Close For the
Present time I remane you affexinent Brother

F M Elliott

Three weeks after this letter was written, the Confederacy's Army of Northern Virginia — the force that the Second Cavalry had fought the year before — surrendered. The war ended for Francis Elliott. He mustered out on 31 May 1865 at Clouds Mills, Virginia. He returned to Pennsylvania, to his wife, Ellen, and to a son born in September 1864, just 10 months after Francis and Ellen had been married and eight months after Francis had been arrested and forced back into the war. Eventually the Elliots had 12 children.

Francis Elliott resumed the life of a farmer, an occupation he pursued until his death in 1924. His battle-worn rifle, powder horn, pouch and saber are still in the possession of descendants, some of whom still live on the ancestral Elliott property in southern Bedford County. ■

¹ Elliott's military records do not provide his date of enlistment, though the earliest muster role found for him bears the date 5 June 1862. Reference is from Elliott's military and pension records, Military Service Branch, National Archives and Records Service, Washington, D.C. Here I must thank my third cousin, Carolyn Munger of Greenville, Ohio, for her permission to use Francis Marion Elliott's Civil War letters, the originals of which are in her possession. Munger is the great granddaughter of Elliott, and the granddaughter of Blanche (Elliott) Somerlatt. I am also gratefully indebted to my Aunt Marie (Roy) Wilder of Lake Oswego, Oregon, for initially transcribing and collecting the letters for my use.

² E.B. Long, *The Civil War Day by Day: An Almanac, 1861-1865* (Garden City, N.Y.: 1971), 242.

³ Edwin Haviland Miller, ed., *The Correspondence*, vol. 1: 1842-1867, *The Collected Writings of Walt Whitman*, Gary Wilson Allen and E. Sculley Bradley, eds. (New York: 1961), 99-101. In Edward F. Grier, ed., *Notebooks and Unpublished Prose Manuscripts*, vol. 2: Washington, *The Collected Writings of Walt Whitman*, 609, Whitman made this notation in his journal: "Saml Elliott father John Elliott from Cumberland Valley p.o. Bedford co. Penn Cavalry, cleaning his pistol shot himself, good family — May 5th they operated on, took chloroform, took off his leg he died under the operation — they held a strong smelling bottle three hours...."

⁴ There is a family tradition that after losing his boot and being unable to retrieve it from under his dead horse during the heat of battle, Elliott was forced to walk around minus one boot for some time. He was 6-foot-1 and, it is said, had large feet for his size; it took a while to find them, but he

eventually confiscated large enough boots from a dead soldier.

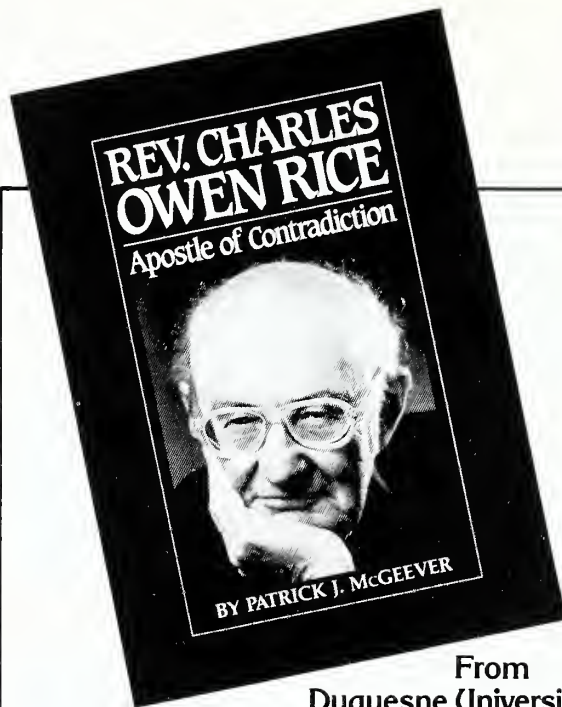
⁵ *Lloyd's Battle History of the Great Rebellion* (New York: 1865), 408-410; *War of the Rebellion: Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies* (Washington, D.C.: 1880-1910), vol. 42, part 1, 131.

⁶ In the election of 1864, the Democrats attempted to capitalize on war weariness to defeat the Republicans, with McClellan campaigning for a quick prosecution of the war. President Lincoln, however, defeated McClellan in the general election, 212 to 21 electoral votes and 2,213,665 to 1,802,237 popular votes.

⁷ Long, 589.



Elliott and wife, Ellen Katherine (Sliger) Elliott, at their home in Bedford, Pa., c. 1920.



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The Civil War Deception of Robert Arthurs

Introduction by Gary Link,
Pittsburgh History

**‘I did not open
my lips excepting
to give my name,
and in five
minutes I was a
regular contract
surgeon in the
U.S. Army.’**

AT the outbreak of the American Civil War the U.S. Army Medical Department consisted of only 98 doctors. Each regiment of soldiers answering the president’s first call for volunteers was required to provide its own physician. After the induction of these first 75,000 soldiers, each state governor appointed a surgeon and assistant surgeon to each regiment. But the Army had trouble keeping these doctors in uniform. Many resigned or took long leaves of absence after just a short term of field duty.

The following letter was given to the Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania by Dr. Henry C. Flood, of Pittsburgh, in 1936. In it, Pittsburgher Robert Arthurs describes to an acquaintance, one Robert Lomas, his medical service experiences in the Union Army. Arthurs says his original purpose in approaching the Army was to locate his brother, who had secretly volunteered. To gain information, Arthurs infiltrated the Army by posing as a surgeon.

How was he able to do this? In his *Doctors in Blue* (New York, 1952), George Adams explains that not all of the governors’ selections were qualified surgeons. Some

were political appointees with no qualifications, while those qualified were often young and inexperienced. The federal government required prospective Army surgeons to take an examination, but this posed a dilemma for state governments: If they adhered to the examinations, they could never provide the Army enough surgeons; but if they relaxed requirements, they filled the Army with unqualified physicians. And what of “qualified” surgeons? Medical school in the United States at that time consisted of two nine-month terms. The second year repeated the first year’s lectures, and there was little or no laboratory or clinical instruction. After schooling,

the student spent a period of time working with a practitioner.

In Arthurs’s case, he says, the Army did not require him to show any credentials. And once in, Arthurs not only avoided detection as a charlatan, but this man, whose entire medical training consisted of having two brothers who were doctors, proved himself superior several times to many of the genuine Army surgeons.

• • •

August 28, 1886.
Robert Lomas, Esq.,

Dear Sir:

Your long and interesting letter was duly received. You will pardon my hurry to answer it. I would, however, at once correct a wrong impression you got from my allusion to a visit to the battle fields. I never was a soldier — tried to enlist but was refused, on account of defective lungs. The next best thing I could do in that line was to hire a substitute, for which I paid \$1,800. He proved of no credit to me — he was a “bounty jumper.” At the battle of Cold Harbor, June 12, 1864, our forces suffered such terrible loss in killed and wounded, that a call was made for volunteer

surgeons. I had two brothers in that profession, and being in the same house with them for a number of years, while students, and after they began to take practice, I was somewhat familiar with the technical terms of their trade and a little acquainted with the trade itself. One of my brothers volunteered and went off without our knowing he had gone. He was in bad health and altogether unfit to go. When I found he had gone I undertook to follow him. At that time it was almost an impossibility for an outsider to get within the lines. I trusted to luck, and on the train going I became acquainted with a real surgeon, who had been accepted, and I asked him to allow me to be his companion, and in his or our interview with the Surgeon General to merely use the pronoun we, which we agreed to do. When we arrived in Washington City and reported to the highest medical officer in the country, I did not open my lips excepting to give my name, and in five minutes I was a regular contract surgeon in the U.S. Army, with orders to report at the White House on the Chickahominy River, near the battle field. There were then thousands of people in Washington anxious to get to the front, whose sons, husbands or brothers were there, to learn their fate more positively than the official returns would show, and more speedily. Many were offering \$1,000 for a pass, without avail. I reported and after some trouble found my brother in the 18th Corps Hospital, very busy, and I at once set to with him. In a few days a change of base was ordered, and the Surgeon in charge concluded to send us home, but on my special request consented that we should accompany the army to the new field. The move was sudden and secret; between night and morning all stores that could be put on the boats were sent away with the hospital surgeons and supplies, down the river and up the James

River to City Point, and the army marched across country to Petersburg. We arrived at our destination quickly and the fighting began at once. When evening set in, at bed time my brother and myself made a bed of our blankets on the ground, but before getting to sleep were driven out by a field hospital wagon drawn by six mules. In conversing with the officer in charge, I learned that they were badly in need of surgical help, and we got into the wagon and went with it to the front. I fully expected to go into Petersburg that night, and into Richmond the next day, and we would have done so if a halt had not been ordered. The enemy was completely surprised — one night of rest on our part and one night of activity on their part continued the war just about one year longer. We halted at a large country house, with every floor

**‘...every floor
covered with
wounded men, the
lawn outside so
thick you could
walk about only
with great care.’**

covered with wounded men and the lawn outside so thick that you could walk about only with great care. Here we spent the night among groans and cries, which we could not relieve, because we had no lights, our supplies not having yet come up, and the night very dark. As soon as day broke we were at work and in four or five hours had all cleaned up and sent to the rear. Here occurred many inter-

esting incidents. One or two I might narrate. One man whose leg was so badly fractured that it had to be amputated, resisted earnestly and fearfully. “How could he meet his wife with one leg?” He would rather die, etc., etc. The surgeons were heartless — they told him they had nothing to do with his wife — their business was to save life, and in a half minute he was thrown upon the table — I applied the chloroform — in another minute he was quiet — and in a very short time he was sent to the rear with one leg. When all had been attended to as I thought — a colored lad leaned against a tree. I asked what he wanted. He had been shot he said. Having his gun still in his hands this was not suspected. The bullet passed through the fleshy part of the thigh. He was soon fixed up and was taken back — happy — still holding on to his gun. At noon of that day we made a hasty advance to the field with continuous fighting, and there remained for some weeks. Here we saw more fresh blood in the short time we stayed than any soldier who served the whole war through. At one time, forgetting the great cause, I felt that it would be almost justifiable to shoot the captured out of the cannon-mouth as it was once said an English general did in India. It was only for a moment, and I — we all — treated the prisoners as tenderly as our own men. A few incidents of those which occurred here I might narrate. One night we were prepared for large work but it happened our corps did not go into the fight and but few wounded came in — among them a fine looking man whom fear had overcome and he shot off his own thumb. This was known by the powder marks on the hand. He stood firm and never winced while the surgeon dressed the wound. They told him he should have wrapped his handkerchief around his hand and then the powder marks would not have been seen.

With the knife they slowly cut and anatomically examined every nerve, vein, artery, & c., & c., occupying a full hour in dressing the wound. It was cruel, but curious. That man was no coward — he was not the least impatient — sad, sorrowful and greatly ashamed. He had been struck by that irrepressible dread, and he could not help doing what he did.

Having a minute or so of leisure, one morning, I was walking through another hospital and was spoken to by a soldier, lying on the grass. He called me by name, and had to explain to me who he was before I knew him. He was the son of an old acquaintance in Pittsburgh, and had been shot quite through the breast, the bullet coming out in the back. He said his wound had not been dressed — they had thought it not worth while — he would soon die, &c., &c. I told him I thought not, his eye did not tell me so, and I would dress his wound, which I did, and gave him encouraging words and a good drink of whiskey and water. He came home, got well, and went back and served the war out. When through with him I inquired if there were any other Pittsburghers there. A man standing near heard me and approaching said he was from Pittsburgh, and told me his name and where he lived. He requested me to examine his wound and say if I thought his brain was injured. I took off the bandage. The ball had passed straight through under the nose and carried out both eyes. (Henry Cooke)* I encouraged him in like manner. He also afterwards came home — got well — but died suddenly about one year afterwards.

I was in the service some less than two months, and that I was not a surgeon had not been suspected. On two occasions I was

tempted to confess, but did not. Once when a subject had been placed on the table to have a leg amputated. The bullet had broken the thigh bone and the surgeons after examining the wound carefully were still uncertain what to do, when they stepped back and

**‘With him pulling
in one direction,
we stretched
and straightened
the limb.’**

requested me to examine the case and give an opinion. I hesitated only a moment, but made the examination carefully with the ear and touch as I had seen them do, and gravely stated that I would not take that man’s leg off, and they sent him away. From what I had seen and learned I believed the man’s chances of life were about the same with the leg on as with it taken off, and gave him the benefit of the doubt. On a former occasion I saved a man’s leg, and perhaps his life, and on his way home he came to my house to thank me. He was lying on the field ticketed for amputation. As I looked at him I felt sorry — he was so handsome — physically almost perfect — and a good clear eye. I talked with him and he conversed calmly and asked me what I thought his chances were for life if the leg was taken off and what, if not. I told him they were about the same, and he pleaded so hard for his leg that with his consent I took off the ticket and tore it up and went to work to fix up his leg. With his aid in pulling in one direction, and I at the foot in the other direction, we stretched and straightened the limb, and with boards of a cracker

box I bound it up, and with crackers slipped in where needed made the splints firm, and directing him to remain where he was — under a shading tree — as long as they would allow him, and with little other encouragement, I left him and did not again see him until he came to my home months afterwards — on crutches with a short leg, but as he said much better than none.

Another occasion I came near confessing but did not. A train of twenty-one ambulances loaded with capital cases — such as had lost arms and legs — had been made up and I was directed to take it to City Point. I took care to see that tourniquets were provided and started. We had about nine miles to go and the roads not very good. The jolting of the wagons caused much suffering, particularly in gutters, which the drivers would go straight over. I insisted they should cross at an angle which would relieve the jolt just one half. It was little trouble and at first they tried to say they were right and I was wrong. I insisted, however, and felt sure that afterwards the groans were not so loud. I got through safely but very tired. I had been working all the previous night, and had no sleep and almost no food. On the return I lay on my back in a bloody ambulance and slept the whole distance, and we went back on the trot.

Enough for explanation. It would tire you out if I put on paper all the curious things that happened while I played doctor. It is the first time I ever tried to put them on paper, and had no idea so much space would be required. You may say I did wrong. We got credit for doing much good. I never asked the Govt. for my pay and never intend to — I was more than paid by the satisfaction and the experience.

With kindest regards, I am,

Yours,
Robt. Arthurs

*This name was typed in between the two lines that constituted the previous sentence.

History and American Historians: Reflections on an Inquest

By Robert G. Colodny

THAT NOBLE DREAM: The 'Objectivity Question' and the American Historical Profession

By Peter Novick

Cambridge University Press, 1988. Preface, introduction, appendix of manuscript collections cited, index. Pp. xi, 648. \$49.50, \$15.95 paper.

FOUR decades ago when this reviewer was just entering the historical profession as a Ph.D. candidate in history at the University of California (Berkeley), it was a common lament among his colleagues that although American historians had written the history of practically everything under the sun, there was no scholarly account of the history of the American historiographical profession, a body of learning that set forth clearly the traditions of the profession, how its norms had come into existence and what indeed were the professional requirements of an aspirant to this profession. This lacuna has now been overcome by the magisterial work of Peter Novick. The author is a professor of European history at the University of Chicago, a

specialist in the history of the Vichy regime and the underground movements that opposed the Petain and Hitlerite occupation forces during World War II.

The subtitle of the book, "the objectivity question," refers to the longstanding dispute within the profession, particularly from its professionalization in 1874 to the present. The issue simply stated was, by what standards should an historical account be judged? The history of this conflict, which one must assume still continues, goes back to those early years when American scholars had traveled to Germany to obtain graduate study in the historiographical disciplines. This was at a time when German scholarship was the envy of the western world, not only in the natural sciences but also in the so-called human sciences. And the icon of the human sciences was Leopold von Ranke (1795-1896), a German scholar whose works on the history of the Reformation, the history of the medieval popes, the rise of the great nation states of the Germanic and Italian peoples, etc., were the glory of German historical scholarship.

Von Ranke had bequeathed to his American followers a peculiarly ambiguous aphorism which in German read "*Wie es eigentlich gewesen es*" — that is to say, it was the task of the historian to state precisely what had happened. This aphorism of von Ranke's was an

admonition to his fellow German scholars to eschew mere tradition, folklore, and legend, and to base oneself exclusively on authenticated documents. To von Ranke this was the only way in which history, the study and reconstruction of the past, could become an *exact science*.

Here we face an amazing paradox at the very foundations of the American historical profession. The Americans, who were philosophically naive, interpreted von Ranke to be advocating a form of blind empiricism. Yet von Ranke himself was closer to Hegel; in his great works on the nation states he had said in effect that they were the "thoughts of God." Here one sees clearly the Hegelian imprint. And yet by looking just at the aphorism, the American pupils returned to the United States and implanted at the very beginning of the professionalization of historical study a cult of naive empiricism.

Whether or not this suited the American temperament is beside the point. The blind worship of fact, and fact alone, was thought by these Americans to represent the procedures, the methods of scientists. Here they followed Locke, who was a 17th century scholar, and the Lockian psychology and the Lockian inductivism derived from Francis Bacon, who was an even earlier scholar; they took all of this to be indicative of what a scholar must do, what his attitude must be

Robert G. Colodny, Professor Emeritus of History at the University of Pittsburgh, has authored numerous works on modern European history and has edited 11 volumes in the history and philosophy of science.

towards the unknown, in order to be "scientific." This initial misinterpretation of von Ranke would haunt the American historical profession down to almost yesterday. In Novick's beautiful account of these epistemic struggles, he makes the following statement: "that philosophical incompetence as far as he knows never interfered with the professional advancement of American historians."

Now if von Ranke was the misinterpreted John the Baptist of the historians' church, the first heresiarchs were surely Charles Beard, Carl Becker and James Harvey Robinson. They can be viewed loosely as offering a counterpoint to blind empiricism, namely what has come to be called relativism. By relativism one should understand such cognate terms as climate of opinion, frame of reference, generational flux, etc., by which it is meant that each generation of historians, having undergone different types of experience and living in a different part of the eternal flux of social change, will approach the past with different questions in mind and different modes and standards of interpretation. And it is this latter word that carries most of the weight of Novick's analysis of the dispute between the empiricists and their rivals. These relativists sought "to interpret," which meant finding some kind of correlation among the facts, some underlying reality. Here Whitehead's warning to scientists at the turn of the century that "no science is more secure than the metaphysics that it presupposes," might have been heeded by the historical empiricists. In the great schools of American historiography, however, this Whiteheadian precept was honored by being largely ignored.

There is a dark underside to the story that Novick relates in this massive and thoroughly documented work. In the beginning, American historiography was

dominated by the great institutions of the Northeast — Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Columbia — later to be joined by such institutions as Johns Hopkins, the University of Chicago and those Ph.D. factories, the University of Wisconsin and the University of Michigan. Prominent in our own time are institutions such as North Carolina, the University of California and Stanford. In the beginning, the attitude of the professoriat in the Northeast was exclusionary, exclusionary toward Jews, Catholics, blacks and women. Contemp-

This initial misinterpretation would haunt the American historical profession.

tuous of the sons and daughters of the lower middle class and the working class who knocked on their doors, they were quite openly unhypocritical about class prejudice, asserting that only those who came from "old established families" would have the "sensibility," a word they loved without defining, to probe historical problems. By the end of the book, one is aware of a kind of Whigish characteristic to the evolution of the historical profession, particularly in the last 30 or 40 years. Most of the barriers have been dropped. Jews have been elected to the presidency of the American Historical Association; so have Catholics. Blacks have gained entrance, and not only as scholars: black history is now being incorporated into the curriculum of even the most prestigious institutions. The same can be said for the feminist penetration into the halls of ivy;

there are now not only women historians, but women's history is also a part of the curriculum.

A great part of the book is devoted to the period since the beginning of World War II. And this too carries a dark side. As historical inquiry moved into other domains of human experience, beyond the narrow political, constitutional and military, great segments of human experience were separated from the main core of historiography and became separate disciplines with their own journals, their own associations. This is particularly true for the history of science, the history of the arts, and the history of technology. As these primary functions of the human mind and social endeavor separated out, one wonders what was left to be the core of historiography taught in the contemporary graduate schools. As Novick points out, although the volume of historical study and writing increased, the profession as such became more and more fragmented. It became almost impossible for conversation and scholarly dialogue to take place across these artificial disciplinary barriers. The little fiefdoms prospered, but the profession itself sank into greater and greater chaos; one small sentence toward the end of Novick's book carries this story. The students are beginning to "vote with their feet."

Enrollments in history courses have dropped and a general public which would probably respond to well-told historical accounts is driven to rely more and more on amateur versions of our own past and of the world's past. Amateurs such as the Durants, Harold Lamb, Barbara Tuchman, John Reed, Edgar Snow, Alexander Werth, William Shirer, Vincent Sheean and similar writers have greater readership than all of the monographs turned out by Ph.D. seminars combined. Something has surely gone amiss. But perhaps there is some light at the end of Novick's

tunnel. What seems to be lacking is some principle of synthesis in the graduate schools. Where this will come from, nobody can say, particularly for somebody as immersed in the ongoing struggle as the reviewer. However, he can recall an incident some 20 to 25 years ago when he first encountered the wonderful synthetic work of George Sarton, the Belgian scholar who had brought the history of science to the United States, shortly after the end of World War I. In a long essay, Sarton had asserted that the history of science, if properly structured and taught, could be that discipline that would unify all of the other disciplines. Whether or not this was an impossible dream, only the future can tell.

American historians from the very beginning of their professionalization have been taught to eschew philosophy of history. They had contempt for it. A potential synthesizer could have been found perhaps in the works of Marx and his followers, but these people had been discouraged from entering the profession and those who did quite often soon found themselves on the outside looking in. But even this has changed. Not so many years ago, Eugene Genovese, a follower of at least neo-Marxism, was elected president of the Organization of American Historians.

Perhaps as the world becomes more and more of a global village and more and more philosophies of history or interpretations of history get plugged into the electronic network that joins all of the great universities of the world together, some kind of synthetic idea may be born in the same way that in the 17th century all of the physical sciences were unified by taking on the language of mathematics and adopting the experimental method. Then began the great push against the frontiers of ignorance.

This, by the way, had been the dream of the early empiricists in

the American historical profession. But they grossly misinterpreted the methods of science. When Darwin came along, they seized on the crudest version of Darwinism; they interpreted him to be a radical empiricist and used a vulgarized version of his thought to justify racism in the United States. Social Darwinism colored their interpretation of the Civil War and Reconstruction. They seemed unaware that taken literally, their version of Darwin suggested that the Confederate states and their "peculiar institution" were not fit to survive.

One haunting question is left at the end of Novick's book, at least in the mind of this reviewer. Has the history of the American historical profession been unique, reflecting unique characteristics of American political, social, and cultural history, or is it part of a more or less universal phenomenon? Light on this subject might have been shed had Novick looked at such works as George P. Gooch's *History and Historians of the Nineteenth Century*, and James Westphal Thompson's work, *A History of Historical Writing*. One could also learn something by going back to ancient works, to take a look again at Thucydides, at Polybius, at Tacitus, at Appian, and try to determine whether or not these ancient founders of our craft reflected certain particular social and political conditions of their time. We know that this was certainly true of historical writing, or the historical chronicles of the Middle Ages, when there was an overriding orthodoxy and a more or less kind of universal folklore, the kind of thing that von Ranke was rebelling against. But a second look might tell us something about the American experience. To what extent has the profession been geared consciously or unconsciously to protecting a certain set of elitist social values inherited and passed on generation after generation? Have we as the keepers of

historical memory been as objective as the discipline demands, or have we sometimes been intellectual prostitutes? ■

After the Holocaust: The Migration of Polish Jews and Christians to Pittsburgh

By Barbara Stern Burstin

Pittsburgh: University of Pittsburgh Press, 1989. Tables, notes, bibliography, index. Pp. ix, 219. \$19.95.

PROFESSOR Barbara S. Burstin's book, comparing Christian and Jewish refugees who had emigrated from Poland after World War II, is a very ambitious and worthwhile scholarly work. Using important primary materials such as first-hand recountings by 60 Christian and 60 Jewish Polish refugees (survivors) who had come to Pittsburgh after the war, feelings, attitudes and concerns for the future are examined.

In the first chapter, the author points out "that the Polish people experienced, with the exception of the Soviets, the barbaric excesses of Hitler's Germany" (page ix) and notes the reasons that both Christians and Jews left their homeland and came to America. In a series of sensitive interviews, she delves into the reasons each group gave for desiring to settle in America, how each felt about Poland 35 years later, and what problems both had to face during and after the war. Her work reveals that compared with the Christians, the Jews, by far, continue to be more bitter about Poland. They likewise feel some bitterness against Christian Poles. Some of the Jews questioned told of beatings they had endured before the invasion of Poland by the Nazis, treatment as second-class citizens, being turned over to the Nazis, sufferings in the concentration and work camps, and of two survivors weigh-

ing 78 and 85 pounds respectively when finally found by the Americans. Some also described how after the war, anti-Semitism had continued in Poland and Jews once again were killed, this time by the Poles. Thus, most Jews had no desire ever to return to Poland.

On the other hand, most Christians questioned still felt great

Most Jews had no desire ever to return to Poland.

loyalty to Poland, their motherland. However, Soviet influence and the loss of freedom that their friends and families were now experiencing troubled them. They noted how some Polish-Americans who had settled in Pittsburgh before the war regarded some of them as Communists. This proved irritating to those who had fled Poland because of the change in the political order.

The study reveals that both groups continue to long for a homeland of their own: the Christians for Poland and the Jews for Israel. Both love America. However, some of the Jews fear that there could be a repeat of what had happened in Europe and see Israel as their only hope. The Christians had no such fears. Both said there were various strains of anti-Polish or anti-Jewish sentiments evident in Pittsburgh.

In order to compare the differences and similarities of both groups, the author had to gain the confidence of the 120 people who served as primary sources. As this process evolved, differences and similarities of both groups began to unravel and new information emerged. Differences among the Polish refugees were: (a) reasons for leaving Poland; (b) help each received from various individuals and private agencies when they

first arrived in Pittsburgh; (c) marital status; (d) economic status; (e) economic backgrounds; (f) educational backgrounds; (g) prejudices and fears of Polish-Americans and Jewish Americans toward their own groups; (h) command of the English language upon arriving in America; and (i) self-esteem. Similarities examined were: (a) sufferings in Europe; (b) sufferings in displaced persons' camps; (c) acclimation to the new land; (d) the pollution in Pittsburgh when they first arrived; (e) important place of freedom in their system of values; and (f) concern for the future.

The author expertly handled both areas. Her results were obtained from the above interviews, statistical data, records of local and national organizations that assisted in the resettlement of displaced persons, local archives and additional interviews with appropriate people. To find the 120 Christian and Jewish Polish refugees, the author had to call more than twice that number, many being reluctant to cooperate in the study. However, the author was not deterred, and her work continued.

In her last chapter, Professor Burstin describes an interesting dialogue held in 1987 when she invited 12 participants, six Christians and six Jews, to appear at the University of Pittsburgh. She writes: "Few were eager to attend; all were wary. It was clear that the perceptions about the past and the ongoing isolation from one another continued to be real factors in their attitudes and occasioned expressions of reserve, particularly on the part of the Jews." She opened with questions about their feelings toward each other after all these years — most not knowing each other until her search had begun, most Jews living in ethnic enclaves in Pittsburgh and most Christians scattered throughout the city. Also each had their own houses of worship and cultural and educational groups. Although both

groups were indeed Polish, they had little communication with each other — perhaps a carry-over from their earlier ways of life and those of their forefathers in Poland, where Jews had been forced to live apart in most instances.

The author's study convinced her that there was need for a meet-and-discuss session. And bravely pioneering this idea, she developed the dialogue session at the university. This attempt proved indeed successful. Once the 12 members of the sample group met, Dr. Burstin carefully moved to the topic of the meeting: differences, similarities and understandings. Slowly they began to voice their feelings, and their thoughts about themselves and each other. One of the Christians delivered a stirring summation:

We all went through horrible suffering, perhaps some more than others. I think though that the human spirit is so strong that we can go forward and overcome our suffering. I can sense that the atmosphere here has melted. I feel that we are becoming friends. If we spend another day or two together, I think, we would really hug each other, and I would be the first to do it....(178)

When she finished there were tears, applause and heartfelt handshakes. A Jewish participant expressed his feelings:

I have found a friend — you and I. I'm not asking whether you are Christian or Jewish. When we talk openly, we learn about one another. I didn't know what you went through; you didn't know what I went through. What we did today could be applied on a larger scale — Poles and Jews in the United States, Jewish representatives at the Vatican. It is in our interest, America's interest to do this. The more division, the more

prejudice, the more infighting. We need to cooperate. (176-177)

After the Holocaust is an excellent example of how peoples who have harbored prejudices for many years can meet and discuss, how they can begin to understand the reasons for these feelings and finally how they can work to change them. The reader too will begin to understand the sufferings both sides had to endure, and how peoples must work to overcome feelings of prejudice. A book worth reading. ■

Irene G. Shur
West Chester University

George Rapp's Years of Glory: Economy on the Ohio 1834-1847 okonomie am Ohio

Compiled and edited by Karl J.R. Arndt.
New York: Peter Lang, 1987. Pp.xxxi, 1,163. Introduction, illustrations, notes, index. \$193.

THE present volume continues Karl Arndt's long involvement with the copious documentation of George Rapp's Harmonist Movement and the communities Rapp formed first in Pennsylvania, then in Indiana, and finally again in Pennsylvania. Rapp's Separatist communal society constitutes one of the most interesting and successful, if generally misunderstood, chapters in the history of nineteenth century America's experiments with communal societies.

As part of the German-American experience in the New World, it has been neglected, as have been German-American studies in general. The broad picture of American life is not complete without an understanding of the ethnic contribution to American social and

cultural structures. One can justifiably argue that there is nothing more "ethnic" about the German-American experience than that of Anglo-America because of the large numbers of German immigrants and their intense involvement with American life. However, residue of anti-German propaganda, primarily stemming from World War I, and the language of the documentation — German — have made German-American studies less interesting to generally monoglot historians. Arndt is an exception. He has devoted a life's work to understanding the unique nature of the German culture in America and its role in the formation of the tenets of American life.

It is particularly difficult when the material to be researched is in the German script used commonly until the 1930s. Arndt's transcriptions are very welcome even to those who do know German, and Arndt has transcribed much material in the archives at Economy, Pennsylvania, which was not included in this collection.

George Rapp was a charismatic, dedicated man, very ambitious in his way. Even at great age, with the communal society he led under attack from within and without, he remained clear-headed, shrewd, and convinced of the correctness of his approach to religion and life. There is something at once so German and so American about his combining considerable talent as a businessman with great religious fervor, viewing the world through the clear focus of business necessity and through the eye of the religious visionary. He chose his associates well and understood the often litigious ways of the Anglo-American society from which he wished to keep distanced. It is not without reason that some of his followers also joined the Mormon sect and pioneered their way to Utah.

Rapp was often called upon to provide loans to the Anglo communities nearby and to such cities

as Pittsburgh. His community was both respected and feared for its ability to vote in a block. He was courted by Whigs and Democrats alike. He received guests from all over the world who were interested in the successful farming and textile manufacturing activities of the community. He and his agents made good use of their lobbying in Washington, for example, in raising a tariff to protect their blossoming silk industry. The ability of the Harmonist Society to control regional, and to affect even national, politics has not yet been fully explored. Indeed, Arndt has provided the materials for much more research in the nature of communal societies, particularly in their relationship with the surrounding society.

Rapp's communal efforts had a worldwide effect as well. Friedrich Engels used the Harmonists as an example of a successful communal society. Engels states: "We also see that the people who live communally while working less live better, have more leisure for the development of their minds, and they are better and more moral people...." As Arndt points out, Engels does not mention the religious basis of the Harmonist society, nor does he understand the amount of effort that went into maintaining the considerable wealth of Economy. Cultivation of the mind was also not the end goal of Rapp; rather it was the development of a trusting piety that included celibacy. It also included very stringent controls on individuals who went against the dicta of "Father" Rapp.

From this collection of materials the reader does gain a much better sense for Rapp, his times and followers. The items presented are from varying sources — letters, daybooks, newspaper articles, excerpts from published books, sermons, etc. The arrangement is strictly chronological. This sometimes makes it difficult to follow themes and issues from one cita-

tion to another, although an index and some textual cross-references do help. Much of the material is in German and some is translated, although a lot is not. Among items of importance that are not translated is the very interesting excerpt from Traugott Bromme's description of the Harmonist settlement contained in her book *Nordamerika* (Stuttgart, 1839). The book was extremely popular in Germany. Where translations are provided they are accurate and stylistically adequate.

There is, in general, a problem with the frame in which the materials are embedded. The English introduction is followed by a different, short introduction in German. The illustrations between the two introductions have German captions only. The illustrations elsewhere in the book have English captions only. In spite of what appears to be an attempt at a bilingual approach to the descriptions of the materials, this is not carried through. The result will be a bit of frustration for both American and German researchers.

Similar inconsistencies exist in the style of language Arndt uses, particularly in the relatively small amount of German. The researcher who wishes to make use of these rich materials would also appreciate a bit more clarity about the criteria for selection of materials as well as a brief description of the archives themselves.

While the concerns listed above are serious, Arndt has done a yeoman's task in sorting through a great amount of material and has contributed greatly to our knowledge of the Harmonists. He has made available to a wide audience of researchers primary sources needed to understand better the nature of German-American and Anglo-American life in the first half of the nineteenth century. ■

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The Diary of William Maclay and Other Notes on Senate Debates, March 4, 1789-March 3, 1791

Kenneth R. Bowling and Helen E. Veit, editors

Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins University Press, 1988. Pp. xxxii, 522. Introduction, appendixes, notes, index, illustrations. \$39.50, \$10.95 paper.

KENNETH R. Bowling and Helen E. Veit, editors of William Maclay's record of the earliest transactions of the U.S. Senate, have prepared a study of much significance to understanding the early politics and constitutional history of the new nation.

The work describes Pennsylvania's part in the first two years of government under the Constitution. The editors help us comprehend the work of the Senate and the contributions of Pennsylvania's first two senators to the legislative achievements of March 4, 1789, to March 3, 1791. The diary "is the preeminent unofficial document of the First Congress and fundamental to the historical record of the United States Senate" (page xiii). The role of William Maclay and the contents of his invaluable private diary, kept during his Senate term, are of special interest. The political, social, and economic values revealed by Maclay and his observations on the personalities of his contemporaries — the other founding fathers — make this work appealing. The diary is "a valuable source of information about both the work of the first Senate and the social life at the seat of government" (xiii). Maclay's revelations place him in the mold of a revolutionary, imbued with the spirit of 1776, and in some ways an Antifederalist. He was possibly the first Jeffersonian Democrat, even though he went to the Senate as a Federalist. In political attitudes and values, he

was much more like John Smilie, William Findley, Robert Whitehill, and other Western Pennsylvania Antifederalists, than he would admit. Maclay was more "democratic" than other Federalists such as John Adams, Alexander Hamilton, and Robert Morris. Clearly, if any doubts remain, Maclay's diary "establishes without question that the founding fathers practiced the art of legislative politics" (xiii).

Bowling and Veit's edition is organized in two parts. Part I, the core of the volume, is the diary Maclay kept during the first through the third Senate sessions. This section also includes supplementary material organized in five appendixes, including miscellaneous records, some of the newspaper articles Maclay authored, and extant letters he wrote and received. Genealogical data and a biography of Maclay are also included. In Part II, one may find other records of Senate debates, with notes kept by John Adams, Pierce Butler, William Samuel Johnson, Rufus King, William Paterson, and Paine Wingate. The editors' introduction places the Maclay diary and other notes in the economic, social, and political context of the period, 1789 to 1791.

This book obviously evolved over many years of scholarly effort, and it represents a major improvement over earlier texts. The diary is well edited, updated, and timely. An abbreviated version was first edited by G.W. Harris in 1880. The full text was first edited by Edgar S. Maclay in 1890 and reprinted with an introduction by Charles A. Beard in 1927. The Bowling and Veit edition brings improvements in several areas, most conspicuously in the detailed annotation. While the notes kept by other senators are sparse relative to the extensive Maclay notes and analysis, they may profitably be compared with Maclay's account of Senate business. Finally, the index is useful but not neces-

sarily an improvement. For instance, William Findley is mentioned several times in the text and notes, but his name does not appear in the index. The 21 page double-column index is three pages shorter than the index in a 1965 edition of the diary, but this problem does not detract severely from the overall excellence of the volume.

The diary is probably best studied in the context of a number of other recently published editions of primary sources. The diary is Volume 9 of the *Documentary History of the First Federal Congress of the United States of America, 4 March 1789-3 March 1791* (published 1972-1988). The first six volumes include the Senate's "Legislative Journal" and its "Executive Journal." These have numerous references to Maclay's role in the Senate. This collection also contains the "Journal of the House of Representatives" and the legislative histories from the proposed constitutional amendments to the resolution on unclaimed western lands — all major items of business transacted during Maclay's tenure. His election to the Senate may be studied by examining "The Elections in Pennsylvania," Merrill Jensen and Robert A. Becker, eds., *The Documentary History of the First Federal Elections, 1788-1790* (1976) 1.

Maclay was born on July 20, 1737, in New Garden Township, Chester County, Pennsylvania. He studied under Reverend John Blair, future president of Princeton, attended Samuel Findley's academy at West Nottingham, and qualified for the bar in York County in 1760. He married Mary Harris in April 1769; they had 11 children, three of whom died in infancy. Maclay spent his adulthood in Mifflintown, Pomfret, Sunbury, Maclaysburg, and Harrisburg, all in the central part of Pennsylvania. One of the first U.S. senators from Pennsylvania, he also worked for the military, and as a surveyor, a

land agent, and a justice. In 1758, Maclay's military career began during the French and Indian War. As a lieutenant under General John Forbes, he used his surveying skills to help cut a road through the wilderness for use by the British against Fort Duquesne. In July 1763, he returned to duty accompanying Lt. Henry Bouquet on the expedition to relieve Fort Pitt. A month later, Maclay first witnessed fighting when Indians attacked the British at Bushy Run. As an assistant commissary during the Revolutionary War, Maclay equipped and forwarded troops to the Continental Army.

Maclay's greatest achievements came as a surveyor, land agent, and

Maclay soon found himself opposing Federalist views.

public official. Working for the army and the Penn family, he made his fortune, like Washington, as a surveyor and land speculator. He surveyed many central Pennsylvania counties, the Susquehanna Valley, and the state's borders. His knowledge and renown made him the preferred surveyor of many looking for property. He received land along the Susquehanna as a grant for military service, keeping some, but selling much of it. Finally, he laid out several towns, including Sunbury, where he maintained a home, and Harrisburg, the future state capital. Maclay's public life began as Northumberland County Treasurer, Prothonotary, and Chief Clerk of Courts in 1772. He also became the Judge of the Court of Common Pleas. His surveying skills next brought him the position of Deputy Surveyor in 1785. His reputation vaulted him to the state Supreme Executive Council, on to the Pennsylvania General Assembly,

and finally to his Senate seat.

In 1786, Maclay claimed to be the duly elected member of the Pennsylvania General Assembly from Westmoreland County. John Smilie and William Findley led the opposition to seating Maclay, on grounds that as Deputy Surveyor he was disqualified. In this manner, Smilie prevented Maclay from taking the Assembly seat. The Assembly selected William Maclay and Robert Morris as Pennsylvania's first two U.S. senators. Maclay won the nomination over John Armstrong, Jr., entering the Senate in 1789. Morris and Maclay drew lots to determine who would have the six-year seat, and Maclay received the short term, ending March 3, 1791.

The diary Maclay kept during his first two years in the Senate reveals his conversion from a Federalist to a Jeffersonian Democratic-Republican. Although he battled with Smilie and Findley, clearly his interests rested with Western Pennsylvania. Maclay was thought of as, and considered himself, a 1776 patriot rather than a 1789 politician. He supported the Declaration of Independence and, later, a strong federal government, but soon found himself opposing Federalist views. He disapproved of the ceremonies governing the relationship of the president to the Congress, objected to the president's presence in the Senate while it transacted business, and opposed the chartering of the United States Bank. Maclay boldly spoke against Washington's policies, sometimes within earshot of the president. So adamant was he in his views, that he found himself at odds with nearly everyone — including Adams, Knox, Hamilton, Washington and Jefferson — even though, as noted before, he may have been the first Jeffersonian Democrat. One of his greatest contributions to posterity was writing his notes and analysis of the Senate proceedings. Both are a major source of insight.

Maclay remained active in public affairs to the end of his life. As a presidential elector in 1796, he voted for Jefferson. He spent his final years in public office serving in the state legislature as a representative from Dauphin County in 1795, 1796, 1797 and 1803. On April 16, 1804, at the age of 77, Maclay died in his Harrisburg home. He was buried in the Paxtang Presbyterian Church cemetery.

Contemporaries viewed Maclay as one with "great talents for government," "independent in fortune and spirit," "a perfect republican," "a decided federalist," and "a scholar, philosopher, and a statesman." However, Maclay was

not so gracious in his assessment of his colleagues. John "Adams's preoccupation with ceremony so disturbed Maclay's republican sensibilities" that it prompted his decision to keep a record of the Senate's business (xiii). He later referred to Adams as a "fool" and a "viper." Maclay, opposing Washington's policies, called him "a dishcloth in the hands of Hamilton." He thought of James Hutchinson as "greasy as a skin of oil," and his witticisms as the "belchings of a bag of blubber." He had choice words, as well, for the Antifederalists John Smilie and William Findley. "As to Smilie he is so incorrigible a Savage and withall so giddy and man(a)geable,

That every attention would be lost on him" (175). Maclay thought Smilie and Findley had "nothing further in View than the securing themselves Niches in the Six dollar Temple of Congress" (385). This new edition of *The Diary of William Maclay* is a valuable contribution to our understanding of the man who wrote it, the early politics and constitutional history of the United States and Pennsylvania, and Maclay's important ties with Western Pennsylvania. ■

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(Correspondence from page 159)

building was concerned. Since then I retired from Landmarks and in 1978 I was struck by an automobile and badly injured. Since then I have written my local history articles, acted in television programs, and also had a radio program for some years on WQED.

In part of that time, I acted as a bibliographer for the present Hunt Institute of Botanical Research. I was head of the Historical American Buildings Survey at CMU. I was until 1970 editor of *Charette*. In the midst of all this I got the job of writing about the Court House. I spent several years on that, but I published only what I thought people would be interested in reading. I guess I was interested less and less in footnotes.

I was only interested in describing the building as it was now and I tried to include what people thought of it.

Mr. Toker is a much younger man than I, and really a first-class art historian.

Mr. Toker wanted more than I had to give. I'm sorry, but I don't think he's pleased. I like my book, such as it is. The county commissioners wanted something supernatural and I was aware of that, but, alas, it didn't come through to Mr. Toker. My book was a *cri du coeur* — my testament of the heart.

So be it.

Jamie Van Trump

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Memoir, 1910-1922

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All An Illusion, But Maybe Not So

Page 112, 117 The Carnegie Museum

Page 113, 114 Courtesy of Henry Koerner

'HI BUTCH': the World War II Letters of Everett Johns

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Page 180 Historical Society of Pennsylvania Archives, Philadelphia
Page 181 Courtesy of William J. Gaughan
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Page 184-85 HSWP Archives
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Page 190 Pennsylvania Room
Page 191 Mementos for collage courtesy of Jo Clapperton

'Dear Friends': The Civil War Letters of Francis Marion Elliot, A Pennsylvania Country Boy

Page 193-94 Courtesy of Peter G. Boag
Page 195-97 Collection of the HSWP
Page 198 Courtesy of Peter G. Boag

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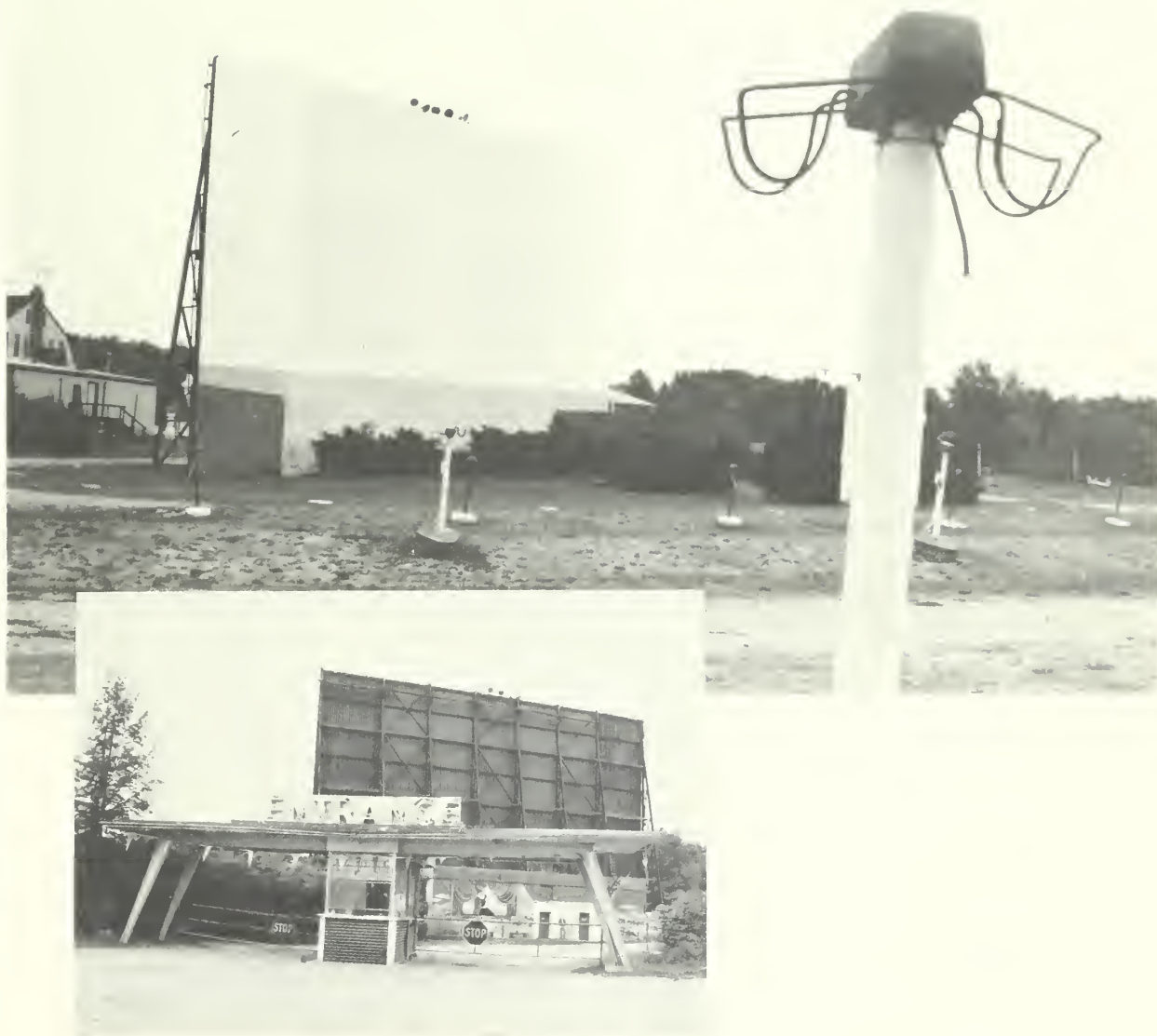
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THE Wexford Starlite Drive-In is no more. It has stood on Route 19 since 1951, but when its lease recently expired, it joined thousands of other razed or abandoned drive-ins. From a peak of approximately 5,500 in the early 1960s, the number of drive-ins has now dwindled to half that number. The remaining drive-ins are usually well-preserved remnants of the 1940s, '50s, and '60s. However, their land is increasingly irresistible to real estate developers who want the land for shopping malls or fast food restaurants.

Starlite owner George Welsh is a rarity in that he's looking for land in the North Hills for three new screens. The father of four children and 34 foster children, Welsh realizes that entertainment spots are needed for both families and teenagers. He regularly sponsored antique car "cruise nights" at the Starlite and hopes to continue the tradition at his new screens. — *Photographs and text by Brian A. Butko*

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